

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

**Usage guidelines**

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

**About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`


POEMS
JAMES
MONTGOMERY


600077003N

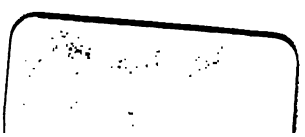

600077003N


800077003N




600077003N


600077003N




BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA



J. Montgomery.

# POEMS

OF

# JAMES MONTGOMERY.

SELECTED AND EDITED

BY ROBERT ARIS WILLMOTT,

INCUMBENT OF BEAR WOOD.

ILLUSTRATED WITH ONE HUNDRED DESIGNS BY JOHN GILBERT,
J. WOLF, BIRKET FOSTER, ETC.
ENGRAVED BY THE BROTHERS DALZIEL.

LONDON:
ROUTLEDGE, WARNE, & ROUTLEDGE, FARRINGDON STREET.
NEW YORK: 56, WALKER STREET.
MDCCCLX.

280. e. 37.

LONDON:—RICHARD CLAY, PRINTER,
BREAD STREET HILL.



# CONTENTS.


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| THE WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND | 1 |
| THE MOLE-HILL | 30 |
| THE VIGIL OF ST. MARK | 36 |
| ROBERT BURNS | 41 |
| HANNAH | 43 |
| A FIELD FLOWER | 46 |
| MORNA | 48 |
| INCOGNITA | 52 |
| THE LITTLE CLOUD | 56 |
| THE WEST INDIES | 60 |
| "THE JOY OF GRIEF" | 81 |
| A HERMITAGE | 83 |
| THE FALLING LEAF | 85 |
| REMINISCENCES | 87 |
| THE PEAK MOUNTAINS | 88 |
| THE COMMON LOT | 92 |
| THE HARP OF SORROW | 94 |
| THE RECLUSE | 96 |
| THE GRAVE | 98 |
| THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND | 103 |
| THE WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD | 105 |

CONTENTS.


PAGE

A Walk in Spring . . . . . 194

The Roses . . . . . 201

Greenland . . . . . 202

The Daisy in India . . . . . 251

The River of Life . . . . . 253

Verses to the Memory of the late Joseph Browne . . . 255

A Voyage Round the World . . . . . 257

The Pelican Island . . . . . 273

The Memory of the Just . . . . . 361

Night . . . . . 365

The Wild Pink . . . . . 368

A Sea Piece . . . . . 371

The Battle of Alexandria . . . . . 373

# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

## ENGRAVED BY THE BROTHERS DALZIEL.


| SUBJECT. | DRAWN BY | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| THE WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND:— | | |
| Wanderer, whither dost thou roam? | JOHN GILBERT | 1 |
| Mourners! now forget your cares | JOHN GILBERT | 3 |
| Hoary pilgrim! bless the board | JOHN GILBERT | 5 |
| There my little native cot | JOHN GILBERT | 7 |
| In the valley of their birth,— Met the warriors of our land | JOHN GILBERT | 9 |
| Then, my spouse! in vain thy fears Strove my fury to restrain | JOHN GILBERT | 11 |
| Shrill the signal-trumpet sang | JOHN GILBERT | 13 |
| On their country's dying bed, Wives and husbands pour'd their breath | JOHN GILBERT | 15 |
| Albert stood, himself an host | JOHN GILBERT | 17 |
| Many a widow fix'd her eye, Weeping where her husband bled | JOHN GILBERT | 21 |
| And the clouds, athwart the sky, Like a routed army fled | JOHN GILBERT | 23 |
| On that plain, in childhood's hours, Oft those heroes gather'd flowers | JOHN GILBERT | 25 |
| At the sight my brain was fired | JOHN GILBERT | 27 |
| Albert's babes shall deck our grave | JOHN GILBERT | 29 |
| THE VIGIL OF ST. MARK:— | | |
| In sweet, romantic, tender talk, Two lovers paused awhile | BIRKET FOSTER | 37 |
| HANNAH:— | | |
| I saw the village steeple rise | BIRKET FOSTER | 43 |
| A FIELD FLOWER:— | | |
| The lambkin crops its crimson gem | BIRKET FOSTER | 47 |
| MORNA:— | | |
| Lo! on this sharp-edged sword | F. R. PICKERSGILL, R.A. | 49 |

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.


| SUBJECT. | DRAWN BY | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| THE LITTLE CLOUDS :— | | |
| A thousand clouds in air display'd . . . . | BIRKET FOSTER . . | 57 |
| THE WEST INDIES :— | | |
| Proud at his feet, with pomp of pearl and gold, The billows in a sea of glory roll'd . . . . | JOHN GILBERT . . | |
| So felt Columbus, when, divinely fair . . . | JOHN GILBERT . . | 63 |
| From rude Caffraria, where the giraffes browse | J. WOLF . . . . | 67 |
| Leads the light leopard on his eager way. . | HARRISON WEIR. . | 69 |
| When the wild hunter takes his lonely way . | HARRISON WEIR. . | 73 |
| Where Albion's rocks exult amid the sea . . | BIRKET FOSTER . . | 75 |
| The Negro village swarms abroad to play. . | JOHN GILBERT . . | 77 |
| Where roll Ohio's streams, Missouri's floods . | BIRKET FOSTER . . | 79 |
| THE FALLING LEAF. . . . . | BIRKET FOSTER . . | 85 |
| THE PEAK MOUNTAINS :— | | |
| The flocks and herds, that freely range These moorlands, . . . . . | BIRKET FOSTER . . | 89 |
| THE RECLUSE :— | | |
| So thought I when I saw the face, By happy portraiture reveal'd . . . . . | BIRKET FOSTER . . | 97 |
| THE GRAVE . . . . . | BIRKET FOSTER . . | 99 |
| THE WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD :— | | |
| Luxuriant vines, and golden harvests, grew ; By freshening waters flocks and cattle stray'd. | JOHN GILBERT . . | 113 |
| When at the porch of heaven the sun appear'd | JOHN GILBERT . . | 117 |
| That Javan's artless songs were Zillah's joy . | JOHN GILBERT . . | 123 |
| They met, as they were often wont to meet . | JOHN GILBERT . . | 125 |
| He spied the semblance of a sleeping maid . | JOHN GILBERT . . | 127 |
| Arch'd o'er a cottage roof, that peeps between, Dwells Enoch. . . . . | JOHN GILBERT . . | 135 |
| Fell on his neck, and kiss'd him, wept, and cried, My son ! my son !. . . . . | JOHN GILBERT . . | 137 |
| Thence fix'd on distant Paradise his sight. . | JOHN GILBERT . . | 145 |
| Then light from heaven with sudden beauty came, Pure on the altar blazed the unkindled flame. | JOHN GILBERT . . | 157 |
| A mother's eye is quick to see, Slow to rebuke, a daughter's bashful fears . | JOHN GILBERT . . | 163 |
| Throned on a rock the Giant-king appears . | JOHN GILBERT . . | 179 |
| Enoch stood forth ! . . . . . | JOHN GILBERT . . | 187 |
| A WALK IN SPRING :— | | |
| Where thick thy primrose blossoms play . . | BIRKET FOSTER . . | 197 |
| My favourite flowers adorn'd the ground . . | BIRKET FOSTER . . | 199 |

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.


| SUBJECT. | DRAWN BY | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| GREENLAND:— | | |
| A ship above and ship below appear . . . | E. DUNCAN . . . | 203 |
| Till the full sun, resurgent from the flood, . | BIRKET FOSTER . . | 205 |
| So the swan, startled from her nest of reeds | J. WOLF . . . . | 216 |
| The frighted sea-birds to their haunts repair | HARRISON WEIR . | 220 |
| —— and the bright-wing'd birds | | |
| Made gay the sunshine as they glanced along | W. HARVEY . . . | 229 |
| His father's cot appear'd, with vine leaves drest | BIRKET FOSTER . . | 231 |
| Six fearless sailors man yon boat . . . . | E. DUNCAN . . . | 238 |
| Here start the harness'd reindeer in the race | HARRISON WEIR . | 237 |
| A steadier flame from yonder beacon streams | BIRKET FOSTER . . | 243 |
| Men, women, children, throng the joyous strand | BIRKET FOSTER . . | 245 |
| THE DAISY IN INDIA:— | | |
| Where Daisies, thick as star-light, stand . . | BIRKET FOSTER . . | 251 |
| A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD:— | | |
| Unbeginning, endless sea . . . . . | BIRKET FOSTER . . | 257 |
| Thunder, lightning, hail, and rain . . . . | BIRKET FOSTER . . | 258 |
| Greenland . . . . . | BIRKET FOSTER . . | 259 |
| Canada . . . . . | BIRKET FOSTER . . | 260 |
| The West Indies . . . . . | BIRKET FOSTER . . | 260 |
| South America . . . . . | BIRKET FOSTER . . | 261 |
| The Pacific:—Scene in Manilla . . . . . | BIRKET FOSTER . . | 262 |
| China . . . . . | BIRKET FOSTER . . | 263 |
| India . . . . . | BIRKET FOSTER . . | 264 |
| Persia . . . . . | BIRKET FOSTER . . | 265 |
| Arabia . . . . . | BIRKET FOSTER . . | 265 |
| Cape of Storms . . . . . | BIRKET FOSTER . . | 266 |
| The Nile . . . . . | BIRKET FOSTER . . | 267 |
| Carmel . . . . . | BIRKET FOSTER . . | 268 |
| Greece . . . . . | BIRKET FOSTER . . | 268 |
| Italy . . . . . | BIRKET FOSTER . . | 269 |
| Rome . . . . . | BIRKET FOSTER . . | 269 |
| Spain . . . . . | BIRKET FOSTER . . | 270 |
| Holland . . . . . | BIRKET FOSTER . . | 271 |
| Russia . . . . . | BIRKET FOSTER . . | 271 |
| England . . . . . | BIRKET FOSTER . . | 272 |
| THE PELICAN ISLAND:— | | |
| Out flash'd the lightnings gloriously . . . | BIRKET FOSTER . . | 283 |
| The fruitful cocoa, and the fragrant palm . . | BIRKET FOSTER . . | 299 |
| There on the cragged cliffs they perch'd at ease | J. WOLF . . . . | 309 |
| The Sire and Dam, in swan-like beauty steering, | | |
| Their Cygnets following through the foamy wake | J. WOLF . . . . | 311 |

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.


| SUBJECT. | DRAWN BY | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| Flamingoes in their crimson tunics stalk'd | J. WOLF | 315 |
| Here ran the stormy petrel on the waves | HARRISON WEIR | 317 |
| Till on the heedless buffalo he sprang | J. WOLF | 323 |
| The child | JOHN GILBERT | 331 |
| The first daisy that we ever plucked | JOHN GILBERT | 332 |
| The Youth, the Maiden;—living but for love | JOHN GILBERT | 333 |
| Then the gray Elder;—leaning on his staff | JOHN GILBERT | 334 |
| The wingless squirrel jet from tree to tree | HARRISON WEIR | 336 |
| The antelopes were grazing void of fear | HARRISON WEIR | 343 |
| He was a chieftain of renown; from youth To green old age, the glory of his tribe | JOHN GILBERT | 347 |
| Of pilgrims bound for Mecca | W. HARVEY | 349 |
| The little one was dancing at his side, And dragging him with petty violence | JOHN GILBERT | 353 |
| He too was on his knees, Clasping his little hands upon his heart | JOHN GILBERT | 357 |
| THE MEMORY OF THE JUST:— | | |
| Kindness all his looks express'd, Charity was every word | JOHN GILBERT | 363 |
| NIGHT:— | | |
| Night is the time for toil; To plough the classic field | JOHN GILBERT | 365 |
| Night is the time to watch O'er the ocean's dark expanse | JOHN GILBERT | 367 |
| THE WILD PINK:— | | |
| Where the blythe swallow builds and sings, And the pert sparrow pecks his wings | J. WOLF | 369 |
| THE BATTLE OF ALEXANDRIA:— | | |
| Charged with Abercrombie's doom, Lightning-wing'd, a cruel ball | JOHN GILBERT | 375 |
| Of her soldier far away The poor widow hears the tale | JOHN GILBERT | 377 |

# PREFACE.

THERE is in the county of Antrim, Ireland, a village called Ballykennedy, hitherto unknown to most readers, and respecting which I am unable to give any information. To this place, in 1746, came a Methodist preacher, one Cennick, who joined the Moravians, and founded a settlement called Grace-Hill.

John Montgomery, a young labourer, was an early convert, and after some missionary travels, returned to Grace-Hill, and, December 27, 1768, married Mary Blackley, a sister of the Society. The Moravians had only one settlement in Scotland, and that was at Irvine, a sea-port of Ayrshire. John Montgomery was appointed the Pastor of the flock, and arrived just in time to prevent his eldest boy from being an Irishman. The Poet was born November 4, 1771. Burns lived, a child of twelve, within a few miles of the Moravian abode. Montgomery did not long remain in Scotland; he spent two years in Ireland, and when his seventh year drew nigh, his parents resolved to take him to England for education. The choice of a school was easy. About the year 1748 the Moravians had formed a settlement at Fulneck, a pleasant spot six miles from Leeds, and there he was brought by his father, October 16, 1777. Being destined for the ministry of the Sect, his instruction was shaped accordingly, and the system embraced the Greek, Latin, and German languages, together with history, geography, and music. But Montgomery was to climb steeper steps than a pulpit's. On

a summer day the master happened to read some passages from Blair's "Grave" to a party of the children, who, with a single exception, soon fell asleep; but the little Montgomery, lying under a hedge, felt every word go to his heart. It was the first time that he had been brought into contact with a poet, and the effect was surprising. Blackmore deepened the impression of Blair, and Sir Richard became the object of devout admiration to James. He would walk in his steps.

Seldom has the rhyming malady been more violently thrown out. Before he was ten years old he wrote a small volume of verses; at twelve he had filled two large books; while his fourteenth year witnessed an achievement in burlesque after the manner of Homer's "Frogs and Mice." Not even the Knight himself was more lax or laborious. But the crowning exploit was reserved for the following year; namely, a poem on Alfred, to be completed in Pindaric Odes. Two books were written, and the author confessed in later times, that he could almost weep over them, as for dead children. "If a man," Cowley said, "should undertake to translate Pindar word for word, it would be thought that one madman had translated another." The mere mechanism of the Theban seems to bring on a mild form of the disease, and the slight hints of the "Alfred" Pindarics show symptoms of the true frenzy. Happily for the Poet's health the project was abandoned.

Poetical growth had to struggle with a sharp climate at Fulneck. The plant was more hindered by the shutting out of the sun than by the want of culture. Blair and Blackmore were reckoned harmless; but when the boy James received from his father some poems of Milton, Thomson, and Young, the choicer clusters were lopped off before he was permitted to enjoy the fruit. The Moravians had their "Index." While the learner was thus put in the pound, the scribbler was suffered to roam at will, and hymns of very childish simplicity were abundantly poured out. A slight circumstance in the school-life of Montgomery is characteristic and amusing. It was customary for the classes

to drink tea with each other: once they had chocolate instead. When the repast was ended the children formed a circle, hand-in-hand, and sang a hymn. Then one of the youngest, kneeling down, offered a prayer in these words:—"O Lord, bless us little children, and make us very good. We thank thee for what we have received. O bless this good chocolate to us, and give us more of it." "We could not but smile," Montgomery remarked long afterwards, "for it was the expression of all our hearts."

We learn from comedies that padlocks inflame passion; the child-poet contrived to meet the Muse in secret, and sometimes pounced upon small poems of Burns in a Teacher's stray newspaper. These stolen interviews and studies were doubly sweet. Moreover, he read the whole works of Cowper; but they seemed cold and flat after the flames and rant of Blackmore. "I thought," he acknowledged, "that I could write better myself." Other aids to fancy were not wanting. A country walk is often the best poem, and Kirkstall Abbey and Brierly Park were favourite and suggestive haunts.

The Brethren saw with pain the visionary habits of their pupil. A dreamer never works at the proper time. "My happiest moments for composition are broken in upon by the reflection, that I must make haste," was the complaint of Coleridge to poor Mr. Cottle, desperate for "copy." No voice at Fulneck stirred the poet into speed. The school diary contains several entries respecting him. He was warned, exhorted, and threatened; and, at length, it was resolved "to put him to a business, at least for a time." In his honest confession he was turned out of the school for alleged indolence. He found a new home in the shop of a fine-bread-baker at Mirfield; the work was easy, and even allowed some rhyming recreations behind the counter. He had been with the baker about eighteen months when, mastered by an impulse—as irresistible, perhaps, as that which drove Coleridge into the Dragoons—he slipped away from the shop, June 19, 1789, with a small bundle, of which MS. verses composed the heaviest burden, and three shillings and sixpence. The world was all before him;

but where to choose a place of rest might have puzzled a wiser head. The evening shades were falling as he entered the small hamlet of Wentworth, where a youth from a neighbouring village chanced to be resting himself. His father, a shopkeeper at Wath, wanted an assistant; he offered the situation to the stranger, and Montgomery went upon trial. The shop was the miscellany of goods commonly known as the village store. The neighbourhood had one peculiar attraction: there lived, not far off, that near relation of a poet—a bookseller. For is not Tonson bound up with Dryden? The bookseller — Brameld by name — kindly forwarded a parcel of verse to Harrison, a publisher in Paternoster Row. The writer soon followed his baggage to the great Metropolis, on which no adventurer, since Chatterton, had flung himself in more perfect destitution, unless he were the brother poet, who, ten years earlier, formed the same daring scheme, as he wandered along the bleak cliffs of Aldborough. Montgomery escaped the sufferings of Crabbe; and if he did not find a Burke, he was saved from the anguish of the night on Westminster Bridge. One of his adventures in search of a publisher is entertaining. With the MS. of an Eastern story in his hand, he was duly admitted into the presence of a certain Bibliopole, who, after counting the lines in a page, and pinching the manuscript to calculate its thickness, returned it to the author as being too small. The disconcerted poet, in his eager retreat, ran against a patent lamp, smashing the glass and spilling the oil. He had the sense to abandon any further enterprise in the Row; and booking himself by the heavy coach, reappeared in the "store" of Wath.

The journey to London was not, however, quite fruitless. He had seen two living authors and one authoress. Perhaps he even spoke to them, or heard them speak. Among the frequenters of Harrison's shop were the late Mr. D'Israeli; Huntingdon, whose conversation in his gardener's apron, as he stood on the ladder, is recorded in his own blasphemous diary; and Charlotte Lenox, the birth of whose first literary child, as Johnson called her book, was celebrated by a festival in Ivy Lane, an immense apple-pie being

stuck with bay-leaves in honour of the occasion, while the lady was crowned by the Sage with a wreath of laurel.

It will not be supposed that a poet reached the sunny side of twenty without a wound from the Archer. Montgomery's plaintive verses in "Hannah," beginning—

> "At fond sixteen my roving heart
> Was pierced by Love's delightful dart,"—

are thought to refer to an early attachment. Hannah was the daughter of a Mr. Turner, residing in an old mansion—Wath Hall. The Poet's biographers print an extract from a letter of an intimate friend, who suggests that it was only a faint heart that prevented his winning a fair lady.

The current of his life now took a turn which carried him into different scenes, and of a higher and more lasting interest. At the beginning of April, 1792, he became the clerk of Joseph Gales, printer, bookseller, and auctioneer, in Sheffield,—a "leash" of trades not uncommon sixty years ago. Sheffield was not a literary town, but there dwelt near it a writer of considerable reputation, whom Montgomery especially longed to know;—I refer to Mason, whose living of Aston was distant about six miles. "I do not like your improvements at Aston," Gray wrote to him; "it looks so like settling; if I come I will set fire to it." Mason was indeed settling, and upon a goodly heritage. He rebuilt the rectory-house, and opened a wide prospect shut in by the Derbyshire hills. His garden, though not exceeding two acres, afforded space for the exercise of his elegant taste, and his days flowed smoothly by in Aston's "secret shade," where, he told Lord Holdernesse,—

> "Lettered ease, thy gift, endears the scene:
> Here, as the light-wing'd moments glide serene,
> I weave the bower; around the tufted mead
> In careless flow the simple pathways lead,
> And strew with many a rose the shaven green."

His temper did not improve, like his garden, but grew more ill-flavoured with age; and he was then an elderly man, within an

easy view of seventy years. Montgomery never saw Mason, from whom he might have won a warmer welcome than was given to the song-writer Dibdin, whom, in 1789, the friend of Gray entertained at his house.

When Montgomery took up his abode in Sheffield the heat of parties raged, and Mr. Gales, as the publisher of a newspaper, the *Register*, was at the mercy of all the bad passions of the Town. It is not easy to comprehend the madness of that period, of which a remarkable illustration is furnished by Lord Eldon's Anecdote-book. A boy of thirteen, having been brought before the Privy Council, quite raved with sedition, and was particularly furious against Mr. Pitt, who was present, though of course unknown to the little incendiary. "Pray, my boy," he asked, "did you ever see Mr. Pitt?" "See him! see him!" answered the lad; "No, no! I would not have these eyes sullied by looking at such a fellow!" The *Register* had a large circulation, which proved fatal to the proprietor by drawing the "notice" of the government. A letter from a printer at Sheffield, found in the possession of "citizen Hardy," was falsely attributed to Gales, who sought safety by flight. Montgomery reigned in his stead; and on July 4th, 1794, the first *Iris*, in succession to the *Sheffield Register*, was published; he conducted the Paper for thirty-one years. But his own hour was at hand: for an offence hardly appreciable by judicial analysis—the printing of a patriotic song for a street hawker—he underwent an imprisonment of three months in York Castle. He was just twenty-three years old. From his window he could see the river Ouse, the trees, and a windmill; these he was never weary of contemplating; and he resolved that his first ramble should be under the trees, across the fields beyond, and away to the windmill. He kept his word. A second time he was thrown into the same furnace, and for a longer season; twice in the course of twelve months being sentenced to fine and imprisonment.

The fire purified him, and prison-life taught some stern lessons to his heart, which was the better for the teaching.

The publication of the "Wanderer in Switzerland," 1806, was an important epoch in the Poet's life; and the romantic fancy, the tender heart, and the abundant imagery were admired by all readers of taste. Wordsworth wrote:—"From the time I first read your 'Wanderer in Switzerland,' I have felt a lively interest in your destiny as a poet." But all the sunshine was darkened by the *Edinburgh Review*, which discovered in the author "a musical and melancholy fine gentleman, on the lower slopes of Parnassus, very weakly, very finical, and very affected." Later rhymers may be comforted by the knowledge that a poem which, according to the Critic, was to be forgotten in three years, brought in twenty years the sum of eight hundred pounds to the writer, and after fifty years is yet remembered and read. However, the Reviewer would have been gratified by the Poet's lamentation, that he had made him "miserable beyond anything that the malice or the tyranny of man had been able to inflict on his sensibility." A false critic is, by his nature, a false prophet; but a prediction of Jeffrey had a tendency to fulfil itself. Within three days after the appearance of his panegyric on Crabbe, in the same Journal, the Publisher had no copy of the "Parish Register" left on his shelves.

I may not linger on the life of Montgomery, alike busy as Editor, Printer, and Author. He contributed frequent articles to the *Eclectic Review*, which then numbered among its supporters Hall and Foster. He had, too, some casual intercourse with a more eccentric scholar; for he was sitting in Basil Montague's parlour when Dr. Parr came sailing in, arrayed in full canonicals, and wearing the identical wig which was the "wonder of barbers," and the terror of the whole literary world. Montgomery did not enjoy the companionship of the Pedadogue; for he stifled the guests with tobacco, praised bull-baiting, and spread himself before the fire like a screen. About the same time he met the amiable Bloomfield, and heard Campbell and Coleridge "lecture" at the Royal Institution. Their characteristic styles are pleasantly marked:—"Whatever

Campbell undertakes he finishes; Coleridge too often leaves splendid attempts incomplete. The former, when I heard him, seemed like a racehorse starting, careering, and coming in with admirable effect; the latter resembled one of the King's heavy Dragoons,—rearing, plunging, and prancing in a crowd, performing grand evolutions, but making little or no progress."

The story of the Poet's life is written with great fulness of information in the pages of his affectionate biographers.* It was chequered by many trials and many blessings; we see him, in his own words, in the Slough of Despond, then in the Valley of Humiliation, more than once escaping from Vanity Fair, and afterwards looking back from the Delectable Mountains with thankful heart and rejoicing eyes. He spoke of three springs of uneasiness perpetually flowing in his breast,—the cares of life, ambition of fame, and religious horrors. He outlived them all; and "Doubting Castle" and "Giant Despair" gave place to a certain hope and a Divine Friend.

He had written in thoughtful rhyme:—

"Night is the time for Death;—
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease,
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends,—such death be mine!"

But it was not to be: his death was sudden; life passed away in sleep on the afternoon of Sunday, April 30th, 1854, in the eighty-third year of his age. He was buried May 11th, and Sheffield honoured herself by bestowing on her famous townsman a public funeral.

"We pass; the path that each man trod
Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds;
What fame is left for human deeds
In endless age? It rests with God!"

While "the memory of the just" continues to be blessed, James Montgomery has a claim to be remembered. He did

* John Holland and James Everett.

his work, and did it well. He was a true poet, a kind friend, an honest patriot, and a sincere Christian. Persecuted by the Aristocrats, and abandoned by the Jacobins (as the contending factions were styled in those days), he dared to be impartial in praise and blame. He was respected by all parties; Peel pensioned him, and Brougham asked his advice on the education of the people. With all his fancy, he was a practical man, and successfully put off the poet to become the Chairman of a Gas-company.

He was never married, but in the loving solicitude of womanly friendship the reader sees a reflection of the tenderness which comforted Cowper, whom in temperament he resembled; for we learn from himself that his disposition was gloomy and irritable, "forecasting the fashion of uncertain ills." On one occasion, after entrusting the MS. of "Prose by a Poet" to the Guard of the Mail, with the strictest injunctions to watch over its safety, he walked two miles on the London road to be quite sure that the precious packet had not been dropped at the beginning of the journey; and at another time, being seized, while walking in the fields, with sudden apprehensions of immediate death, he wrote his name with a pencil on a slip of paper, in order that his body might be safely carried to his house. He seems to have suffered constitutionally from what are called low spirits; unlike his friend Southey, who wrote to him:—"As for me, the skylark on a summer morning is not more joyous than I am; and if I had wings on my shoulders I should be up with her in the sunshine caroling for pure joy." The pensiveness and melancholy of his disposition are traced in all his poetry. Mrs. Hofland told him: "In many lines of Javan's love, his tenderness, and his regrets, your thoughts were too full of James Montgomery. He sat for your hero, and the picture was drawn to the life;" and Southey writes of the "Peak Mountains,"—"This poem is in your own true strain, it has the passion, the melancholy, and the religious ardour, which are the elements of all your poetry."

Up to middle age, Montgomery was a "stated" member of no Christian community; but the associations of childhood were fresh in his memory, and on his forty-third birthday he expressed a desire to be re-admitted into Moravian fellowship. His wish was gratified, December 6, 1814; but as the Society had no chapel in Sheffield, he continued his connexion with the Methodists. He was, indeed, in the true sense of the word, Catholic in all his tastes and feelings; joining frequently in public worship with Churchmen and Dissenters, helping every good work, and showing himself a cordial fellow-labourer with Romanists and Quakers in the wide field of local charity and love. He never willingly failed to go to church on Ascension Day, and often expressed a wish that all sects of Christians might meet together on Holy Thursday—one vast congregation—to worship God in the name of their Common Saviour. My own recollections confirm the favourable view, though I was in the Poet's company but for a single morning, which the lines of Wordsworth, with a slight subtraction of years, may describe:—

> "We talked with open heart and tongue,
> Affectionate and true;
> A pair of friends, though I was young,
> And Matthew seventy-two."

Every reader perceives his musical ear. Once he was a "smattering musician," "strummed" the harpsichord at school, and almost "blew out his brains with a hautboy;" he abandoned the practice, but never lost the passionate love of the art. And it is observable in his versification, which is uniformly sweet and flowing; his couplets combine the grace of Parnell, and the naturalness of Goldsmith, with a richer melody. His hand forgot its cunning in blank verse. The "Pelican Island" contains numerous examples of what Ebenezer Elliot called the "clicks" of Kehama, and is frequently flat and prosaic. Some of his Lyrics are charming; and the "Common Lot" might be bound up with the "Elegy" of Gray. Mrs. Montague exceeded the privilege of flattery, when she assured

the Poet, that she knew no character "so sublime as that of Enoch," in the "World before the Flood;" for his strength lay in fancy and pathos. He himself traced the secret of "his moderate success" to the direction of his abilities to a right object. He followed no leader in poetry, and belonged to no school, but appealed to universal principles, to imperishable affections, and to the elements of our common nature. Hence the young, the tender, and the devout, have listened with their hearts to the poet who sang of love, in all its beautiful aspects of home and spiritual life His seat in the Temple of Fame may not be among the highest, but it is safe, and he will always have his tablet on the wall. The following Poems are his finest and most finished productions: some omissions have been made in the "West Indies," "Greenland," and "The World before the Flood;" but the "Pelican Island" is given with scarcely any abridgment.

ST. CATHERINE'S,
*September 19th*, 1859.

Up to middle age, Montgomery was a "stated" member of no Christian community; but the associations of childhood were fresh in his memory, and on his forty-third birthday he expressed a desire to be re-admitted into Moravian fellowship. His wish was gratified, December 6, 1814; but as the Society had no chapel in Sheffield, he continued his connexion with the Methodists. He was, indeed, in the true sense of the word, Catholic in all his tastes and feelings; joining frequently in public worship with Churchmen and Dissenters, helping every good work, and showing himself a cordial fellow-labourer with Romanists and Quakers in the wide field of local charity and love. He never willingly failed to go to church on Ascension Day, and often expressed a wish that all sects of Christians might meet together on Holy Thursday—one vast congregation—to worship God in the name of their Common Saviour. My own recollections confirm the favourable view, though I was in the Poet's company but for a single morning, which the lines of Wordsworth, with a slight subtraction of years, may describe:—

> "We talked with open heart and tongue,
> Affectionate and true;
> A pair of friends, though I was young,
> And Matthew seventy-two."

Every reader perceives his musical ear. Once he was a "smattering musician," "strummed" the harpsichord at school, and almost "blew out his brains with a hautboy;" he abandoned the practice, but never lost the passionate love of the art. And it is observable in his versification, which is uniformly sweet and flowing; his couplets combine the grace of Parnell, and the naturalness of Goldsmith, with a richer melody. His hand forgot its cunning in blank verse. The "Pelican Island" contains numerous examples of what Ebenezer Elliot called the "clicks" of Kehama, and is frequently flat and prosaic. Some of his Lyrics are charming; and the "Common Lot" might be bound up with the "Elegy" of Gray. Mrs. Montague exceeded the privilege of flattery, when she assured

the Poet, that she knew no character "so sublime as that of Enoch," in the "World before the Flood;" for his strength lay in fancy and pathos. He himself traced the secret of "his moderate success" to the direction of his abilities to a right object. He followed no leader in poetry, and belonged to no school, but appealed to universal principles, to imperishable affections, and to the elements of our common nature. Hence the young, the tender, and the devout, have listened with their hearts to the poet who sang of love, in all its beautiful aspects of home and spiritual life His seat in the Temple of Fame may not be among the highest, but it is safe, and he will always have his tablet on the wall. The following Poems are his finest and most finished productions: some omissions have been made in the "West Indies," "Greenland," and "The World before the Flood;" but the "Pelican Island" is given with scarcely any abridgment.

St. Catherine's,
*September 19th*, 1859.

Up to middle age, Montgomery was a "stated" member of no Christian community; but the associations of childhood were fresh in his memory, and on his forty-third birthday he expressed a desire to be re-admitted into Moravian fellowship. His wish was gratified, December 6, 1814; but as the Society had no chapel in Sheffield, he continued his connexion with the Methodists. He was, indeed, in the true sense of the word, Catholic in all his tastes and feelings; joining frequently in public worship with Churchmen and Dissenters, helping every good work, and showing himself a cordial fellow-labourer with Romanists and Quakers in the wide field of local charity and love. He never willingly failed to go to church on Ascension Day, and often expressed a wish that all sects of Christians might meet together on Holy Thursday—one vast congregation—to worship God in the name of their Common Saviour. My own recollections confirm the favourable view, though I was in the Poet's company but for a single morning, which the lines of Wordsworth, with a slight subtraction of years, may describe:—

> "We talked with open heart and tongue,
> Affectionate and true;
> A pair of friends, though I was young,
> And Matthew seventy-two."

Every reader perceives his musical ear. Once he was a "smattering musician," "strummed" the harpsichord at school, and almost "blew out his brains with a hautboy;" he abandoned the practice, but never lost the passionate love of the art. And it is observable in his versification, which is uniformly sweet and flowing; his couplets combine the grace of Parnell, and the naturalness of Goldsmith, with a richer melody. His hand forgot its cunning in blank verse. The "Pelican Island" contains numerous examples of what Ebenezer Elliot called the "clicks" of Kehama, and is frequently flat and prosaic. Some of his Lyrics are charming; and the "Common Lot" might be bound up with the "Elegy" of Gray. Mrs. Montague exceeded the privilege of flattery, when she assured

the Poet, that she knew no character "so sublime as that of Enoch," in the "World before the Flood;" for his strength lay in fancy and pathos. He himself traced the secret of "his moderate success" to the direction of his abilities to a right object. He followed no leader in poetry, and belonged to no school, but appealed to universal principles, to imperishable affections, and to the elements of our common nature. Hence the young, the tender, and the devout, have listened with their hearts to the poet who sang of love, in all its beautiful aspects of home and spiritual life His seat in the Temple of Fame may not be among the highest, but it is safe, and he will always have his tablet on the wall. The following Poems are his finest and most finished productions: some omissions have been made in the "West Indies," "Greenland," and "The World before the Flood;" but the "Pelican Island" is given with scarcely any abridgment.

St. Catherine's,
*September 19th*, 1859.



## PART I.

*A Wanderer of Switzerland and his Family, consisting of his Wife, his Daughter, and her young Children, emigrating from their Country, in consequence of its Subjugation by the French, in* 1798, *arrive at the Cottage of a Shepherd, beyond the Frontiers, where they are hospitably entertained.*

SHEPHERD.

" WANDERER, whither dost thou roam?
Weary wanderer, old and grey;



10

Wherefore hast thou left thine home
In the sunset of thy day?"

WANDERER.

"In the sunset of my day,
Stranger, I have lost my home:
Weary, wandering, old and grey,
Therefore, therefore do I roam.

Here mine arms a wife enfold,
Fainting in their weak embrace;
There my daughter's charms behold,
Withering in that widow'd face.

These her infants—O their Sire,
Worthy of the race of TELL,
In the battle's fiercest fire,
—In his country's battle fell!"

SHEPHERD.

"SWITZERLAND then gave thee birth?"

WANDERER.

"Ay—'t was SWITZERLAND of yore;
But, degraded spot of earth!
Thou art SWITZERLAND no more:

O'er thy mountains, sunk in blood,
Are the waves of ruin hurl'd;
Like the waters of the flood
Rolling round a buried world."

SHEPHERD.

"Yet will Time the deluge stop;
Then may SWITZERLAND be blest:



On St. Gothard's[1] hoary top
Shall the Ark of Freedom rest.

Welcome, Wanderer, as thou art,
All my blessings to partake;
Yet thrice welcome to my heart,
For thine injur'd country's sake.

Spouse! I bring a suffering guest,
With his family of grief;
Give the weary pilgrims rest,
Yield the Exiles sweet relief."

SHEPHERD'S WIFE.

"I will yield them sweet relief:
Weary pilgrims! welcome here;

Welcome, family of grief!
Welcome to my warmest cheer."

WANDERER.

" When in prayer the broken heart
Asks a blessing from above,
Heaven shall take the Wanderer's part,
Heaven reward the stranger's love."

SHEPHERD.

" Haste, recruit the failing fire,
High the winter faggots raise:
See the crackling flames aspire;
O how cheerfully they blaze!

Mourners! now forget your cares,
And, till supper-board be crown'd,
Closely draw your fireside chairs;
Form the dear domestic round."

WANDERER.

" Host! thy smiling daughters bring,
Bring those rosy lads of thine:
Let them mingle in the ring
With these poor lost babes of mine."

SHEPHERD.

" Join the ring, my girls and boys;
This enchanting circle, this
Binds the social loves and joys;
'T is the fairy ring of bliss!"

Yet suspend thy griefs awhile:
See the plenteous table crown'd;
And my wife's endearing smile
Beams a rosy welcome round.



Cheese from mountain dairies prest,
Wholesome herbs, nutritious roots,
Honey from the wild-bee's nest,
Cheering wine and ripen'd fruits :

These, with soul-sustaining bread,
My paternal fields afford :—
On such fare our fathers fed ;
Hoary pilgrim ! bless the board."

---

## PART II.

*After Supper, the Wanderer, at the desire of his host, relates the sorrows and sufferings of his Country, during the Invasion and Conquest of it by the French, in connexion with his own Story.*

SHEPHERD.

" WANDERER ! bow'd with griefs and years,
Wanderer, with the cheek so pale,
O give language to those tears !
Tell their melancholy tale."

WANDERER.

" Stranger-friend, the tears that flow
Down the channels of this cheek
Tell a mystery of woe
Which no human tongue can speak.

Where the Alpine summits rise,
Height o'er height stupendous hurl'd ;
Like the pillars of the skies,
Like the ramparts of the world :



Born in Freedom's eagle nest,
Rock'd by whirlwinds in their rage,
Nurs'd at Freedom's stormy breast,
Lived my sires from age to age.

High o'er UNDERWALDEN'S vale,
Where the forest fronts the morn;
Whence the boundless eye might sail
O'er a sea of mountains borne;

There my little native cot
Peep'd upon my father's farm:—
Oh! it was a happy spot,
Rich in every rural charm!

There my life, a silent stream,
Glid along, yet seem'd at rest;
Lovely as an infant's dream
On the waking mother's breast.

Till the storm that wreck'd the world,
In its horrible career,
Into hopeless ruin hurl'd
All this aching heart held dear.

On the princely towers of BERNE
Fell the Gallic thunder-stroke:
To the Lake of poor LUCERNE,
All submitted to the yoke.

READING then his standard raised,
Drew his sword on BRUNNEN's plain;[2]
But in vain his banner blazed,
READING drew his sword in vain.

Where our conquering fathers died;
Where their awful bones repose;
Thrice the battle's fate he tried,
Thrice o'erthrew his country's foes.

Happy then were those who fell
Fighting on their father's graves!
Wretched those who lived to tell,
Treason made the victors slaves![3]

Thus my country's life retired,
Slowly driven from part to part,
UNDERWALDEN last expired,
UNDERWALDEN was the heart.[4]



In the valley of their birth,
Where our guardian mountains stand;
In the eye of heaven and earth,
Met the warriors of our land.

Like their Sires in olden time,
Arm'd they met in stern debate;
While in every breast sublime
Glow'd the SPIRIT OF THE STATE.

GALLIA'S menace fired their blood;
With one heart and voice they rose:
Hand in hand the heroes stood,
And defied their faithless foes.

Then to heaven, in calm despair,
As they turn'd the tearless eye,
By their country's wrongs they sware
With their country's rights to die.

ALBERT from the council came :
(My poor daughter was his wife :
All the valley lov'd his name ;
ALBERT was my staff of life.)

From the council-field he came ;
All his noble visage burn'd ;
At his look I caught the flame,
At his voice my youth return'd.

Sudden from my couch I sprang,
Every limb to life restored ;
With the bound my cottage rang,
As I snatch'd my father's sword.

This the weapon they did wield,
On MORGARTHEN's dreadful day ;
And through SEMPACH's[5] iron field
This the ploughshare of their way.

Then, my Spouse! in vain thy fears
Strove my fury to restrain ;
O my daughter! all thy tears,
All thy children's, were in vain.

Quickly from our hastening foes,
ALBERT's active care removed,
Far amidst the eternal snows,
These who loved us,—these beloved.[6]

Then our cottage we forsook ;
Yet, as down the steeps we pass'd,
Many an agonising look
Homeward o'er the hills we cast.



Now we reach'd the nether glen,
Where in arms our brethren lay;

Thrice five hundred fearless men,
Men of adamant were they!

Dim, behind, the valley brake
Into rocks that fled from view;
Fair in front the gleaming Lake
Roll'd its waters bright and blue.

'Midst the hamlets of the dale,
STANTZ, with simple grandeur crown'd,
Seem'd the Mother of the vale,
With her children scatter'd round."

— —

## PART III.

*The Wanderer continues his narrative, and describes the Battle and Massacre of Underwalden.*

WANDERER.

"FROM the valley we descried,
As the GAULS approach'd our shores,
Keels that darken'd all the tide,
Tempesting the Lake with oars.

Then the mountain-echoes rang
With the clangour of alarms:
Shrill the signal-trumpet sang;
All our warriors leap'd to arms.



On the margin of the flood,
While the frantic foe drew nigh ;
Grim as watching wolves we stood,
Prompt as eagles stretch'd to fly.

In a deluge upon land
Burst their overwhelming might ;
Back we hurl'd them from the strand,
Oft returning to the fight.

Fierce and long the conflict held;
—Till the waves were warm with blood,
Till the booming waters swell'd
As they sank beneath the flood.[8]

For, on that triumphant day,
UNDERWALDEN'S arms once more
Broke Oppression's black array,
Dash'd invasion from her shore.

From the dead our spirits rose,
To the dead they soon return'd;
Bright, on its eternal close,
UNDERWALDEN'S glory burn'd.

Star of SWITZERLAND! whose rays
Shed such sweet expiring light,
Ere the Gallic comet's blaze
Swept thy beauty into night:—

Star of SWITZERLAND! thy fame
No recording Bard hath sung;
Yet be thine immortal name
Inspiration to my tongue![9]

While the lingering moon delay'd
In the wilderness of night,
Ere the moon awoke the shade
Into loveliness and light;—

GALLIA'S tigers, wild for blood,
Darted on our sleeping fold;
Down the mountains, o'er the flood,
Dark as thunder-clouds they roll'd.

By the trumpet's voice alarm'd,
All the valley burst awake;
All were in a moment arm'd,
From the barriers to the lake.



—In that valley, on that shore,
When the graves give up their dead,
At the trumpet's voice once more
Shall those slumberers quit their bed.

Broken into feeble bands,
Fighting in dissever'd parts,
Weak and weaker grew our hands,
Strong and stronger still our hearts.

Fierce amid the loud alarms,
Shouting in the foremost fray,
Children raised their little arms
In their country's evil day.

On their country's dying bed,
Wives and husbands pour'd their breath;
Many a Youth and Maiden bled,
Married at thine altar, Death.[10]

Who shall now your deeds relate?
Ye that fell unwept, unknown;
Mourning for your country's fate,
But rejoicing in your own!

UNDERWALDEN thus expired;
But at her expiring flame,
With fraternal feeling fired,
Lo! a band of SWITZERS came.[11]

From the steps beyond the lake,
Like a Winter's weight of snow,
When the huge Lavanges break,
Devastating all below;[12]

Down they rush'd with headlong might,
Swifter than the panting wind;
All before them fear and flight;
Death and silence all behind.

How the forest of the foe
Bow'd before their thunder strokes,
When they laid the cedars low,
When they overwhelm'd the oaks!

Thus they hew'd their dreadful way;
Till by numbers forced to yield,
Terrible in death they lay,
The AVENGERS OF THE FIELD."



## PART IV.

*The Wanderer relates the Circumstances attending the Death of Albert.*

SHEPHERD.

"PLEDGE the memory of the Brave,
And the Spirits of the dead;
Pledge the venerable Grave,
Valour's consecrated bed."

WANDERER.

"Hail!—all hail! the Patriot's grave,
Valour's venerable bed:
Hail! the memory of the Brave;
Hail! the Spirits of the dead."

## THE WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND.

SHEPHERD.

"On that melancholy plain,
In that conflict of despair,
How was noble ALBERT slain?
How didst thou, old Warrior, fare?"

WANDERER.

"When our phalanx broke away,
And our stoutest soldiers fell,
—Where the dark rocks dimm'd the day,
Scowling o'er the deepest dell;

There, like lions old in blood,
Lions rallying round their den,
ALBERT and his warriors stood:
We were few, but we were men.

Breast to breast we fought the ground:
Arm to arm repell'd the foe:
Every motion was a wound,
And a death was every blow.

One by one gave up the ghost,
Slain, not conquer'd,—they died free.
ALBERT stood,—himself an host:
Last of all the Swiss was he.

While I struggled through the fight,
ALBERT was my sword and shield;
Till strange horror quench'd my sight,
And I fainted on the field.

Slow awakening from that trance,
When my soul return'd to day,
Vanish'd were the fiends of France,
—But in ALBERT'S blood I lay.

Slain for me, his dearest breath
On my lips he did resign ;
Slain for me, he snatch'd his death
From the blow that menaced mine.

He had raised his dying head,
And was gazing on my face ;
As I woke,—the spirit fled,
But I *felt* his last embrace."

SHEPHERD'S WIFE.

"Faint and way-worn as they be
With the day's long journey, Sire,
Let thy pilgrim family
Now with me to rest retire."

WANDERER.

"Yes, the hour invites to sleep ;
Till the morrow we must part :
—Nay, my daughter, do not weep,
Do not weep, and break my heart.

Sorrow-soothing sweet repose
On your peaceful pillows light ;
Angel-hands your eyelids close ;
Dream of Paradise to-night."

## PART V.

*The Wanderer, being left alone with the Shepherd, relates his Adventures after the Battle of Underwalden.*

SHEPHERD.

"When the good man yields his breath
(For the good man never dies),
Bright beyond the gulf of death,
Lo! the Land of Promise lies.

Peace to Albert's awful shade,
In that land where sorrows cease;
And to Albert's ashes, laid
In the earth's cold bosom, peace."

WANDERER.

"On the fatal field I lay
Till the hour when twilight pale,
Like the ghost of dying day,
Wander'd down the darkening vale.

Then in agony I rose,
And with horror look'd around,
Where embracing, friends and foes,
Dead and dying, strew'd the ground.

Many a widow fix'd her eye,
Weeping where her husband bled,
Heedless though her babe was by,
Prattling to his father dead.



Dark the evening shadows roll'd
On the eye that gleam'd in death ;
And the evening dews fell cold
On the lip that gasp'd for breath.

As I gazed, an ancient dame,
—She was *childless* by her look,—
With refreshing cordials came ;
Of her bounty I partook.

Then, with desperation bold,
ALBERT'S precious corpse I bore

On these shoulders weak and old,
Bow'd with misery before.

ALBERT's angel gave me strength,
As I stagger'd down the glen ;
And I hid my charge at length
In its wildest, deepest den.

Then returning through the shade
To the battle-scene, I sought,
'Mongst the slain, an axe and spade ;—
With such weapons Freemen fought.

Scythes for swords our youth did wield
In that execrable strife ;
Ploughshares in that horrid field
Bled with slaughter, breathed with life.

In a dark and lonely cave,
While the glimmering moon arose,
Thus I dug my ALBERT's grave ;
There his hallow'd limbs repose.

Tears then, tears too long represt,
Gush'd :—they fell like healing balm,
Till the whirlwind in my breast
Died into a dreary calm.

On the fresh earth's humid bed,
Where my martyr lay enshrined,
This forlorn, unhappy head,
Crazed with anguish, I reclined.

But while o'er my heavy eyes
Soothing slumbers seem'd to creep,
Forth I sprang, with strange surprise,
From the clasping arms of sleep.



For the bones of ALBERT dead
Heaved the turf with horrid throes,
And his grave beneath my head
Burst asunder;—ALBERT rose!

'Ha! my Son—my Son,' I cried,
'Wherefore hast thou left thy grave?'
—'Fly, my father,'—he replied;
'Save my wife—my children save.'—

In the passing of a breath
This tremendous scene was o'er:
Darkness shut the gates of Death,
Silence seal'd them as before.

One pale moment fix'd I stood
In astonishment severe;
Horror petrified my blood,—
I was wither'd up with fear.

Then a sudden trembling came
O'er my limbs; I felt on fire,
Burning, quivering like a flame
In the instant to expire."

SHEPHERD.

"Rather like the mountain-oak,
Tempest-shaken, rooted fast,
Grasping strength from every stroke,
While it wrestles with the blast."

WANDERER.

"Ay!—my heart, unwont to yield,
Quickly quell'd the strange affright,
And undaunted o'er the field
I began my lonely flight.

Loud the gusty night-wind blew;—
Many an awful pause between,
Fits of light and darkness flew,
Wild and sudden o'er the scene.

For the moon's resplendent eye
Gleams of transient glory shed;
And the clouds, athwart the sky,
Like a routed army fled.



Sounds and voices fill'd the vale,
Heard alternate loud and low;
Shouts of victory swell'd the gale,
But the breezes murmur'd woe.

As I climb'd the mountain's side,
Where the Lake and Valley meet,
All my country's power and pride
Lay in ruins at my feet.

On that grim and ghastly plain,
UNDERWALDEN'S heart-strings broke,
When she saw her heroes slain,
And her rocks receive the yoke.

On that plain, in childhood's hours,
From their mothers' arms set free,
Oft those heroes gather'd flowers,
Often chased the wandering bee.

On that plain, in rosy youth,
They had fed their fathers' flocks,
Told their love, and pledged their truth,
In the shadow of those rocks.

Though the moon's bewilder'd bark,
By the midnight tempest tost,
In a sea of vapours dark,
In a gulf of clouds was lost;

Still my journey I pursued,
Climbing many a weary steep,
Whence the closing scene I view'd
With an eye that would not weep.

STANTZ—a melancholy pyre—
And her hamlets blazed behind,
With ten thousand tongues of fire,
Writhing, raging in the wind.

Flaming piles, where'er I turn'd,
Cast a grim and dreadful light;
Like funereal lamps they burn'd
In the sepulchre of night;

While the red illumined flood,
With a hoarse and hollow roar,
Seem'd a lake of living blood,
Wildly weltering on the shore.

'Midst the mountains far away,
Soon I spied the sacred spot,
Whence a slow consuming ray
Glimmer'd from my native cot.



At the sight my brain was fired,
And afresh my heart's wounds bled;
Still I gazed:——the spark expired—
Nature seem'd extinct:—I fled.—

Fled; and, ere the noon of day,
Reach'd the lonely goat-herd's nest,
Where my wife, my children, lay—
Husband—Father——think the rest."

## PART VI.

*The Wanderer informs the Shepherd, that, after the example of many of his Countrymen flying from the Tyranny of France, it is his intention to settle in some remote province of America.*

SHEPHERD.

"WANDERER, whither wouldst thou roam;
To what region far away
Bend thy steps to find a home,
In the twilight of thy day?"

WANDERER.

"In the twilight of my day
I am hastening to the West;
There my weary limbs to lay
Where the sun retires to rest.

Far beyond the Atlantic floods,
Stretch'd beneath the evening sky,
Realms of mountains, dark with woods,
In Columbia's bosom lie.

—Thither, thither would I roam;
There my children may be free:
I for them will find a home,
They shall find a grave for me.

Though my fathers' bones afar
In their native land repose,
Yet beneath the twilight star
Soft on mine the turf shall close.



Though the mould that wraps my clay
When this storm of life is o'er,
Never since creation lay
On a human breast before ;—

Yet in sweet communion there,
When she follows to the dead,
Shall my bosom's partner share
Her poor husband's lowly bed.

ALBERT'S babes shall deck our grave,
And my daughter's duteous tears
Bid the flowery verdure wave
Through the winter-waste of years."

SHEPHERD.

"Long before thy sun descend,
May thy woes and wanderings cease;
Late and lovely be thine end;
Hope and triumph, joy and peace!

As our lakes, at day's decline,
Brighten through the gathering gloom,
May thy latest moments shine
Through the night-fall of the tomb."

---

## THE MOLE-HILL.

Tell me, thou dust beneath my feet,
Thou dust that once hadst breath!
Tell me how many mortals meet
In this small hill of death?

The mole that scoops with curious toil
Her subterranean bed,
Thinks not she ploughs a human soil,
And mines among the dead.

But, O! wherever she turns the ground,
My kindred earth I see:
Once every atom of this mound
Lived, breathed, and felt, like me.

## THE MOLE-HILL.

Like me these elder-born of clay
  Enjoy'd the cheerful light,
Bore the brief burden of a day,
  And went to rest at night.

Far in the regions of the morn,
  The rising sun surveys
Palmyra's palaces forlorn,
  Empurpled with his rays.

The spirits of the desert dwell
  Where eastern grandeur shone,
And vultures scream, hyænas yell
  Round Beauty's mouldering throne.

There the pale pilgrim, as he stands,
  Sees, from the broken wall,
The shadow tottering on the sands,
  Ere the loose fragment fall.

Destruction joys, amid those scenes,
  To watch the sport of Fate,
While Time between the pillars leans,
  And bows them with his weight.

But towers and temples, crush'd by Time,
  Stupendous wrecks! appear
To me less mournfully sublime
  Than the poor Mole-hill here.

Through all this hillock's crumbling mould
  Once the warm life-blood ran;
Here thine original behold,
  And here thy ruins, Man!

Methinks this dust yet heaves with breath;
  Ten thousand pulses beat;
Tell me,—in this small hill of death,
  How many mortals meet?

## THE MOLE-HILL.

What scene of terror and amaze
  Breaks through the twilight gloom?
What hand invisible displays
  The secrets of the tomb?

All ages and all nations rise,
  And every grain of earth
Beneath my feet, before mine eyes,
  Is startled into birth.

Like gliding mists the shadowy forms
  Through the deep valley spread,
And like descending clouds in storms
  Lower round the mountain's head.

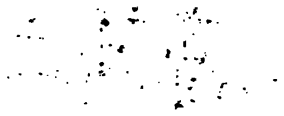
O'er the wild champaign while they pass,
  Their footsteps yield no sound,
Nor shake from the light trembling grass
  A dew-drop to the ground.

Among the undistinguish'd hosts,
  My wondering eyes explore
Awful, sublime, terrific ghosts,
  Heroes and kings of yore:—

Tyrants, the comets of their kind,
  Whose withering influence ran
Through all the promise of the mind,
  And smote and mildew'd man:—

Sages, the Pleiades of earth,
  Whose genial aspects smiled,
And flowers and fruitage sprang to birth
  O'er all the human wild.

Yon gloomy ruffian, gash'd and gored,
  Was he, whose fatal skill
First beat the ploughshare to a sword,
  And taught the art to kill.





Behind him skulks a shade, bereft
  Of fondly worshipp'd fame ;
He built the Pyramids, but left
  No stone to tell his name.

Who is the chief, with visage dark
  As tempests when they roar?
—The first who push'd his daring bark
  Beyond the timid shore.

Through storms of death and seas of graves
  He steer'd with steadfast eye ;
His path was on the desert waves,
  His compass in the sky.

That youth who lifts his graceful hand,
  Struck the unshapen block,
And beauty leap'd, at his command,
  A Venus from the rock.

Trembling with ecstasy of thought,
  Behold the Grecian maid,
Whom love's enchanting impulse taught
  To trace a slumberer's shade.

Sweet are the thefts of love ;—she stole
  His image while he lay,
Kindled the shadow to a soul,
  And breathed that soul through clay.

Yon listening nymph, who looks behind,
  With countenance of fire,
Heard midnight music in the wind,—
  And framed the Æolian lyre.

All hail !—The Sire of Song appears
  The Muse's eldest born ;
The skylark in the dawn of years,
  The poet of the morn.

He from the depth of cavern'd woods,
That echoed to his voice,
Bade mountains, valleys, winds, and floods,
And earth and heaven, rejoice.

Though, charm'd to meekness while he sung,
The wild beasts round him ran,
This was the triumph of his tongue,—
It tamed the heart of man.

Dim through the mist of twilight times
The ghost of Cyrus walks;
Behind him, red with glorious crimes,
The son of Ammon stalks.

Relentless Hannibal, in pride
Of sworn fix'd hatred, lowers;
Cæsar,—'tis Brutus at his side,—
In peerless grandeur towers.

With moonlight softness Helen's charms
Dissolve the spectred gloom,
The leading star of Greece in arms,
Portending Ilion's doom.

But Homer;—see the bard arise!
And hark!—he strikes the lyre;
The Dardan warriors lift their eyes,
The Argive Chiefs respire.

And while his music rolls along,
The towers of Troy sublime,
Raised by the magic breath of song,
Mock the destroyer Time.

For still around the eternal walls
The storms of battle rage:
And Hector conquers, Hector falls,
Bewept in every age.

Genius of Homer! Were it mine
  To track thy fiery car,
And in thy sunset course to shine
  A radiant evening star,—

What theme, what laurel, might the Muse
  Reclaim from ages fled?
What realm-restoring hero choose
  To summon from the dead?

Yonder his shadow flits away:
  —Thou shalt not thus depart;
Stay, thou transcendent spirit, stay,
  And tell me who thou art!

'T is Alfred!—In the rolls of Fame,
  And on a midnight page,
Blazes his broad refulgent name,
  The watch-light of his age.

A Danish winter, from the north,
  Howl'd o'er the British wild,
But Alfred, like the spring, brake forth,
  And all the desert smiled.

Back to the deep he roll'd the waves,
  By mad invasion hurl'd;
His voice was liberty to slaves,
  Defiance to the world.

But lo! the phantoms fade in flight,
  Like fears that cross the mind,
Like meteors gleaming through the night,
  Like thunders on the wind.

The vision of the tomb is past;
  Beyond it who can tell
In what mysterious region cast
  Immortal spirits dwell?

I know not,—but I soon shall know,
When life's sore conflicts cease,
When this desponding heart lies low,
And I shall rest in peace.

For see, on Death's bewildering wave,
The rainbow Hope arise,
A bridge of glory o'er the grave,
That bends beyond the skies.

From earth to heaven it swells and shines
The pledge of bliss to Man;
Time with Eternity combines,
And grasps them in a span.

## THE VIGIL OF ST. MARK.

Returning from their evening walk,
On yonder ancient stile,
In sweet, romantic, tender talk,
Two lovers paused awhile:

Edmund, the monarch of the dale,
All conscious of his powers;
Ella, the lily of the vale,
The rose of Auburn's bowers.

"Ah! why," said he, "our bliss delay?
Mine Ella, why so cold?
Those who but love from day to day,
From day to day grow old."



" 'Tis now," replied the village Belle,
" St. Mark's mysterious Eve ;
And all that old traditions tell
I tremblingly believe :—

How, when the midnight signal tolls,
  Along the churchyard-green
A mournful train of sentenced souls
  In winding-sheets are seen :

The ghosts of all whom Death shall doom
  Within the coming year,
In pale procession walk the gloom
  Amid the silence drear.

If Edmund, bold in conscious might,
  By love severely tried,
Can brave the terrors of to-night,
  Ella will be his bride."

She spake,—and, like the nimble fawn,
  From Edmund's presence fled :
He sought, across the rural lawn,
  The dwelling of the dead ;—

The gliding moon through heaven serene
  Pursued her tranquil way,
And shed o'er all the sleeping scene
  A soft nocturnal day.

With swelling heart and eager feet
  Young Edmund gain'd the church,
And chose his solitary seat
  Within the dreadful porch.

Amid the deep abyss of gloom
  No ray of beauty smiled,
Save, glistening o'er some haunted tomb,
  The glow-worm's lustre wild.

The village watch-dogs bay'd around,
  The long grass whistled drear,
The steeple trembled to the ground,
  Ev'n Edmund quaked with fear.

All on a sudden died the blast,
  Dumb horror chill'd the air;
While Nature seem'd to pause aghast,
  In uttermost despair.

—Twelve times the midnight herald toll'd,
  As oft did Edmund start;
For every stroke fell dead and cold
  Upon his fainting heart.

Then, glaring through the ghastly gloom,
  Along the churchyard-green,
The destined victims of the tomb
  In winding-sheets were seen.

In that strange moment Edmund stood,
  Sick with severe surprise!
While creeping horror drank his blood,
  And fix'd his flinty eyes.

Yet still the scene his soul beguiled,
  And every spectre cast
A look unutterably wild
  On Edmund as they pass'd.

All on the ground entranced he lay;
  At length the vision broke;
—When, lo!—a kiss, as cold as clay,
  The slumbering youth awoke.

That moment through a rifted cloud
  The darting moon display'd,
Robed in a melancholy shroud,
  The image of a maid.

Her dusky veil aside she threw,
  And show'd a face most fair:
"My Love! my Ella!"—Edmund flew,
  And clasp'd the yielding air.

## THE VIGIL OF ST. MARK.

"Ha! who art thou?" His cheek grew pale:
A well-known voice replied,
"Ella, the lily of the vale;
Ella—thy destined bride."

To shun the visionary maid,
His speed outstript the wind;
But,—though unseen to move,—the shade
Was evermore behind.

Three days, bewilder'd and forlorn,
He sought his home in vain;
At length he hail'd the hoary thorn
That crown'd his native plain.

'T was evening;—all the air was balm,
The heavens serenely clear;
When the soft music of a psalm
Came pensive o'er his ear.

Then sunk his heart;—a strange surmise
Made all his blood run cold:
He flew,—a funeral met his eyes:
He paused,—a death-bell toll'd.

"'T is she! 'tis she!"—He burst away:
And bending o'er the spot
Where all that once was Ella lay,
He all beside forgot.

And every Eve of pale St. Mark,
As village hinds relate,
He walks with Ella in the dark,
And reads the rolls of Fate.

## ROBERT BURNS.

WHAT bird, in beauty, flight, or song,
Can with the Bard compare,
Who sang as sweet, and soar'd as strong,
As ever child of air?

His plume, his note, his form, could BURNS
For whim or pleasure change;
He was not one, but all by turns,
With transmigration strange.

The Blackbird, oracle of spring,
When flow'd his moral lay;
The Swallow wheeling on the wing,
Capriciously at play:

The Humming-bird, from bloom to bloom,
Inhaling heavenly balm;
The Raven, in the tempest's gloom;
The Halcyon, in the calm:

In "auld Kirk Alloway," the Owl,
At witching time of night;
By "bonnie Doon," the earliest Fowl
That caroll'd to the light.

He was the Wren amidst the grove,
When in his homely vein;
At Bannockburn the Bird of Jove,
With thunder in his train:

## ROBERT BURNS.

The Woodlark, in his mournful hours;
The Goldfinch, in his mirth;
The Thrush, a spendthrift of his powers,
Enrapturing heaven and earth;

The Swan, in majesty and grace,
Contemplative and still;
But roused,—no Falcon, in the chase,
Could like his satire kill.

The Linnet in simplicity,
In tenderness the Dove;
But more than all beside was he
The Nightingale in love.

Oh! had he never stoop'd to shame,
Nor lent a charm to vice,
How had Devotion loved to name
That Bird of Paradise!

Peace to the Dead!—In Scotia's choir
Of Minstrels great and small,
He sprang from his spontaneous fire,
The Phœnix of them all.



## HANNAH.

At fond sixteen my roving heart
Was pierced by Love's delightful dart:
Keen transport throbb'd through every vein,
—I never felt so sweet a pain!

## HANNAH.

Where circling woods embower'd the glade,
I met the dear romantic maid:
I stole her hand,—it shrunk,—but no;
I would not let my captive go.

With all the fervency of youth,
While passion told the tale of truth,
I mark'd my Hannah's downcast eye—
'T was kind, but beautifully shy:

Not with a warmer, purer ray,
The Sun, enamour'd, woos young May;
Nor May, with softer maiden grace,
Turns from the Sun her blushing face.

But, swifter than the frighted dove,
Fled the gay morning of my love;
Ah! that so bright a morn, so soon,
Should vanish in so dark a noon.

The angel of Affliction rose,
And in his grasp a thousand woes;
He pour'd his vial on my head,
And all the heaven of rapture fled.

Yet, in the glory of my pride,
I stood,—and all his wrath defied;
I stood,—though whirlwinds shook my brain,
And lightnings cleft my soul in twain.

I shunn'd my nymph;—and knew not why
I durst not meet her gentle eye;
I shunn'd her, for I could not bear
To marry her to my despair.

Yet, sick at heart with hope delay'd,
Oft the dear image of that maid
Glanced, like the rainbow, o'er my mind,
And promised happiness behind.

## HANNAH.

The storm blew o'er, and in my breast
The halcyon Peace rebuilt her nest:
The storm blew o'er, and clear and mild
The sea of Youth and Pleasure smiled.

'Twas on the merry morn of May,
To Hannah's cot I took my way:
My eager hopes were on the wing,
Like Swallows sporting in the Spring.

Then, as I climb'd the mountains o'er,
I lived my wooing days once more;
And fancy sketch'd my married lot,—
My wife, my children, and my cot.

I saw the village steeple rise,—
My soul sprang, sparkling, in my eyes:
The rural bells rang sweet and clear,—
My fond heart listen'd in mine ear.

I reach'd the hamlet:—all was gay;
I love a rustic holyday;
I met a wedding,—stepp'd aside;
It pass'd,—my Hannah was the bride.

—There is a grief that cannot feel;
It leaves a wound that will not heal;
—My heart grew cold,—it felt not then:
When shall it cease to feel again?

## A FIELD FLOWER.

ON FINDING ONE IN FULL BLOOM, ON CHRISTMAS DAY, 1803.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field
In gay but quick succession shine,
Race after race their honours yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run,
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the Sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath and golden broom
On moory mountains catch the gale,
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.



Within the garden's cultured round
It shares the sweet carnation's bed ;
And blooms on consecrated ground
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild-bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem
Light o'er the sky-lark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page ;—in every place,
In every season fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms everywhere.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The Rose has but a summer-reign,
The DAISY never dies.

## MORNA.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Cathbat and Morna are lovers. Duchômar, the rival of Cathbat, having slain the latter in the chase, meets Morna, tells her what he has done, and woos her for himself. In the course of the interview they fall by each other's hands, and die together.—The story is supposed to be related to Cuchullin, general of the tribes of Erin, who, at the conclusion, laments the premature loss of the two valiant warriors, and the death of the maiden.*

CATHBAT fell by the sword of Duchômar,
At the oak of the loud-rolling stream;
Duchômar came to the cave of the forest,
And spake to the gentle maid.

"Morna! fairest of women!
Beautiful daughter of high-born Cormac!
Wherefore alone in the circle of stones,
Alone at the cave of the mountain?
The old oak sounds in the wind,
That ruffles the distant lake;
Black clouds engirdle the gloomy horizon;
But thou art like snow on the heath;
Thy ringlets resemble the light mist of Cromla,



When it winds round the sides of the hill,
In the beams of the evening sun."

" Whence comest thou, sternest of men?'
Said the maid of the graceful locks;
" Evermore dark was thy brow;
Now red is thine eye, and ferocious;
Doth Swaram appear on the sea?
What tidings from Lochlin?"

" No tidings from Lochlin, O Morna!
I come from the mountains;
I come from the chase of the fleet-footed hind:
Three red deer have fallen by my arrows;
One fell for thee, fair daughter of Cormac!
As my soul do I love thee, white-handed maiden!
Queen of the hearts of men!"

" Duchômar!" the maiden replied,
" None of my love is for thee:
Dark is thine eyebrow, thy bosom is darker,
And hard as the rock is thine heart:
But thou, the dear offspring of Armin,
Cathbat! art Morna's love.
Bright as the sunbeams thy beautiful locks,
When the mist of the valley is climbing the mountain:—
Saw'st thou the chief, the young hero,
Cathbat the brave, in thy course on the hill?
The daughter of Cormac the mighty
Tarries to welcome her love from the field."

" Long shalt thou tarry, O Morna!"
Sullenly, fiercely, Duchômar replied:
" Long shalt thou tarry, O Morna!
To welcome the rude son of Armin.
Lo! on this sharp-edged sword,
Red to the hilt is the life-blood of Cathbat:
Slain is thine hero,
By me he was slain:
His cairn will I build upon Cromla.

—Daughter of blue-shielded Cormac!
Turn on Duchômar thine eye."

"Fallen in death is the brave son of Armin!"
The maiden exclaim'd with the voice of love:
"Fallen in death on the pine-crested hill!
The loveliest youth of the host!
Of heroes the first in the chase!
The direst of foes to the sea-roving stranger!—
Dark is Duchômar in wrath;
Deadly his arm to me;
Foe unto Morna!—but lend me thy weapon,
Cathbat I loved, and I love his blood."

He yielded the sword to her tears;
She plunged the red blade through his side;
He fell by the stream;
He stretch'd forth his hand, and his voice was heard:
"Daughter of blue-shielded Cormac!
Thou hast cut off my youth from renown;
Cold is the sword, the glory of heroes,
Cold in my bosom, O Morna!
—Ah! give me to Moina the maiden,
For I am her dream in the darkness of night;
My tomb she will build in the midst of the camp,
That the hunter may hail the bright mark of my fame.
—But draw forth the sword from my bosom,
For cold is the blade, O Morna!"

Slowly and weeping she came,
And drew forth the sword from his side;
He seized it, and struck the red steel to her heart;
She fell;—on the earth lay her tresses dishevell'd,
The blood gurgled fast from the wound,
And crimson'd her arm of snow.

* * * * * *

"Tell me no more of the maiden!"
Cuchullin, the war-chief of Erin, replied:
—"Peace to the souls of the heroes!
Their prowess was great in the conflict of swords;
Let them glide by my chariot in war!
Let their spirits appear in the clouds o'er the valley!
So shall my breast be undaunted in danger!

"Be thou like a moon-beam, O Morna!
When my sight is beginning to fail;
When my soul is reposing in peace,
And the tumult of war is no more."

## INCOGNITA.

ON VIEWING THE PICTURE OF AN UNKNOWN LADY.

*Written at Leamington, in* 1817.

"She was a phantom of delight."—WORDSWORTH.

IMAGE of One, who lived of yore!
Hail to that lovely mien,
Once quick and conscious,—now no more
On land or ocean seen!
Were all earth's breathing forms to pass
Before me in Agrippa's glass,[13]
Many as fair as Thou might be,
But, oh! not one—not one—like Thee.

## INCOGNITA.

Thou art no Child of Fancy;—Thou
  The very look dost wear,
That gave enchantment to a brow,
  Wreathed with luxuriant hair;
Lips of the morn embathed in dew,
And eyes of evening's starry blue;
Of all who e'er enjoy'd the sun,
Thou art the image of but *One*.

And who was she, in virgin prime,
  And May of womanhood,
Whose roses here, unpluck'd by Time,
  In shadowy tints have stood;
While many a winter's withering blast
Hath o'er the dark cold chamber pass'd,
In which her once-resplendent form
Slumber'd to dust beneath the storm?

Of gentle blood;—upon her birth
  Consenting planets smiled,
And she had seen those days of mirth
  That frolic round the child;
To bridal bloom her strength had sprung,
Behold her beautiful and young!
Lives there a record, which hath told
That she was wedded, widow'd, old?

How long her date, 'twere vain to guess:
  The pencil's cunning art
Can but a single glance express,
  One motion of the heart;
A smile, a blush,—a transient grace
Of air, and attitude, and face;
One passion's changing colours mix,
One moment's flight for ages fix.

## INCOGNITA.

Her joys and griefs alike in vain
  Would fancy here recall;
Her throbs of ecstasy or pain
  Lull'd in oblivion all;
With her, methinks, life's little hour
Pass'd like the fragrance of a flower,
That leaves upon the vernal wind
Sweetness we ne'er again may find.

Where dwelt she?—Ask yon aged tree,
  Whose boughs embower the lawn,
Whether the birds' wild minstrelsy
  Awoke her here at dawn?
Whether beneath its youthful shade,
At noon, in infancy she play'd?
—If from the oak no answer come,
Of her all oracles are dumb.

The Dead are like the stars by day;
  —Withdrawn from mortal eye,
But not extinct, they hold their way
  In glory through the sky:
Spirits, from bondage thus set free,
Vanish amidst immensity,
Where human thought, like human sight,
Fails to pursue their trackless flight.

Somewhere within created space,
  Could I explore that round,
In bliss, or woe, there is a place
  Where she might still be found;
And oh! unless those eyes deceive,
I may, I must, I will believe,
That she, whose charms so meekly glow,
*Is* what she only seem'd below;—

## INCOGNITA.

Of Her of whom these pictured lines
  A faint resemblance form;
Fair as the *second* rainbow shines
  Aloof amid the storm;—
Of Her, this "shadow of a shade,"
Like its original, must fade,
And She, forgotten when unseen,
Shall be as if she ne'er had been.

Ah! then, perchance, this dreaming strain
  Of all that e'er I sung,
A lorn memorial may remain,
  When silent lies my tongue;
When shot the meteor of my fame,
Lost the vain echo of my name,
This leaf, this fallen leaf, may be
The only trace of her and me.

When these weak lines thy presence greet,
  Reader! if I am blest,
Again, as spirits, may we meet
  In glory and in rest!
If not,—and *I* have lost my way,
Here part we,—go not *Thou* astray:
No tomb, no verse, my story tell;
Once, and for ever, Fare Thee well!

## THE LITTLE CLOUD.

*Seen in a country excursion among the woods and rocks of Wharncliffe and the adjacent park and pleasure-grounds of Wortley Hall, the seat of the Right Honourable Lord Wharncliffe, near Sheffield, on the 30th day of June*, 1818.

The summer sun was in the west,
Yet far above his evening rest;
A thousand clouds in air display'd
Their floating isles of light and shade,—
The sky, like ocean's channels, seen
In long meandering streaks between.

Cultured and waste, the landscape lay,
Woods, mountains, valleys stretch'd away,
And throng'd the immense horizon round,
With heaven's eternal girdle bound;
From inland towns, eclipsed with smoke,
Steeples in lonely grandeur broke;
Hamlets, and cottages, and streams
By glimpses caught the casual gleams,
Or blazed in lustre broad and strong
Beyond the picturing powers of song:
O'er all the eye enchanted ranged,
While colours, forms, proportions changed,
Or sunk in distance undefined,
Still as our devious course inclined,
—And oft we paused, and look'd behind.

One little cloud, and only one,
Seem'd the pure offspring of the sun,



Flung from his orb to show us here
What clouds adorn *his* hemisphere ;
Unmoved, unchanging in the gale,
That bore the rest o'er hill and dale,

Whose shadowy shapes, with lights around,
Like living motions, swept the ground,
This little cloud, and this alone,
Long in the highest ether shone;
Gay as a warrior's banner spread,
Its sunward margin ruby-red,
Green, purple, gold, and every hue
That glitters in the morning-dew,
Or glows along the rainbow's form,—
The apparition of the storm.
Deep in its bosom, diamond-bright,
Behind a fleece of pearly white,
It seem'd a secret glory dwelt,
Whose presence, while unseen, was felt:
Like Beauty's eye, in slumber hid
Beneath a half-transparent lid,
From whence a sound, a touch, a breath,
Might startle it,—as life from death.

That cloud was beautiful,—was one
Among a thousand round the sun;
The thousand shared the common lot;
They came,—they went,—they were forgot;
This fairy form alone impress'd
Its perfect image in my breast,
And shines as richly blazon'd there
As in its element of air.

—The sunshine on the hills, the floods;
The breeze, the twilight of the woods;
Nature in every change of green,
Heaven in unnumber'd aspects seen;
Health, spirits, exercise, release
From noise and smoke; twelve hours of peace;
No fears to haunt, no cares to vex;
Friends, young and old, of either sex;
Converse familiar, sportive, kind,

Where heart meets heart, mind quickens mind,
And words and thoughts are all at play,
Like children on a holyday;
—These, these endear'd that day to me,
And made it, in a thousand ways,
A day among a thousand days,
That share with clouds the common lot;
They come,—they go,—they are forgot:
This, like that plaything of the sun,
—The little, lonely, lovely one,—
This lives within me; this shall be
A part of my eternity.

Amidst the cares, the toils, the strife,
The weariness and waste of life,
That day shall memory oft restore,
And, in a moment, live it o'er,
When, with a lightning flash of thought,
Morn, noon, and eve at once are brought
(As through the vision of a trance)
All in the compass of a glance.

*That* is true happiness below
Which conscience cannot turn to woe;
And though such happiness depends
Neither on clouds, nor days, nor friends,
*When* friends, and days, and clouds unite,
And kindred chords are tuned aright,
The harmonies of heaven and earth,
Through eye, ear, intellect, give birth
To joys too exquisite to last,
—And yet *more* exquisite when past!
When the soul summons by a spell
The ghosts of pleasures round her cell,
In saintlier forms than erst they wore,
And smiles benigner than before,
Each loved, lamented scene renews,

With warmer touches, tenderer hues ;
Recalls kind words for ever flown,
But echoed in a soften'd tone ;
Wakes, with new pulses in the breast,
Feelings forgotten or at rest ;
—The thought how fugitive and fair,
How dear and precious, such things were !
That thought, with gladness more refined,
Deep, and transporting, thrills the mind,
Than all those pleasures of an hour,
When most the soul confess'd their power.
Bliss in possession will not last :
Remember'd joys are never past ;
At once the fountain, stream, and sea,
They were,—they are,—they yet shall be.

---

## THE WEST INDIES.

Long lay the ocean-paths from man conceal'd ;
Light came from heaven,—the magnet was reveal'd,
A surer star to guide the seaman's eye
Than the pale glory of the northern sky ;
Alike ordain'd to shine by night and day,
Through calm and tempest, with unsetting ray ;
Where'er the mountains rise, the billows roll,
Still with strong impulse turning to the pole,
True as the sun is to the morning true,
Though light as film, and trembling as the dew.



Then man no longer plied with timid oar,
And failing heart, along the windward shore;
Broad to the sky he turned his fearless sail,
Defied the adverse, woo'd the favouring gale,
While, free as clouds the liquid ether sweep,
His white-wing'd vessels coursed the unbounded deep;
From clime to clime the wanderer loved to roam,
The waves his heritage, the world his home.

Then first Columbus, with the mighty hand
Of grasping genius, weigh'd the sea and land;
The floods o'erbalanced:—where the tide of light,
Day after day, roll'd down the gulph of night,
There seem'd one waste of waters:—long in vain
His spirit brooded o'er the Atlantic main;
When, sudden as creation burst from nought,
Sprang a new world through his stupendous thought.
Light, order, beauty!—While his mind explored
The unveiling mystery, his heart adored.

Far from the western cliffs he cast his eye,
O'er the wide ocean stretching to the sky;
In calm magnificence the sun declined,
And left a paradise of clouds behind:
Proud at his feet, with pomp of pearl and gold,
The billows in a sea of glory roll'd.

"—Ah! on this sea of glory might I sail,
Track the bright sun, and pierce the eternal veil
That hides those lands, beneath Hesperian skies,
Where daylight sojourns till our morrow rise!"

Thoughtful he wander'd on the beach alone;
Mild o'er the deep the vesper planet shone,
The eye of evening, brightening through the west
Till the sweet moment when it shut to rest.

Soft fell the shades, till Cynthia's slender bow
Crested the farthest wave, then sunk below:
"Tell me, resplendent guardian of the night,
Circling the sphere in thy perennial flight,
What secret path of heaven thy smiles adorn,
What nameless sea reflects thy gleaming horn?"

Now earth and ocean vanish'd, all serene
The starry firmament alone was seen;



Through the slow, silent hours, he watch'd the host
Of midnight suns in western darkness lost,
Till Night himself, on shadowy pinions borne,
Fled o'er the mighty waters, and the morn
Danced on the mountains :—" Lights of heaven!" he cried,
" Lead on ;—I go to win a glorious bride."

**The winds were prosperous, and the billows bore**
**The brave adventurer to the promised shore;**
**Far in the west, array'd in purple light,**
**Dawn'd the new world on his enraptured sight:**
**Not Adam, loosen'd from the encumbering earth,**
**Waked by the breath of GOD to instant birth,**
**With sweeter, wilder wonder gazed around,**
**When life within, and light without he found;**
**When, all creation rushing o'er his soul,**
**He seem'd to live and breathe throughout the whole.**
**So felt Columbus, when, divinely fair,**
**At the last look of resolute despair,**
**The Hesperian isles, from distance dimly blue,**
**With gradual beauty open'd on his view.**
**In that proud moment, his transported mind**
**The morning and the evening worlds combined,**
**And made the sea, that sunder'd them before,**
**A bond of peace, uniting shore to shore.**

**Vain, visionary hope! rapacious Spain**
Follow'd her hero's triumph o'er the main.

Let nobler bards in loftier numbers tell
How Cortez conquered, Montezuma fell;
How fierce Pizarro's ruffian arm o'erthrew
The sun's resplendent empire in Peru;
How, like a prophet, old Las Casas stood,
And rais'd his voice against a sea of blood,
Whose chilling waves recoil'd while he foretold
His country's ruin by avenging gold.

But themes like these would ask an angel-lyre,
Language of light and sentiment of fire;
Give me to sing, in melancholy strains,
Of Charib martyrdoms and Negro chains;
One race by tyrants rooted from the earth,
One doom'd to slavery by the taint of birth!

Where first his drooping sails Columbus furl'd,
And sweetly rested in another world,
Amidst the heaven-reflecting ocean, smiles
A constellation of elysian isles.
In placid indolence supinely blest,
A feeble race these beauteous isles possess'd;
Untamed, untaught, in arts and arms unskill'd,
Their patrimonial soil they rudely till'd,
Chased the free rovers of the savage wood,
Insnared the wild-bird, swept the scaly flood;
Shelter'd in lowly huts their fragile forms
From burning suns and desolating storms;
Or when the halcyon sported on the breeze,
In light canoes they skimm'd the rippling seas;
Their lives in dreams of soothing languor flew,
No parted joys, no future pains, they knew,
The passing moment all their bliss or care;
Such as their sires had been the children were,
From age to age; as waves upon the tide
Of stormless time, they calmly lived and died.

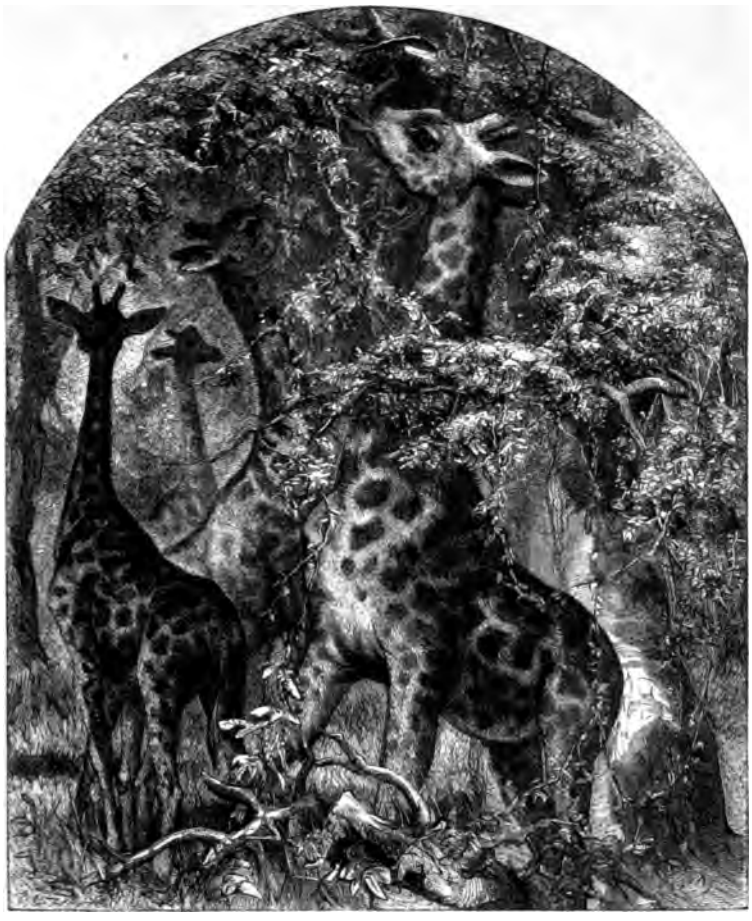
Dreadful as hurricanes, athwart the main
Rush'd the fell legions of invading Spain;
With fraud and force, with false and fatal breath,
(Submission bondage, and resistance death,)
They swept the isles. In vain the simple race
Kneel'd to the iron sceptre of their grace,
Or with weak arms their fiery vengeance braved;
They came, they saw, they conquer'd, they enslaved,
And they destroy'd;—the generous heart they broke,
They crush'd the timid neck beneath the yoke;
Where'er to battle march'd their fell array,
The sword of conquest plough'd resistless way;
Where'er from cruel toil they sought repose,
Around the fires of devastation rose.
The Indian, as he turn'd his head in flight,
Beheld his cottage flaming through the night,

And, midst the shrieks of murder on the wind,
Heard the mute bloodhound's death-step close behind.

The conflict o'er, the valiant in their graves,
The wretched remnant dwindled into slaves;
Condemn'd in pestilential cells to pine,
Delving for gold amidst the gloomy mine.
The sufferer, sick of life-protracting breath,
Inhaled with joy the fire-damp blast of death:
—Condemn'd to fell the mountain palm on high,
That cast its shadow from the evening sky,
Ere the tree trembled to his feeble stroke,
The woodman languish'd, and his heart-strings broke;
—Condemn'd in torrid noon, with palsied hand,
To urge the slow plough o'er the obdurate land,
The labourer, smitten by the sun's quick ray,
A corpse along the unfinish'd furrow lay.
O'erwhelm'd at length with ignominious toil,
Mingling their barren ashes with the soil,
Down to the dust the Charib people pass'd,
Like autumn foliage withering in the blast:
The whole race sunk beneath the oppressor's rod,
And left a blank among the works of God.

## PART II.

Among the bowers of paradise, that graced
Those islands of the world-dividing waste,
Where towering cocoas waved their graceful locks,
And vines luxuriant clust'r'd round the rocks;
Where orange-groves perfumed the circling air,
With verdure, flowers, and fruit for ever fair;



Gay myrtle-foliage track'd the winding rills,
And cedar forests slumber'd on the hills ;
—An eastern plant, ingrafted on the soil,[14]
Was till'd for ages with consuming toil ;
No tree of knowledge with forbidden fruit,
Death in the taste, and ruin at the root ;
Yet in its growth were good and evil found,—
It bless'd the planter, but it cursed the ground :

While with vain wealth it gorged the master's hoard,
And spread with manna his luxurious board,
Its culture was perdition to the slave,—
It sapp'd his life, and flourish'd on his grave.

When the fierce spoiler from remorseless Spain
Tasted the balmy spirit of the cane,
(Already had his rival in the west
From the rich reed ambrosial sweetness press'd,)
Dark through his thoughts the miser purpose roll'd
To turn its hidden treasures into gold.
But at his breath, by pestilent decay,
The Indian tribes were swiftly swept away;
Silence and horror o'er the isles were spread,
The living seem'd the spectres of the dead.
The Spaniard saw; no sigh of pity stole,
No pang of conscience touch'd his sullen soul:
The tiger weeps not o'er the kid;—he turns
His flashing eyes abroad, and madly burns
For nobler victims, and for warmer blood:
Thus on the Charib shore the tyrant stood,
Thus cast his eyes with fury o'er the tide,
And far beyond the gloomy gulph descried
Devoted Africa: he burst away,
And with a yell of transport grasp'd his prey.

Where the stupendous Mountains of the Moon
Cast their broad shadows o'er the realms of noon:
From rude Caffraria, where the giraffes browse
With stately heads among the forest boughs,
To Atlas, where Numidian lions glow
With torrid fire beneath eternal snow;
From Nubian hills, that hail the dawning day,
To Guinea's coast, where evening fades away;
Regions immense, unsearchable, unknown,
Bask in the splendour of the solar zone,—
A world of wonders, where creation seems
No more the works of Nature, but her dreams.



Great, wild, and beautiful, beyond control,
She reigns in all the freedom of her soul;
Where none can check her bounty when she showers
O'er the gay wilderness her fruits and flowers;
None brave her fury when, with whirlwind breath
And earthquake step, she walks abroad with death.
O'er boundless plains she holds her fiery flight,
In terrible magnificence of light;
At blazing noon pursues the evening breeze,
Through the dun gloom of realm-o'ershadowing trees;

Her thirst at Nile's mysterious fountain quells,
Or bathes in secrecy where Niger swells
An inland ocean, on whose jasper rocks
With shells and sea-flower wreaths she binds her locks.
She sleeps on isles of velvet verdure, placed
Midst sandy gulphs and shoals for ever waste;
She guides her countless flocks to cheriah'd rills,
And feeds her cattle on a thousand hills;
Her steps the wild bees welcome through the vale,
From every blossom that embalms the gale;
The slow unwieldy river-horse she leads
Through the deep waters, o'er the pasturing meads;
And climbs the mountains that invade the sky,
To soothe the eagle's nestlings when they cry.
At sunset, when voracious monsters burst
From dreams of blood, awaked by maddening thirst;
When the lorn caves, in which they shrunk from light,
Ring with wild echoes through the hideous night;
When darkness seems alive, and all the air
Is one tremendous uproar of despair,
Horror, and agony;—on her they call;
She hears their clamour, she provides for all,
Leads the light leopard on his eager way,
And goads the gaunt hyæna to his prey.

In these romantic regions man grows wild:
Here dwells the Negro, Nature's outcast child,
Scorn'd by his brethren; but his mother's eye,
That gazes on him from her warmest sky,
Sees in his flexile limbs untutor'd grace,
Power on his forehead, beauty in his face;
Sees in his breast, where lawless passions rove,
The heart of friendship and the home of love;
Sees in his mind, where desolation reigns,
Fierce as his clime, uncultur'd as his plains,
A soil where virtue's fairest flowers might shoot,
And trees of science bend with glorious fruit;

Sees in his soul, involved with thickest night,
An emanation of eternal light,
Ordain'd, midst sinking worlds, his dust to fire,
And shine for ever when the stars expire.
Is he not *man*, though knowledge never shed
Her quickening beams on his neglected head?
Is he not *man*, though sweet Religion's voice
Ne'er made the mourner in his God rejoice?
Is *he* not *man*, by sin and suffering tried?
Is *he* not *man*, for whom the Saviour died?
Belie the Negro's powers:—in headlong will,
Christian! thy brother thou shalt prove him still:
Belie his virtues; since his wrongs began,
His follies and his crimes have stampt him MAN.

## PART III.

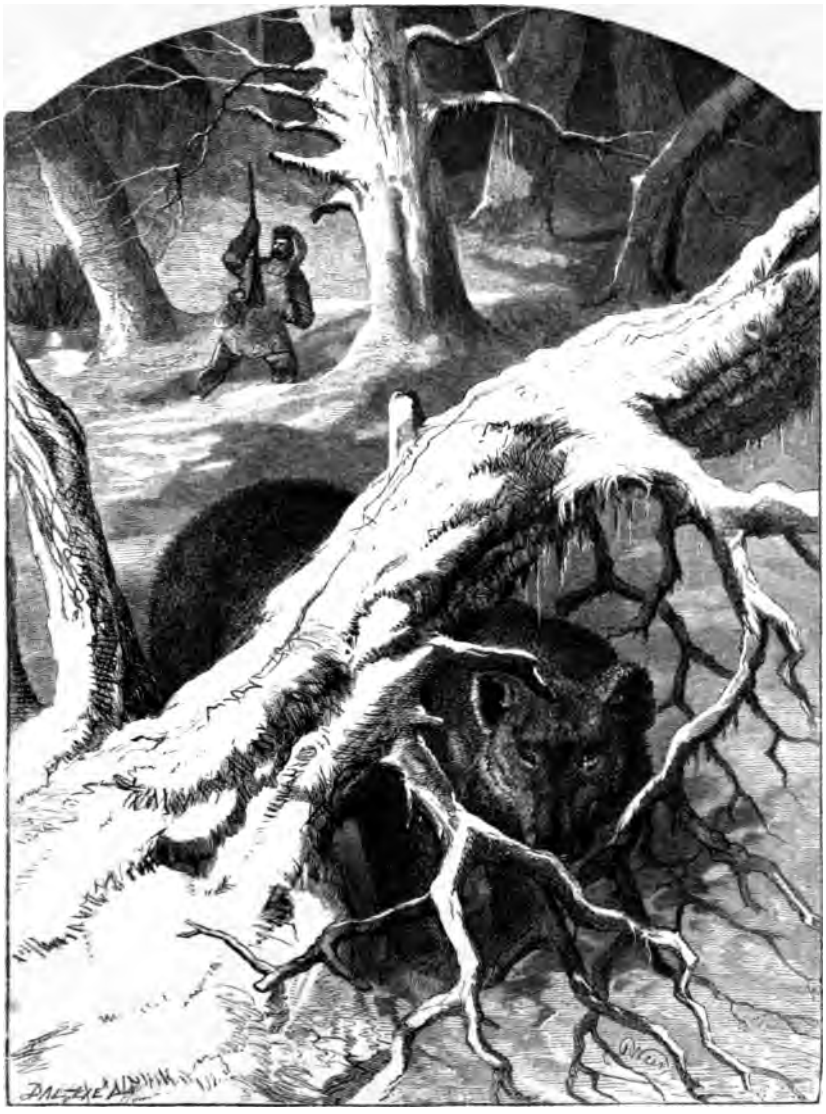
THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted youth;
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,

## THE WEST INDIES.

**The heritage of nature's noblest race,**
**There is a spot of earth supremely blest,**
**A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,**
**Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside**
**His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,**
**While in his soften'd looks benignly blend**
**The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend:**
**Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,**
**Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;**
**In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,**
**An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;**
**Around her knees domestic duties meet,**
**And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.**
**"Where shall that *land*, that *spot of earth*, be found?"**
**Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;**
**O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,**
**That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home!**

**On Greenland's rocks, o'er rude Kamschatka's plains,**
**In pale Siberia's desolate domains;**
When the wild hunter takes his lonely way,
Tracks through tempestuous snows his savage prey,
The reindeer's spoil, the ermine's treasure, shares,
And feasts his famine on the fat of bears;
Or, wrestling with the might of raging seas,
Where round the pole the eternal billows freeze,
Plucks from their jaws the stricken whale, in vain
Plunging down headlong through the whirling main;
—His wastes of ice are lovelier in his eye
Than all the flowery vales beneath the sky;
And dearer far than Cæsar's palace-dome,
His cavern-shelter, and his cottage-home.

O'er China's garden-fields and peopled floods;
In California's pathless world of woods;
Round Andes' heights, where Winter, from his throne,
Looks down in scorn upon the Summer zone;



By the gay borders of Bermuda's isles,
Where Spring with everlasting verdure smiles ;

On pure Madeira's vine-robed hills of health;
In Java's swamps of pestilence and wealth;
Where Babel stood, where wolves and jackals drink,
Midst weeping willows, on Euphrates' brink;
On Carmel's crest; by Jordan's reverend stream,
Where Canaan's glories vanish'd like a dream;
Where Greece, a spectre, haunts her heroes' graves,
And Rome's vast ruin darkens Tiber's waves;
Where broken-hearted Switzerland bewails
Her subject mountains and dishonour'd vales;
Where Albion's rocks exult amid the sea,
Around the beauteous isle of Liberty;
—Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

And is the Negro outlaw'd from his birth?
Is he alone a stranger on the earth?
Is there no shed, whose peeping roof appears
So lovely that it fills his eyes with tears?
No land, whose name, in exile heard, will dart
Ice through his veins, and lightning through his heart?
Ah! yes; beneath the beams of brighter skies,
His home amidst his father's country lies;
There with the partner of his soul he shares
Love-mingled pleasures, love-divided cares:
There, as with nature's warmest filial fire,
He soothes his blind, and feeds his helpless, sire;
His children sporting round his hut behold
How they shall cherish him when he is old,
Train'd by example from their tenderest youth
To deeds of charity, and words of truth.
—Is *he* not blest? Behold, at closing day,
The negro-village swarms abroad to play;



He treads the dance through all its rapturous rounds,
To the wild music of barbarian sounds ;

Or, stretch'd at ease, where broad palmettos shower
Delicious coolness in his shadowy bower,
He feasts on tales of witchcraft, that give birth
To breathless wonder, or ecstatic mirth:
Yet most delighted, when, in rudest rhymes,
The minstrel wakes the song of elder times,
When men were heroes, slaves to Beauty's charms,
And all the joys of life were love and arms.

Thus lived the Negro in his native land,
Till Christian cruisers anchor'd on his strand:
Where'er their grasping arms the spoilers spread,
The Negro's joys, the Negro's virtues, fled;
Till, far amidst the wilderness unknown,
They flourish'd in the sight of Heaven alone.



## PART IV.

Was there no mercy, mother of the slave!
No friendly hand to succour and to save,
While commerce thus thy captive tribes oppress'd,
And lowering vengeance linger'd o'er the west?
Yes, Africa! beneath the stranger's rod
They found the freedom of the sons of God.

When Europe languish'd in barbarian gloom,
Beneath the ghostly tyranny of Rome,
Whose second empire, cowl'd and mitred, burst
A phœnix from the ashes of the first;
From Persecution's piles, by bigots fired,
Among Bohemian mountains Truth retired:
There, 'midst rude rocks, in lonely glens obscure,
She found a people scatter'd, scorn'd, and poor,
A little flock through quiet valleys led,
A Christian Israel in the desert fed,
While ravening wolves, that scorn'd the shepherd's hand,
Laid waste God's heritage through every land.
With these the lovely exile sojourn'd long:
Soothed by her presence, solaced by her song,
They toil'd through danger, trials, and distress,
A band of Virgins in the wilderness,
With burning lamps, amid their secret bowers,
Counting the watches of the weary hours,
In patient hope the Bridegroom's voice to hear,
And see his banner in the clouds appear.
But when the morn returning chased the night,
These stars, that shone in darkness, sunk in light:
Luther, like Phosphor, led the conquering day,—
His meek forerunners waned, and pass'd away.[15]

Ages roll'd by; the turf perennial bloom'd
O'er the lorn relics of those saints entomb'd:
No miracle proclaim'd their power divine,—
No kings adorn'd, no pilgrims kiss'd, their shrine;
Cold and forgotten in the grave they slept:
But God remember'd them:—their Father kept
A faithful remnant;—
The race revived at his almighty breath,
A seed to serve him, from the dust of death.

"Go forth, my sons! through heathen realms proclaim
Mercy to sinners in a Saviour's name:"
Thus spake the Lord; they heard, and they obey'd.

Where roll Ohio's streams, Missouri's floods,
Beneath the umbrage of eternal woods,
The Red Man roam'd, a hunter-warrior wild:
On him the everlasting Gospel smiled;
His heart was awed, confounded, pierced, subdued,
Divinely melted, moulded, and renew'd:
The bold base savage, nature's harshest clod,
Rose from the dust the image of his God.

And thou, poor Negro! scorn'd of all mankind;
Thou dumb and impotent, and deaf and blind;
Thou dead in spirit! toil-degraded slave,
Crush'd by the curse on Adam to the grave;—
The messengers of peace, o'er land and sea,
That sought the sons of sorrow, stoop'd to thee.
—The captive raised his slow and sullen eye;
He knew no friend, nor deem'd a friend was nigh,
Till the sweet tones of Pity touch'd his ears,
And Mercy bathed his bosom with her tears:
Strange were those tones, to him those tears were strange;
He wept and wonder'd at the mighty change,
Felt the quick pang of keen compunction dart,
And heard a still small whisper in his heart,

A voice from Heaven, that bade the outcast rise
From shame on earth to glory in the skies!

From isle to isle the welcome tidings ran;
The slave that heard them, started into man:
Like Peter, sleeping in his chains he lay,—
The angel came, his night was turn'd to day;
"Arise!"—his fetters fall, his slumbers flee;
He wakes to life, he springs to liberty.



Still slowly spread the dawn of life and day,
In death and darkness pagan myriads lay:
Stronger and heavier chains than those that bind
The captive's limbs, enthrall'd his abject mind;
The yoke of man his neck indignant bore,
The yoke of sin his willing spirit wore.

Meanwhile, among the great, the brave, the free,
The matchless race of Albion and the sea,

## "THE JOY OF GRIEF."

OSSIAN.

SWEET the hour of tribulation,
When the heart can freely sigh,
And the tear of resignation
Twinkles in the mournful eye.

Have you felt a kind emotion
Tremble through your troubled breast,
Soft as Evening o'er the ocean
When she charms the waves to rest?

Have you lost a friend or brother?
Heard a father's parting breath?
Gazed upon a lifeless mother,
Till she seem'd to wake from death?

Have you felt a spouse expiring
In your arms before your view?
Watch'd the lovely soul retiring
From her eyes that broke on you?

Did not grief then grow romantic,
Raving on remember'd bliss?
Did you not, with fervour frantic,
Kiss the lips that felt no kiss?

Yes! but when you had resign'd her,
Life and you were reconciled;
Anna left—she left behind her—
One, one dear, one only child.

Champions arose to plead the Negro's cause.
In the wide breach of violated laws,
Through which the torrent of injustice roll'd,
They stood:—with zeal unconquerably bold,
They raised their voices, stretch'd their arms, to save
From chains the freeman, from despair the slave;
The exile's heart-sick anguish to assuage,
And rescue Afric from the spoiler's rage.
She, miserable mother, from the shore,
Age after age, beheld the barks that bore
Her tribes to bondage:—with distraction wrung,
Wild as the lioness that seeks her young,
She flash'd unheeded lightnings from her eyes;
Her inmost deserts echoing to her cries;
Till agony the sense of suffering stole,
And stern unconscious grief benumb'd her soul.

High on her rock in solitary state,
Sublimely musing, pale Britannia sate:
Her awful forehead on her spear reclined,
Her robe and tresses streaming with the wind;
Chill through her frame foreboding tremors crept!
The Mother thought upon her sons, and wept.

She started from her trance!—and, round the shore,
Beheld her supplicating sons once more
Pleading the suit so long, so vainly tried,
Renew'd, resisted, promised, pledged, denied,—
The Negro's claim to all his Maker gave,
And all the tyrant ravish'd from the slave.
Her yielding heart confess'd the righteous claim,
Sorrow had soften'd it, and love o'ercame;
Shame flush'd her noble cheek, her bosom burn'd;
To helpless, hopeless Africa she turn'd;
She saw her sister in the mourner's face,
And rush'd with tears into her dark embrace:
"All hail!" exclaim'd the empress of the sea,—
"Thy chains are broken—Africa, be free!"

## "THE JOY OF GRIEF."

OSSIAN.

SWEET the hour of tribulation,
  When the heart can freely sigh,
And the tear of resignation
  Twinkles in the mournful eye.

Have you felt a kind emotion
  Tremble through your troubled breast,
Soft as Evening o'er the ocean
  When she charms the waves to rest?

Have you lost a friend or brother?
  Heard a father's parting breath?
Gazed upon a lifeless mother,
  Till she seem'd to wake from death?

Have you felt a spouse expiring
  In your arms before your view?
Watch'd the lovely soul retiring
  From her eyes that broke on you?

Did not grief then grow romantic,
  Raving on remember'd bliss?
Did you not, with fervour frantic,
  Kiss the lips that felt no kiss?

Yes! but when you had resign'd her,
  Life and you were reconciled;
Anna left—she left behind her—
  One, one dear, one only child.

**But, before the green moss, peeping,**
**His poor mother's grave array'd,**
**In that grave the infant sleeping**
**On the mother's lap was laid.**

**Horror then, your heart congealing,**
**Chill'd you with intense despair:**
**Can you call to mind the feeling?**
**No! there was no feeling there.**

**From that gloomy trance of sorrow**
**When you woke to pangs unknown,**
**How unwelcome was the morrow,**
**For it rose on 'YOU ALONE!**

**Sunk in self-consuming anguish,**
**Can the poor heart always ache?**
**No; the tortured nerve will languish,**
**Or the strings of life must break.**

**O'er the yielding brow of Sadness**
**One faint smile of comfort stole;**
One soft pang of tender gladness
Exquisitely thrill'd your soul.

While the wounds of woe are healing,
While the heart is all resign'd;
'T is the solemn feast of feeling,
'T is the sabbath of the mind.

Pensive memory then retraces
Scenes of bliss for ever fled,
Lives in former times and places,
Holds communion with the dead.

And when night's prophetic slumbers
Rend the veil to mortal eyes,
From their tombs the sainted numbers
Of our lost companions rise.

You have seen a friend, a brother,
  Heard a dear dead father speak;
Proved the fondness of a mother,
  Felt her tears upon your cheek.

Dreams of love your grief beguiling,
  You have clasp'd a consort's charms,
And received your infant smiling
  From his mother's sacred arms.

Trembling, pale, and agonizing,
  While you mourn'd the vision gone,
Bright the morning-star arising,
  Open'd heaven, from whence it shone.

Thither all your wishes bending,
  Rose in ecstasy sublime;
Thither all your hopes ascending,
  Triumph'd over death and time.

Thus afflicted, bruised, and broken,
  Have you known such sweet relief?
Yes, my friend; and, by this token,
  You have felt "THE JOY OF GRIEF."

---

## A HERMITAGE.

WHOSE is this humble dwelling-place,
The flat turf-roof with flowers o'ergrown?
Ah! here the tenant's name I trace,
Moss-cover'd, on the threshold stone.

## A HERMITAGE.

Well, he has peace within and rest,
Though nought of all the world beside;
Yet, stranger, deem not him unblest,
Who knows not avarice, lust, or pride.

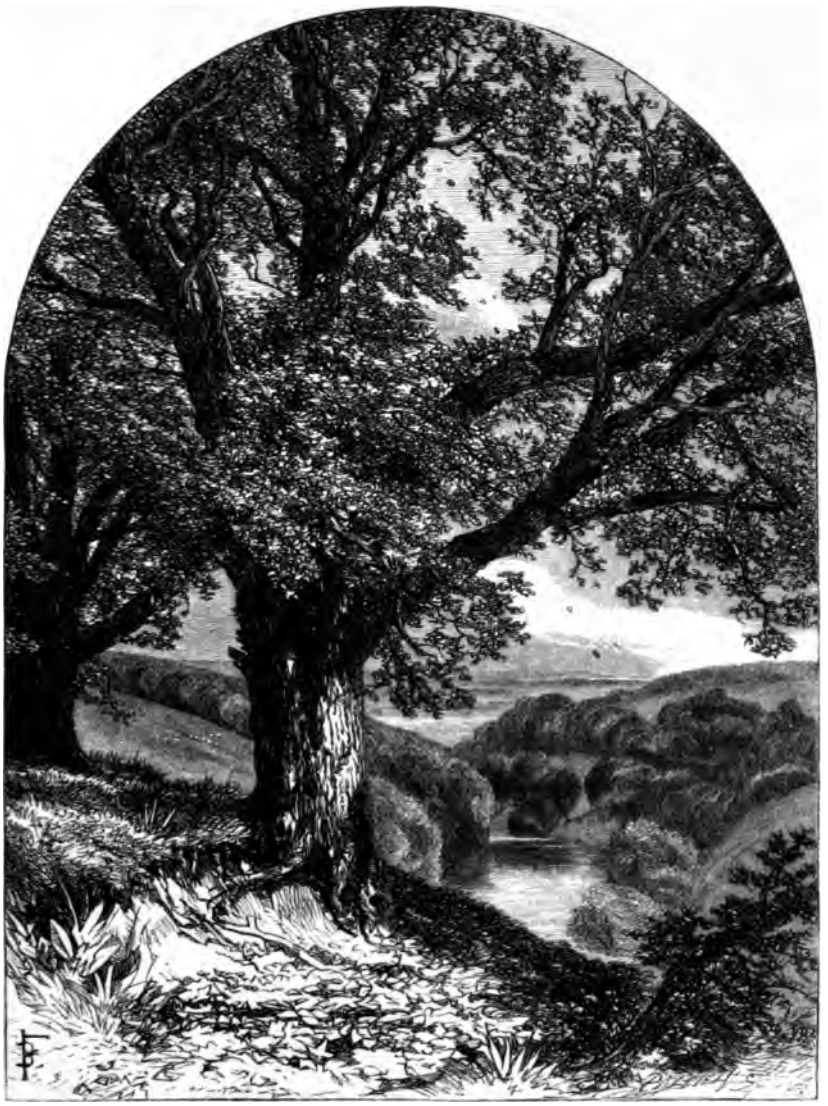
Nothing he asks, nothing he cares
For all that tempts or troubles round;
He craves no feast, no finery wears,
Nor once o'ersteps his narrow bound.

No need of light, though all be gloom,
To cheer his eye,—that eye is blind;
No need of fire in this small room,
He recks not tempest, rain, or wind.

No gay companion here; no wife
To gladden home with true-love smiles;
No children,—from the woes of life
To win him with their artless wiles.

Nor joy, nor sorrow, enter here,
Nor throbbing heart, nor aching limb:
No sun, no moon, no stars appear,
And man and brute are nought to him.

This dwelling is a hermit's cave,
With space alone for one poor bed:
This dwelling is a mortal's grave,
Its sole inhabitant is dead.



## THE FALLING LEAF.

Were I a trembling leaf
On yonder stately tree,

## THE FALLING LEAF.

**After a season gay and brief,**
**Condemn'd to fade and flee:**

**I should be loth to fall**
**Beside the common way,**
**Weltering in mire, and spurn'd by all,**
**Till trodden down to clay.**

**Nor would I choose to die**
**All on a bed of grass,**
**Where thousands of my kindred lie,**
**And idly rot in mass.**

**Nor would I like to spread**
**My thin and wither'd face**
**In *hortus siccus*, pale and dead,**
**A mummy of my race.**

**No,—on the wings of air**
**Might I be left to fly,**
**I know not and I heed not where,**
A waif of earth and sky!

Or flung upon the stream,
Curl'd like a fairy boat,
As through the changes of a dream,
To the world's end to float!

Who that hath ever been,
Could bear to be no more?
Yet who would tread again the scene
He trod through life before?

On, with intense desire,
Man's spirit will move on;
It seems to die, yet, like heaven's fire,
It is not quench'd, but gone.

## REMINISCENCES.

WHERE are ye with whom in life I started,
Dear companions of my golden days?
Ye are dead, estranged from me, or parted,
—Flown, like morning clouds, a thousand ways.

Where art thou, in youth my friend and brother,
Yea, in soul my friend and brother still?
Heaven received thee, and on earth none other
Can the void in my lorn bosom fill.

Where is she, whose looks were love and gladness?
—Love and gladness I no longer see!
She is gone; and, since that hour of sadness,
Nature seems her sepulchre to me.

Where am I?—life's current faintly flowing
Brings the welcome warning of release;
Struck with death, ah! whither am I going?
All is well,—my spirit parts in peace.

# THE PEAK MOUNTAINS.

IN TWO PARTS.

WRITTEN AT BUXTON, IN AUGUST, 1812.

*It may be useful to remark, that the scenery in the neighbourhood of Buxton, when surveyed from any of the surrounding eminences, consists chiefly of numerous and naked hills, of which many are yet unenclosed, and the rest poorly cultivated; the whole district, except in the immediate precincts of the Baths and the village of Fairfield, being miserably bare of both trees and houses.*

## PART I.

HEALTH on these open hills I seek,
By these delicious springs, in vain;
The rose on this deserted cheek
Shall never bloom again;
For youth is fled;—and, less by time
Than sorrow worn away,
The pride, the strength, of manhood's prime
Falls to decay.

A dreary torpor numbs my brain;
Now shivering pale,—now flush'd with heat;
Hurried, then slow, from vein to vein
Unequal pulses beat;
Quick palpitations heave my heart,
Anon it seems to sink;
Alarm'd at sudden sounds I start,
From shadows shrink.



Bear me, my failing limbs! O! bear
A melancholy sufferer forth,
To breathe abroad the mountain air
Fresh from the vigorous north;
To view the prospect, waste and wild,
Tempestuous or serene,

Still dear to me, as to the child
The mother's mien.

Ah! who can look on Nature's face,
And feel unholy passions move?
Her forms of majesty and grace
I cannot choose but love:
Her frowns or smiles my woes disarm,
Care and repining cease;
Her terrors awe, her beauties charm
My thoughts to peace.

I quit the path, and track with toil
The mountains' unfrequented maze;
Deep moss and heather clothe the soil,
And many a springlet plays,
That, welling from its secret source,
Down rugged dells is tost,
Or spreads through rushy fens its course,
Silently lost.

The flocks and herds, that freely range
These moorlands, turn a jealous eye,
As if the form of man were strange,
To watch me stealing by;
The heifer stands aloof to gaze,
The colt comes boldly on:—
I pause,—he shakes his forelock, neighs,
Starts, and is gone.

I seek the valley:—all alone
I seem in this sequester'd place:
Not so; I meet unseen, yet known,
My Maker face to face;
My heart perceives his presence nigh,
And hears his voice proclaim,
While bright his glory passes by,
His noblest name.

## PART II.

EMERGING from the cavern'd glen,
From steep to steep I slowly climb,
And, far above the haunts of men,
I tread in air sublime:
Beneath my path the swallows sweep;
Yet higher crags impend,
And wild flowers from the fissures peep,
And rills descend.

Now on the ridges bare and bleak,
Cool round my temples sighs the gale:
Ye winds! that wander o'er the Peak;
Ye mountain spirits! hail!
Angels of health! to man below
Ye bring celestial airs;
Bear back to Him, from whom ye blow,
Our praise and prayers.

The sun in glory walks the sky,
White fleecy clouds are floating round,
Whose shapes along the landscape fly,—
Here, chequering o'er the ground;
There, down the glens the shadows sweep,
With changing lights between;
Yonder they climb the upland steep,
Shifting the scene.

Above, beneath, immensely spread,
Valleys and hoary rocks I view,
Heights over heights exalt their head,
Of many a sombre hue;

No waving woods their flanks adorn,
No hedge-rows, gay with trees,
Encircle fields, where floods of corn
Roll to the breeze.

My soul this vast horizon fills,
Within whose undulated line
Thick stand the multitude of hills,
And clear the waters shine;
Grey mossy walls the slopes ascend;
While roads, that tire the eye,
Upward their winding course extend,
And touch the sky.

---

## THE COMMON LOT.

*A Birthday Meditation, during a solitary Winter walk, of seven miles, between a village in Derbyshire and Sheffield, when the ground was covered with snow, the sky serene, and the morning air intensely pure.*

ONCE, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man:—and WHO was HE?—
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That Man resembled Thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown:
His name has perish'd from the earth;
This truth survives alone:—

## THE COMMON LOT.

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
Alternate triumph'd in his breast;
His bliss and woe,—a smile, a tear!—
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffer'd,—but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoy'd,—but his delights are fled;
Had friends,—his friends are now no more;
And foes,—his foes are dead.

He loved,—but whom he loved, the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb:
O, she was fair!—but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;
Encounter'd all that troubles thee:
He was—whatever thou hast been;
He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins since the world began,
Of HIM afford no other trace
Than this,—THERE LIVED A MAN!



## THE HARP OF SORROW.

I gave my Harp to Sorrow's hand,
  And she has ruled the chords so long,
They will not speak at my command;—
  They warble only to *her* song.

Of dear departed hours,
  Too fondly loved to last,
The dew, the breath, the bloom of flowers,
  Snapt in their freshness by the blast:

Of long, long years of future care,
  Till lingering Nature yields her breath,
And endless ages of despair,
  Beyond the judgment-day of death:—

The weeping Minstrel sings;
  And while her numbers flow,
My spirit trembles with the strings,
  Responsive to the notes of woe.

Would gladness move a sprightlier strain,
  And wake this wild Harp's clearest tones,
The chords, impatient to complain,
  Are dumb, or only utter moans.

And yet, to soothe the mind
  With luxury of grief,
The soul to suffering all resign'd
  In Sorrow's music feels relief.

## THE HARP OF SORROW.

Thus o'er the light Æolian lyre
  The winds of dark November stray,
Touch the quick nerve of every wire,
  And on its magic pulses play;—

Till all the air around,
  Mysterious murmurs fill,
A strange bewildering dream of sound,
  Most heavenly sweet,—yet mournful still.

O! snatch the Harp from Sorrow's hand,
  Hope! who hast been a stranger long;
O! strike it with sublime command,
  And be the Poet's life thy song.

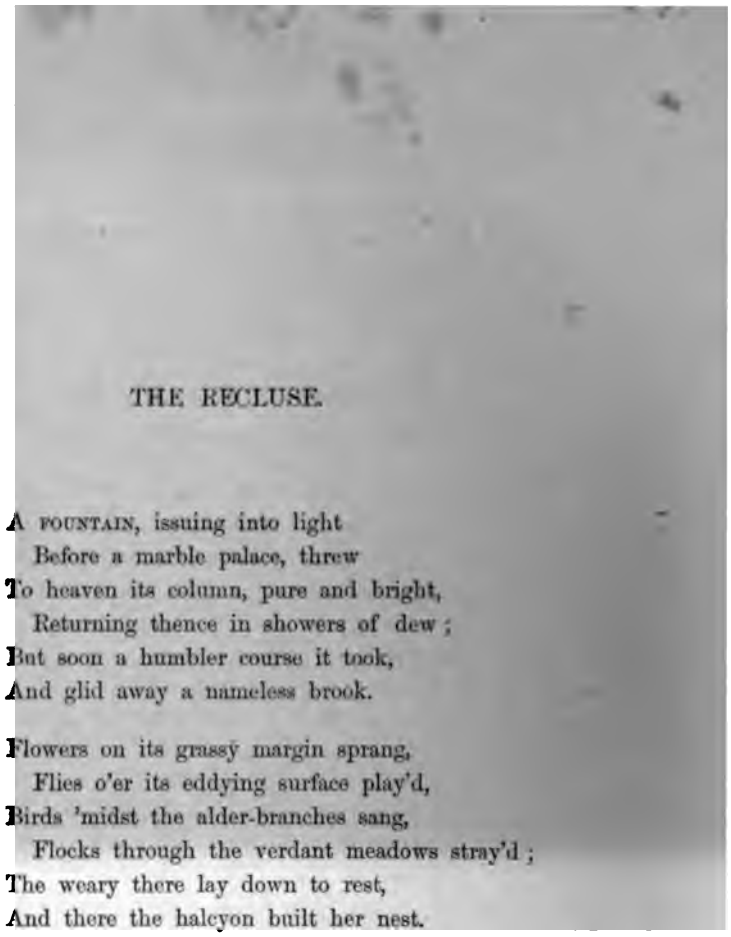
Of vanish'd troubles sing,
  Of fears for ever fled,
Of flowers that hear the voice of Spring,
  And burst and blossom from the dead;—

Of home, contentment, health, repose,
  Serene delights, while years increase;
And weary life's triumphant close
  In some calm sunset hour of peace;—

Of bliss that reigns above,
  Celestial May of Youth,
Unchanging as Jehovah's love,
  And everlasting as his truth:—

Sing, heavenly Hope!—and dart thine hand
  O'er my frail Harp, untuned so long;
That Harp shall breathe, at thy command,
  Immortal sweetness through thy song.

Ah! then, this gloom control,
  And at thy voice shall start
A new creation in my soul,
  A native Eden in my heart.



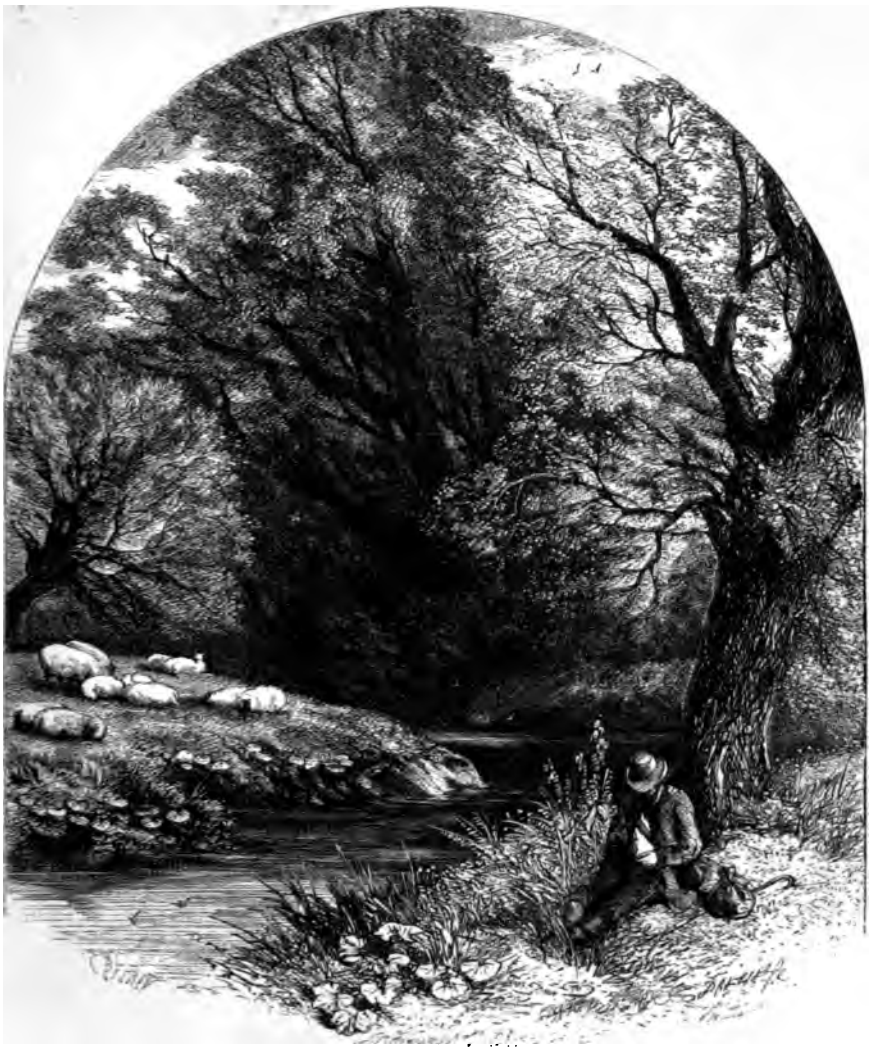
## THE RECLUSE.

A FOUNTAIN, issuing into light
  Before a marble palace, threw
To heaven its column, pure and bright,
  Returning thence in showers of dew;
But soon a humbler course it took,
And glid away a nameless brook.

Flowers on its grassy margin sprang,
  Flies o'er its eddying surface play'd,
Birds 'midst the alder-branches sang,
  Flocks through the verdant meadows stray'd;
The weary there lay down to rest,
And there the halcyon built her nest.

'Twas beautiful, to stand and watch
  The fountain's crystal turn to gems,
And from the sky such colours catch,
  As if 'twere raining diadems;
Yet all was cold and curious art,
That charm'd the eye, but miss'd the heart.

Dearer to me the little stream,
  Whose unimprison'd waters run,
Wild as the changes of a dream,
  By rock and glen, through shade and sun;
Its lovely links had power to bind
In welcome chains my wandering mind.



So thought I when I saw the face,
By happy portraiture reveal'd,
Of one, adorn'd with every grace,
—Her name and date from me conceal'd,

But not her story;—she had been
The pride of many a splendid scene.

She cast her glory round a court,
And frolick'd in the gayest ring,
Where fashion's high-born minions sport,
Like sparkling fire-flies on the wing;
But thence, when love had touch'd her soul,
To nature and to truth she stole.

From din, and pageantry, and strife,
Midst woods and mountains, vales and plains,
She treads the paths of lowly life,
Yet in a bosom-circle reigns;
No fountain scattering diamond showers,
But the sweet streamlet watering flowers.

---

## THE GRAVE.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer-evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil,
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.



For Misery stole me at my birth,
And cast me helpless on the wild :
I perish ;—O my Mother Earth !
Take home thy child.

On thy dear lap these limbs reclined
Shall gently moulder into thee ;
Nor leave one wretched trace behind
Resembling me.

## THE GRAVE.

Hark!—a strange sound affrights mine ear;
My pulse,—my brain runs wild,—I rave;
—Ah! who art thou whose voice I hear?
—"I am THE GRAVE!

"The GRAVE, that never spake before,
Hath found at length a tongue to chide;
O listen!—I will speak no more:—
Be silent, Pride!

"Art thou a WRETCH of hope forlorn,
The victim of consuming care?
Is thy distracted conscience torn
By fell despair?

"Do foul misdeeds of former times
Wring with remorse thy guilty breast?
And ghosts of unforgiven crimes
Murder thy rest?

"Lash'd by the furies of the mind,
From Wrath and Vengeance wouldst thou flee?
Ah! think not, hope not, fool, to find
A friend in me.

"By all the terrors of the tomb,
Beyond the power of tongue to tell;
By the dread secrets of my womb;
By Death and Hell;

"I charge thee, LIVE!—repent and pray;
In dust thine infamy deplore;
There yet is mercy;—go thy way,
And sin no more.

"Art thou a MOURNER?—Hast thou known
The joy of innocent delights,
Endearing days for ever flown,
And tranquil nights

"O LIVE!—and deeply cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the past:
Rely on Heaven's unchanging will
For peace at last.

"Art thou a WANDERER?—Hast thou seen
O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark?
A shipwreck'd sufferer hast thou been,
Misfortune's mark?

"Though long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam,
LIVE!—thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
A quiet home.

"To FRIENDSHIP didst thou trust thy fame,
And was thy friend a deadly foe,
Who stole into thy breast to aim
A surer blow?

"LIVE!—and repine not o'er his loss,
A loss unworthy to be told:
Thou hast mistaken sordid dross
For friendship's gold.

"Seek the true treasure seldom found,
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
And soothe the bosom's deepest wound
With heavenly balm.

"Did WOMAN'S charms thy youth beguile,
And did the fair one faithless prove?
Hath she betray'd thee with a smile,
And sold thy love?

"LIVE!—'twas a false bewildering fire:
Too often Love's insidious dart
Thrills the fond soul with wild desire,
But kills the heart.

"Thou yet shalt know how sweet, how dear,
To gaze on listening Beauty's eye;
To ask,—and pause in hope and fear
Till she reply.

"A nobler flame shall warm thy breast,
A brighter maiden faithful prove;
Thy youth, thine age, shall yet be blest
In woman's love.

"—Whate'er thy lot,—whoe'er thou be,—
Confess thy folly,—kiss the rod,
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of God.

"A bruised reed He will not break;
Afflictions all his children feel:
He wounds them for his mercy's sake,
He wounds to heal.

"Humbled beneath his mighty hand,
Prostrate his Providence adore:
'Tis done!—Arise! He bids thee stand,
To fall no more.

"Now, Traveller in the vale of tears,
To realms of everlasting light,
Through Time's dark wilderness of years
Pursue thy flight.

"There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground,

"The Soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
A star of day.

"The Sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The Soul, immortal as its Sire,
Shall never die.'

## THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.

"YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME."—*Matt.* XXV. 40.

A poor wayfaring Man of grief
Hath often cross'd me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer "Nay:"
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came,
Yet was there something in his eye
That won my love, I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He enter'd;—not a word he spake;—
Just perishing for want of bread;
I gave him all; he bless'd it, brake,
And ate,—but gave me part again;
Mine was an angel's portion then,
For while I fed with eager haste,
That crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him, where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock; his strength was gone;
The heedless water mock'd his thirst,
He heard it, saw it hurrying on;
I ran to raise the sufferer up;
Thrice from the stream he drain'd my cup,

Dipp'd and return'd it running o'er;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

'Twas night, the floods were out; it blew
A winter hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof;
I warm'd, I clothed, I cheer'd my guest,
Laid him on my own couch to rest;
Then made the hearth my bed, and seem'd
In Eden's garden while I dream'd.

Stript, wounded, beaten, nigh to death,
I found him by the highway-side:
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment; he was heal'd;
—I had myself a wound conceal'd;
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And Peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next, condemn'd
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemm'd,
And honour'd him midst shame and scorn:
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He ask'd if I for him would die;
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment to my view
The stranger darted from disguise;
The tokens in his hands I knew,
My Saviour stood before mine eyes:
He spake: and my poor name he named;
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed:
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
Fear not, thou didst them unto Me."

# THE WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD:

## A Poem, in Ten Cantos.

# PREFACE.

THE following were the circumstances under which "THE WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD" was conceived, executed, and at length published.

The delay of Mr. Bowyer's magnificent work, in passing through the press, whereby the poem of "THE WEST INDIES" was to be brought out, with every advantage of external dignity and illustration, preventing the Author from again appearing before the public as a poet so early as he had intended, he naturally became somewhat impatient, having, in the interval, composed many minor pieces, which he had reason to believe might be favourably received by those who had not ceased to call for successive editions of "THE WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND," and its accompaniments, though the three years of its doubtful existence, and foredoomed extinction, by the Edinburgh Reviewers, had already expired.

While in quest of a theme for a leading essay, the sudden recollection of the following passage in the Eleventh Book of "Paradise Lost," referring to the translation of Enoch, at once determined his choice. After briefly alluding to the building of the first cities, the origin of war, battles, sieges, devastations, the prowess and achievements of the earliest heroes,

"Giants of mighty bone and bold emprise,"

the vision, opened into futurity by Michael the Archangel to fallen Adam, is described as presenting this scene:—

"In other part the sceptred heralds call
To council, in the city-gates;—anon,
Grey-headed men and grave, with warriors mix'd,
Assemble, and harangues are heard; but soon
In factious opposition; till at last
Of middle age one rising, eminent
In wise deport, spake much of right and wrong,
Of justice, of religion, truth and peace,
And judgment from above. Him old and young
Exploded, and had seized with violent hands,
Had not a cloud descending snatch'd him thence,
Unseen amid the throng; so violence
Proceeded, and oppression, and sword-law,
Through all the plain, and refuge none was found."

In the course of a few months, the plan, thus suddenly conceived, was diligently elaborated, and the whole comprised in the space of four cantos. The copy was then despatched to the Author's late friend, Daniel Parken, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, who had just been called to the bar, and in whose fine taste and sound judgment he had good reason to repose the highest confidence. Anticipating no serious hindrance, this gentleman was requested, after perusal, to deliver the Poem to Messrs. Longman and Co. for immediate publication, with such other compositions as should be forwarded in due time. Accordingly Mr. Parken read and approved of the performance so much as to think it *worth* mending, and capable of being *greatly* mended, because the Author had not done justice either to himself or to his theme in so contracted a compass. Wherefore, with a courage and candour not often hazarded by one friend towards another, in an affair of peculiar delicacy, where the most jealous of personal feelings must of necessity be wounded, how tenderly soever the sensitive operation may be performed,—he addressed a brief but earnest letter to his correspondent, imploring permission to detain the manuscript a few days longer, before he consigned it to the booksellers for the press, till the Author himself had given further consideration to the subject, with a view of bringing out its latent capabilities more effectually than had been attempted in the draft, or rather in the sketch, which had been sent to him.

This was touching the apple of a Poet's eye, while in the act of self-complacently gazing on his new-born offspring, before the fondness of paternal affection had detected a fault or a failing about it. The

pain inflicted was excruciating for a few hours, and arose not more from mortified vanity than from the disappointment of "hope deferred" (which had previously "made the heart sick") by this unexpected frustration of a cherished purpose to appear a second time before the public, at the very moment when, instead of being fulfilled, "the desire," which "when it cometh is a tree of life," was thus cut down to the ground, and the root alone spared to shoot up and grow, under long and laborious culture, into "a plant of renown."

But Mr. Parken having shown him so heroic a proof of disinterested kindness—after a due struggle with himself, during an afternoon's ramble in the fields and woods adjacent—the Author determined not to be outdone by his adviser in magnanimity, but to give him in return a corresponding token of genuine friendship, by unreservedly bowing to his judgment, and adopting his counsel.

Having once surrendered the point of hasty publication, he further resolved, as the manuscript was in London, to submit it to the examination of four other authorities in the small range of his literary acquaintance. By each of these, after indulgent perusal, it was returned with notes and comments freely and ingenuously expressed, but of course not altogether accordant. Sufficient commendation, however, was bestowed by all on the performance at large, and sufficient diversity of opinion manifested on a multitude of passages (the praises and the strictures reciprocally qualifying each other), to convince himself, at least, that, with all deference to them, the Author was as competent a judge of his own performance as any of his courteous critics; much as he was benefited by their respective hints for the improvement of the text of his poem, as it then stood, though none had suggested either incident or alteration in the plot for its better development.

Meanwhile, "THE WEST INDIES" came out in all the glory of typography and pictorial embellishment, and was well received by the public. After an interval of six months, according to contract with Mr. Bowyer, that poem being republished with such miscellaneous pieces as had accumulated upon his hands since the appearance of his former volume, the Author set himself resolutely to the task of remodelling "THE WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD;" and, in the course of doing so, every day he felt himself more and more indebted to the faithful advice of that friend who had rescued it from premature

publication, when in all probability an untimely birth would have been to it the premonition of untimely death. To him, therefore, portions of the new poem were transmitted in its progress; and these were so generously appreciated, that each in its turn was welcomed as a pledge of better things to follow to the end. But in the month of July, 1812, when the work was about midway accomplished, "the days of his (friend's) youth were shortened," and he lived no longer on earth, except in the affections of his kindred, and the memory of his associates;—in these he cannot die while either of them survive.

---

## THE ORIGINAL PREFACE.

THERE is no authentic history of the world from the Creation to the Deluge, besides that which is found in the first chapters of Genesis. He, therefore, who fixes the date of a fictitious narrative within that period, is under obligation to no other authority whatever for conformity of manners, events, or even localities: he has full power to accommodate these to his peculiar purposes, observing only such analogy as shall consist with the brief information, contained in the sacred records, concerning mankind in the earliest ages. The present writer acknowledges, that he has exercised that undoubted right with great freedom. Success alone sanctions bold innovation: if he has succeeded in what he has attempted, he will need no arguments to justify it; if he has miscarried, none will avail him. Those who imagine that he has exhibited the antediluvians as more skilful in arts and arms than can be supposed in their stage of society, may read the *Eleventh* Book of "Paradise Lost";—and those who think he has made the religion of the Patriarchs too evangelical, may read the *Twelfth*.

With respect to the personages and incidents of his story, the Author having deliberately adopted them, under the conviction, that in the characters of the one he was not stepping out of human nature, and in the construction of the other not exceeding the limits of poetical probability,—he asks no favour, he deprecates no censure, on behalf of either; nor shall the facility with which "much malice

and a little wit" might turn into ridicule every line that he has written, deter him from leaving the whole to the mercy of general readers.

But,—here is a large web of fiction involving a small fact of Scripture! Nothing could justify a work of this kind, if it were, in any way, calculated to impose on the credulity, pervert the principles, or corrupt the affections, of its approvers. Here, then, the appeal lies to conscience rather than to taste; and the decision on this point is of infinitely more importance to the Poet than his name among men, or his interests on earth. It was his design, in this composition, to present a similitude of events, that might be imagined to have happened in the first age of the world, in which such Scripture-characters as are introduced would probably have acted and spoken as they are here made to act and speak. The story is told as a parable only; and its value, in this view, must be determined by its moral, or rather by its religious, influence on the mind and on the heart. Fiction though it be, it is the fiction that represents Truth; and that is Truth,—Truth in the essence, though not in the name; Truth in the spirit, though not in the letter.

---

## INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

No place having been found, in Asia, to correspond exactly with the Mosaic description of the site of Paradise, the Author of the following Poem has disregarded both the learned and the absurd hypotheses on the subject; and at once imagining an inaccessible tract of land, at the confluence of four rivers, which after their junction take the name of the largest, and become the Euphrates of the ancient world, he has placed "the happy garden" there. Milton's noble fiction of the Mount of Paradise being removed by the Deluge, and push'd

"Down the great river to the opening gulf,"

and there converted into a barren isle, implies such a change in the water-courses as will, poetically at least, account for the difference

between the scene of this story and the present face of the country at the point where the Tigris and Euphrates meet. On the eastern side of these waters, the Author supposes the descendants of the younger children of Adam to dwell, possessing the land of Eden; the rest of the world having been gradually colonised by emigrants from these, or peopled by the posterity of Cain. In process of time, after the Sons of God had formed connexions with the daughters of men, and there were Giants in the earth, the latter assumed to be Lords and Rulers over mankind, till among themselves arose One, excelling all his brethren in knowledge and power, who became their King, and by their aid, in the course of a long life, subdued all the inhabited earth, except the land of Eden. This land, at the head of a mighty army, principally composed of the descendants of Cain, he has invaded and conquered, even to the banks of Euphrates, at the opening of the action of the Poem. It is only necessary to add, that, for the sake of distinction, the invaders are frequently denominated from Cain, as "the host of Cain,"—"the force of Cain,"—"the camp of Cain;"—and the remnant of the defenders of Eden are, in like manner, denominated from Eden.—The Jews have an ancient tradition, that some of the Giants, at the Deluge, fled to the top of a high mountain, and escaped the ruin that involved the rest of their kindred. In the tenth canto of the following Poem, a hint is borrowed from this tradition, but it is made to yield to the superior authority of Scripture-testimony.



## CANTO FIRST.

*The Invasion of Eden by the Descendants of Cain. The Flight of Javan from the Camp of the Invaders to the Valley where the Patriarchs dwelt. The Story of Javan's former Life.*

EASTWARD of Eden's early peopled plain,
When Abel perish'd by the hand of Cain,

The murderer from his Judge's presence fled:
Thence to the rising sun his offspring spread;
But he, the fugitive of care and guilt,
Forsook the haunts he chose, the homes he built;
While filial nations hail'd him Sire and Chief,
Empire nor honour brought his soul relief;
He found, where'er he roam'd, uncheer'd, unblest,
No pause from suffering, and from toil no rest.

Ages, meanwhile, as ages now are told,
O'er the young world in long succession roll'd;
For such the vigour of primeval man,
Through number'd centuries his period ran,
And the first Parents saw their hardy race,
O'er the green wilds of habitable space,
By tribes and kindred, scatter'd wide and far,
Beneath the track of every varying star.
But as they multiplied from clime to clime,
Embolden'd by their elder brother's crime,
They spurn'd obedience to the Patriarchs' yoke,
The bonds of Nature's fellowship they broke;
The weak became the victims of the strong,
And Earth was fill'd with violence and wrong.

Yet long on Eden's fair and fertile plain
A righteous nation dwelt, that knew not Cain;
There, fruits and flowers, in genial light and dew,
Luxuriant vines, and golden harvests, grew;
By freshening waters flocks and cattle stray'd,
While Youth and Childhood watch'd them from the shade;
Age, at his fig-tree, rested from his toil,
And manly vigour till'd the unfailing soil;
Green sprang the turf, by holy footsteps trod,
Round the pure altars of the living God;
Till foul Idolatry those altars stain'd,
And lust and revelry through Eden reign'd.
Then fled the people's glory and defence,

The joys of home, the peace of innocence ;
Sin brought forth sorrows in perpetual birth,
And the last light from heaven forsook the earth,
Save in one forest-glen, remote and wild,
Where yet a ray of lingering mercy smiled,
Their quiet course where Seth and Enoch ran,
And GOD and Angels deign'd to walk with man.

Now from the east, supreme in arts and arms,
The tribes of Cain, awakening war-alarms,
Full in the spirit of their father, came
To waste their brethren's lands with sword and flame.
In vain the younger race of Adam rose,
With force unequal, to repel their foes ;
Their fields in blood, their homes in ruins, lay,
Their whole inheritance became a prey ;
The stars, to whom as Gods they raised their cry,
Roll'd, heedless of their offerings, through the sky ;
Till, urged on Eden's utmost bounds at length,
In fierce despair, they rallied all their strength.
They fought, but they were vanquish'd in the fight,
Captured, or slain, or scatter'd in the flight :
The morning battle-scene at eve was spread
With ghastly heaps, the dying and the dead :
The dead unmourn'd, unburied left to lie ;
By friends and foes, the dying left to die.

One sole surviving remnant, void of fear,
Woods in their front, Euphrates in their rear,
Were sworn to perish at a glorious cost,
For all they once had known, and loved, and lost ;
A small, a brave, and melancholy band,
The orphans and the childless of the land.
The hordes of Cain, by giant-chieftains led,
Wide o'er the north their vast encampment spread :
A broad and sunny champaign stretch'd between ;
Westward a maze of waters girt the scene ;

There on Euphrates, in its ancient course,
Three beauteous rivers roll'd their confluent force.
Whose streams, while man the blissful garden trod,
Adorn'd the earthly paradise of God;
But since he fell, within their triple bound,
Fenced a lone region of forbidden ground;
Meeting at once, where high athwart their bed
Repulsive rocks a curving barrier spread,
The embattled floods, by mutual whirlpools crost,
In hoary foam and surging mist were lost;
Thence, like an Alpine cataract of snow,
White down the precipice they dash'd below;
There, in tumultuous billows broken wide,
They spent their rage, and yoked their fourfold tide;
Through one majestic channel, calm and free,
The sister-rivers sought the parent-sea.

The midnight watch was ended;—down the west
The glowing moon declined towards her rest;
Through either host the voice of war was dumb;
In dreams the hero won the fight to come;
No sound was stirring, save the breeze that bore
The distant cataract's everlasting roar,
When, from the tents of Cain, a Youth withdrew;
Secret and swift, from post to post he flew,
And pass'd the camp of Eden, while the dawn
Gleam'd faintly o'er the interjacent lawn;
Skirting the forest, cautiously and slow,
He fear'd at every step to start a foe;
Oft leap'd the hare across his path, up sprung
The lark beneath his feet, and soaring sung;
What time, o'er eastern mountains seen afar,
With golden splendour rose the morning-star,
As if an Angel-sentinel of night,
From earth to heaven had wing'd his homeward flight,—
Glorious at first, but lessening by the way,
And lost insensibly in higher day.



From track of man and herd his path he chose,
Where high the grass, and thick the copsewood rose ;
Then by Euphrates' banks his course inclined,
Where the grey willows trembled to the wind ;
With toil and pain their humid shade he clear'd
When at the porch of heaven the sun appear'd,

Through gorgeous clouds that streak'd the orient sky,
And kindled into glory at his eye;
While dark amidst the dews that glitter'd round,
From rock and tree, long shadows traced the ground.
Then climb'd the fugitive an airy height,
And, resting, back o'er Eden cast his sight.

Far on the left, to man for ever closed,
The Mount of Paradise in clouds reposed:
The gradual landscape open'd to his view;
From Nature's face the veil of mist withdrew,
And left, in clear and purple light reveal'd,
The radiant river, and the tented field;
The black pine-forest, in whose girdle lay
The patriot phalanx, hemm'd in close array;
The verdant champaign narrowing to the north,
Whence from their dusky quarters sallied forth
The proud Invaders, early roused to fight,
Tribe after tribe emerging into light;
Whose shields and lances, in the golden beams,
Flash'd o'er the restless scene their flickering gleams,
As when the breakers catch the morning glow,
And ocean rolls in living fire below;
So, round the unbroken border of the wood,
The Giants pour'd their army like a flood,
Eager to force the covert of their foe,
And lay the last defence of Eden low.

From that safe eminence, absorb'd in thought,
Even till the wind the shout of legions brought,
He gazed,—his heart recoil'd,—he turn'd his head,
And o'er the southern hills his journey sped.

Who was the fugitive?—In infancy
A youthful Mother's only hope was he,
Whose spouse and kindred, on a festal day,
Precipitate destruction swept away;

Earth trembled, open'd, and entomb'd them all ;
*She* saw them sinking, heard their voices call
Beneath the gulf,—and agonised, aghast,
On the wild verge of eddying ruin cast,
Felt in one pang, at that convulsive close,
A Widow's anguish, and a Mother's throes :
A Babe sprang forth, an inauspicious birth,
Where all had perished that she loved on earth.
Forlorn and helpless, on the unpriven ground,
The parent with her offspring, Enoch found ;
And thence, with tender care and timely aid,
Home to the Patriarchs' glen his charge convey'd.

Restored to life, one pledge of former joy,
One source of bliss to come, remained,—her boy !
Sweet in her eye the cherish'd infant rose,
At once the seal and solace of her woes.
When the pale widow clasp'd him to her breast,
Warm gush'd the tears, and would not be represt :
In lonely anguish, when the truant child
Leap'd o'er the threshold, all the mother smiled.
In him, while fond imagination view'd
Husband and parents, brethren, friends renew'd,
Each vanish'd look, each well-remember'd grace,
That pleased in them, she sought in Javan's face ;
For quick his eye and changeable its ray,
As the sun glancing through a vernal day ;
And, like the lake by storm or moonlight seen,
With darkening furrows or cerulean mien,
His countenance, the mirror of his breast,
The calm or trouble of his soul express'd.

As years enlarged his form, in moody hours
His mind betray'd its weakness with its powers.
Alike his fairest hopes and strangest fears
Were nursed in silence, or divulged with tears :
The fulness of his heart repress'd his tongue,

Though none might rival Javan when he sung.
He loved, in lonely indolence reclined,
To watch the clouds, and listen to the wind,
But from the north when snow and tempest came,
His nobler spirit mounted into flame;
With stern delight he roam'd the howling woods,
Or hung in ecstasy o'er headlong floods.
Meanwhile, excursive fancy long'd to view
The world, which yet by fame alone he knew;
The joys of freedom were his daily theme,
Glory the secret of his midnight dream:
That dream he told not; though his heart would ache,
His home was precious for his mother's sake.
With her the lowly paths of peace he ran,
His guardian angel, till he verged to man;
But when her weary eye could watch no more,
When to the grave her timeless corse he bore,
Not Enoch's counsels could his steps restrain;
He fled, and sojourn'd in the land of Cain.
There, when he heard the voice of Jubal's lyre,
Instinctive genius caught the ethereal fire;
And soon, with sweetly-modulating skill,
He learn'd to wind the passions at his will,
To rule the chords with such mysterious art,
They seem'd the life-strings of the hearer's heart.
Then Glory's opening field he proudly trod,
Forsook the worship and the ways of GOD;
Round the vain world pursued the phantom Fame,
And cast away his birthright for a name.

Yet no delight the Minstrel's bosom knew,—
None save the tones that from his harp he drew,
And the warm visions of a wayward mind,
Whose transient splendour left a gloom behind,
Frail as the clouds of sunset, and as fair,
Pageants of light resolving into air.
The world, whose charms his young affections stole,

He found too mean for an immortal soul;
Wound with his life, through all his feelings wrought,
Death and eternity possess'd his thought;
Remorse impell'd him, unremitting care
Harass'd his path, and stung him to despair.
Still was the secret of his griefs unknown,
Amidst the universe he sigh'd alone;
The fame he follow'd, and the fame he found,
Heal'd not his heart's immedicable wound;
Admired, applauded, crown'd, where'er he roved,
The Bard was homeless, friendless, unbeloved.
All else that breathed below the circling sky
Were link'd to earth by some endearing tie;
He only, like the ocean weed uptorn,
And loose along the world of waters borne,
Was cast companionless, from wave to wave,
On life's rough sea,—and there was none to save.

The Giant King, who led the hosts of Cain,
Delighted in the Minstrel and his vein;
No hand, no voice, like Javan's could control,
With soothing concords, his tempestuous soul.
With him the wandering Bard, who found no rest
Through ten years' exile, sought his native west;
There from the camp retiring, he pursued
His journey to the Patriarchs' solitude.
This son of peace no martial armour wore;
A scrip for food, a staff in hand, he bore;
Flaxen his robe; and o'er his shoulder hung,
Broad as a warrior's shield, his harp unstrung,
A shell of tortoise, exquisitely wrought
With hieroglyphics of embodied thought;
Jubal himself enchased the polish'd frame;
And Javan won it in the strife for fame,
Among the sons of Music, when their Sire
To his victorious skill adjudged the lyre.

'Twas noon, when Javan climb'd the bordering hill,
By many an old remembrance hallow'd still,
Whence he beheld, by sloping woods enclosed,
The hamlet where his Parent's dust reposed,
His home of happiness in early years,
And still the home of all his hopes and fears,
When, from ambition struggling to break free,
He mused on joys and sorrows yet to be.
Awhile he stood, with rumination pale,
Casting an eye of sadness o'er the vale,
When, suddenly abrupt, spontaneous prayer
Burst from his lips for One who sojourn'd there;
For One, whose cottage, far appearing, drew,
Even from his Mother's grave, his transient view:
One, whose unconscious smiles were wont to dart
Ineffable emotion through his heart;
A nameless sympathy, more sweet, more dear
Than friendship, solaced him when she was near,
And well he guess'd, while yet a timorous boy,
That Javan's artless songs were Zillah's joy.
But when ambition, with a fiercer flame
Than untold love, had fired his soul for fame,
This infant passion, cherish'd yet represt,
Lived in his pulse, but died within his breast;
For oft in distant lands, when hope beat high,
Westward he turn'd his eager glistening eye,
And gazed in spirit on her absent form,
Fair as the moon emerging through the storm,
Till sudden, strange, bewildering horrors cross'd
His thought,—and every glimpse of joy was lost.
Even then, when melancholy numb'd his brain,
And life itself stood still in every vein,
While his cold, quivering lips sent vows above,
—Never to curse her with his bitter love!
His heart, espoused with hers, in secret sware
To hold its truth unshaken by despair:
The vows dispersed that from those lips were borne,



But never, never, was that heart forsworn ;
Throughout the world, the charm of Zillah's name
Repell'd the touch of every meaner flame.

Where Javan from that eastern hill survey'd
The circling forest and embosom'd glade,
Earth wore one summer-robe of living green,
In heaven's blue arch the sun alone was seen ;

Creation slumber'd in the cloudless light,
And noon was silent as the depth of night.
O what a throng of rushing thoughts oppress'd,
In that vast solitude, his anxious breast!
—To wither in the blossom of renown,
And unrecorded to the dust go down,
Or, for a name on earth, to quit the prize
Of immortality beyond the skies,
Perplex'd his wavering choice:—when Conscience fail'd,
Love rose against the World, and Love prevail'd;
Passion, in aid of Virtue, conquer'd Pride,
And Woman won the heart to Heaven denied.

---

## CANTO SECOND.

*Javan, descending through the Forest, arrives at the place where he had formerly parted with Zillah, when he withdrew from the Patriarchs' Glen. There he again discovers her in a Bower formed on the Spot. Their strange Interview, and abrupt Separation.*

Steep the descent, and wearisome the way;
The twisted boughs forbade the light of day;
No breath from heaven refresh'd the sultry gloom,
The arching forest seem'd one pillar'd tomb,
Upright and tall the trees of ages grow,
While all is loneliness and waste below;
There, as the massy foliage, far aloof,
Display'd a dark impenetrable roof,
So, gnarl'd and rigid, claspt and interwound,
An uncouth maze of roots emboss'd the ground:



Midway beneath, the sylvan wild assumed
A milder aspect, shrubs and flowerets bloom'd ;
Openings of sky, and little plots of green,
And showers of sunbeams through the leaves, were seen.

Awhile the traveller halted at the place
Where last he caught a glimpse of Zillah's face,
One lovely eve, when in that calm retreat
They met, as they were often wont to meet,
And parted, not as they were wont to part,
With gay regret, but heaviness of heart;
Though Javan named for his return the night
When the new moon had roll'd to full-orb'd light.
She stood, and gazed through tears, that forced their way,
Oft as from steep to steep, with fond delay,
Lessening at every view, he turn'd his head,
Hail'd her with weaker voice, then forward sped.
From that sad hour, she saw his face no more
In Eden's woods, or on Euphrates' shore:
Moons wax'd and waned; to *her* no hope appear'd,
Who much his death, but more his falsehood, fear'd.

*Now*, while he paused, the lapse of years forgot,
Remembrance eyed her lingering near the spot.
Onward he hasten'd; all his bosom burn'd,
As if that eve of parting were return'd;
And she, with silent tenderness of woe,
Clung to his heart, and would not let him go.
Sweet was the scene! apart the cedars stood,
A sunny islet open'd in the wood;
With vernal tints the wild-briar thicket glows,
For here the desert flourished as the rose;
From sapling trees with lucid foliage crown'd,
Gay lights and shadows twinkled on the ground;
Up the tall stems luxuriant creepers run,
To hang their silver blossoms in the sun;
Deep velvet verdure clad the turf beneath,
Where trodden flowers their richest odours breathe:
O'er all, the bees, with murmuring music, flew
From bell to bell, to sip the treasured dew;
While insect myriads, in the solar gleams,
Glanced to and fro, like intermingling beams;

So fresh, so pure, the woods, the sky, the air,
It seem'd a place where angels might repair,
And tune their harps beneath those tranquil shades,
To morning songs, or moonlight serenades.

He paused again, with memory's dream entranced,
Again his foot unconsciously advanced,



For now the laurel-thicket caught his view,
Where he and Zillah wept their last adieu.
Some curious hand, since that bereaving hour,
Had twined the copse into a covert bower,
With many a light and fragrant shrub between,
Flowering aloft amidst perennial green.
As Javan search'd this blossom-woven shade,
He spied the semblance of a sleeping Maid :

'Tis she; 'tis Zillah, in her leafy shrine;
O'erwatch'd in slumber by a Power Divine,
In cool retirement from the heat of day,
Alone, unfearing, on the moss she lay,
Fair as the rainbow shines through darkening showers,
Pure as a wreath of snow on April flowers.

O youth! in later times whose gentle ear
This tale of ancient constancy shall hear;
If thou hast known the sweetness, and the pain,
To love with secret hope, yet love in vain;
If months and years in pining silence worn,
Till doubt and fear might be no longer borne,
In evening shades thy faltering tongue confess'd
The last dear wish that trembled in thy breast,
While at each pause the streamlet purl'd along,
And rival woodlands echoed song for song;
Recall the Maiden's look;—the eye, the cheek,
The blush that spoke what language could not speak;
Recall her look, when at the altar's side
She seal'd her promise, and became thy bride.
Such were, to Javan, Zillah's form and face,
The flower of meekness on a stem of grace;
O! she was all that Youth of Beauty deems,
All that to Love the loveliest object seems.

Moments there are, that, in their sudden flight,
Bring the slow mysteries of years to light:
Javan, in one transporting instant, knew,
That all he wish'd, and all he fear'd, was true;
For while the harlot-world his soul possess'd,
Love seem'd a crime in his apostate breast;
How could he tempt her innocence to share
His poor ambition, and his fix'd despair!
But now the phantoms of a wandering brain,
And wounded spirit, cross'd his thoughts in vain:
Past sins and follies, cares and woes, forgot,

Peace, virtue, Zillah, seem'd his present lot ;
Where'er he look'd, around him or above,
All was the pledge of Truth, the work of Love,
At whose transforming hand, where last they stood,
Had sprung that lone memorial in the wood.

Thus on the slumbering maid while Javan gazed,
With quicker swell her hidden bosom raised
The shadowy tresses, that profusely shed
Their golden wreaths from her reclining head ;
A deeper crimson mantled o'er her cheek,
Her close lip quiver'd as in act to speak,
While broken sobs, and tremors of unrest,
The inward trouble of a dream express'd :
At length, amidst imperfect murmurs, fell
The name of "Javan!" and a low "farewell!"
Tranquil again, her cheek resumed its hue,
And soft as infancy her breath she drew.

When Javan's ear those startling accents thrill'd,
Wonder and ecstasy his bosom fill'd ;
But quick compunction humbler feelings wrought,
He blush'd to be a spy on Zillah's thought ;
He turn'd aside ; within the neighbouring brake
Resolved to tarry till the nymph awake,
There, as in luxury of thought reclined,
A calm of tenderness composed his mind :
His stringless harp upon the turf was thrown,
And on a pipe of most mellifluous tone,
Framed by himself, the musing minstrel play'd,
To charm the slumberer, cloister'd in the shade.
Jubal had taught the lyre's responsive string
Beneath the rapture of his touch to sing ;
And bade the trumpet wake, with bolder breath,
The joy of battle in the field of death ;
But Javan first, whom pure affection fired,
With Love's clear eloquence the flute inspired ;

At once obedient to the lip and hand,
It utter'd every feeling at command.
Light o'er the stops his airy fingers flew,
A spirit spoke in every tone they drew;
'Twas now the skylark on the wings of morn,
Now the night-warbler leaning on her thorn;
Anon through every pulse the music stole,
And held sublime communion with the soul,
Wrung from the coyest breast the unprison'd sigh,
And kindled rapture in the coldest eye.

Thus on his dulcet pipe while Javan play'd,
Within her bower awoke the conscious maid:
She, in her dream, by varying fancies crost,
Had hail'd her wanderer found, and mourn'd him lost:
In one wild vision, 'midst a land unknown,
By a dark river, as she sat alone,
Javan beyond the stream dejected stood;
He spied her soon, and leapt into the flood;
The thwarting current urged him down its course,
But Love repell'd it with victorious force;
She ran to help him landing, where at length
He struggled up the bank with failing strength:
She caught his hand;—when, downward from the day,
A water-monster dragg'd the youth away;
She follow'd headlong, but her garments bore
Her form, light floating, till she saw no more:
For suddenly the dream's delusion changed,
And through a blooming wilderness she ranged;
Alone she seem'd, but not alone she walk'd,—
Javan, invisible, beside her talk'd.
He told, how he had journey'd many a year
With changing seasons in their swift career,
Danced with the breezes in the bowers of morn,
Slept in the valley where new moons are born,
Rode with the planets, on their golden cars,
Round the blue world inhabited by stars,

And, bathing in the sun's crystalline streams,
Became ethereal spirit in the beams,
Whence were his lineaments, from mortal sight,
Absorb'd in pure transparency of light;
But now, his pilgrimage of glory past,
In Eden's vale he sought repose at last.
—The voice was mystery to Zillah's ear,
Not speech, nor song, yet full, melodious, clear;
No sounds of winds or waters, birds or bees,
Were e'er so exquisitely tuned to please.
Then, while she sought him with desiring eyes,
The airy Javan darted from disguise:
Full on her view a stranger's visage broke;
She fled, she fell, he caught her,—she awoke.

Awoke from sleep,—but in her solitude
Found the enchantment of her dream renew'd;
That living voice, so full, melodious, clear,
That voice of mystery, warbled in her ear.
Yet words no longer wing the trembling notes,
Unearthly, inexpressive music floats,
In liquid tones so voluble and wild,
Her senses seem by slumber still beguiled:
Alarm'd, she started from her lonely den,
But, blushing, instantly retired again;
The viewless phantom came in sound so near,
The stranger of her dream might next appear.
Javan, conceal'd behind the verdant brake,
Felt his lip fail, and strength his hand forsake;
Then dropt his flute, and while he lay at rest
Heard every pulse that travell'd through his breast.
Zillah, who deem'd the strange illusion fled,
Now from the laurel-arbour show'd her head,
Her eye quick-glancing round as if, in thought,
Recoiling from the object that she sought:
By slow degrees, to Javan in the shade,
The emerging nymph her perfect shape display'd.

Time had but touch'd her form to finer grace,
Years had but shed their favours on her face,
While secret Love, and unrewarded Truth,
Like cold clear dew upon the rose of youth,
Gave to the springing flower a chasten'd bloom,
And shut from rifling winds its coy perfume.

Words cannot paint the wonder of her look,
When once again his pipe the Minstrel took,
And soft in under-tones began to play,
Like the caged woodlark's low-lamenting lay:
Then loud and shrill, by stronger breath impell'd,
To higher strains the undaunted music swell'd,
Till new-born echoes through the forest rang,
And birds, at noon, in broken slumbers sang.
Bewildering transport, infantine surprise,
Throbb'd in her bosom, sparkled in her eyes;
O'er every feature every feeling shone,
Her colour changed as Javan changed his tone:
While she between the bower and brake, entranced,
Alternately retreated or advanced;
Sometimes the lessening cadence seem'd to fly,
Then the full melody came rolling nigh;
She shrunk, or follow'd still, with eye and feet,
Afraid to lose it, more afraid to meet;
For yet through Eden's land, by fame alone,
Jubal's harmonious minstrelsy was known,
Though nobler songs than cheer'd the Patriarchs' glen
Never resounded from the lips of men.

Silence, at length, the listening Maiden broke;
The heart of Javan check'd him while she spoke:
Though sweeter than his pipe her accents stole,
He durst not learn the tumult of her soul,
But, closely cowering in his ambuscade,
With sprightlier breath and nimbler finger play'd.

—"'T is not the nightingale that sang so well,
When Javan left me near this lonely cell:
'T is not indeed the nightingale;—her voice
Could never, since that hour, my soul rejoice:
Some bird from Paradise hath lost her way,
And carols here a long-forbidden lay;
For ne'er since Eve's transgression mortal ear
Was privileged such heavenly sounds to hear;
Perhaps an Angel, while he rests his wings,
On earth alighting, here his descant sings;
Methinks those tones, so full of joy and love,
Must be the language of the world above!
Within this brake he rests:" With curious ken,
As if she fear'd to stir a lion's den,
Breathless, on tiptoe, round the copse she crept;
Her heart beat quicker, louder, as she stept,—
Till Javan rose, and fix'd on her his eyes,
In dumb embarrassment, and feign'd surprise;
Upright she started, at the sudden view,
Back from her brow the scatter'd ringlets flew:
Paleness a moment overspread her face;
But fear to frank astonishment gave place,
And, with the virgin-blush of innocence,
She ask'd,—"Who art thou, Stranger, and from whence?"

With mild demeanour, and with downcast eye,
Javan, advancing, humbly made reply:
—"A Wretch, escaping from the tribes of men,
Seeks an asylum in the Patriarchs' glen.
As through the forest's breathless gloom I stray'd,
Up sprang the breeze in this delicious shade;
Then, while I sate beneath the rustling tree,
I waked this pipe to wildest minstrelsy,
Child of my fancy, framed with Jubal's art,
To breathe at will the fulness of my heart:
Fairest of Women! if the clamour rude
Hath scared the quiet of thy solitude,

Forgive the innocent offence, and tell
How far beyond these woods the righteous dwell."

Though changed his voice, his look and stature changed,
In air and garb, in all but love estranged,
Still in the youthful exile Zillah sought
A dear lost friend, for ever near her thought!
Yet answer'd coldly,—jealous and afraid
Her heart might be mistaken, or betray'd:
—"Not far from hence the faithful race reside;
Pilgrim! to whom shall I thy footsteps guide?
Alike to all, if thou an alien be:
My father's home invites thee; follow me."

She spoke with such a thought-divining look,
Colour his lip, and power his tongue, forsook;
At length, in hesitating tone, and low,
—"Enoch," said he, "the friend of God, I know;
To him I bear a message full of fear;
I may not rest till he vouchsafe to hear."

He paused; his cheek with red confusion burn'd;
Kindness through her relenting breast return'd:
—"Behold the path," she cried, and led the way:
Ere long, the vale unbosom'd to the day:
—"Yonder, where two embracing oaks are seen,
Arch'd o'er a cottage-roof, that peeps between,
Dwells Enoch. Stranger! peace attend thee there;
My father's sheep demand his daughter's care."

Javan was so rebuked beneath her eye,
She vanish'd ere he falter'd a reply,
And sped, while he in cold amazement stood,
Along the winding border of the wood;
Now lost, now re-appearing, as the glade
Shone to the sun, or darken'd in the shade,

He saw, but might not follow, where her flock
Were wont to rest at noon, beneath a rock.
He knew the willowy champaign, and the stream,
Of many an early lay the simple theme,
Chanted in Boyhood's unsuspecting hours,
When Zillah join'd the song, or praised his powers.
Thither he watch'd her, while her course she bore,
Nor ceased to gaze when she was seen no more.



## CANTO THIRD.

*Javan's Soliloquy on Zillah's Desertion of him. He reaches the Ruins of his Mother's Cottage. Thence he proceeds to Enoch's Dwelling. His Reception there. Enoch and Javan proceed together towards the Place of Sacrifice. Description of the Patriarchs' Glen;—Occasion of the Family of Seth retiring thither at first.*

"Am I so changed by suffering, so forgot,
That love disowns me, Zillah knows me not?
Ah! no: she shrinks from my disastrous fate;
She dare not love me, and she cannot hate.
'T is just; I merit this:—
This is the portion of my cup below,—
Silent, unmingled, solitary woe;
To bear from clime to clime the curse of Cain,
Sin with remorse, yet find repentance vain;
And cling, in blank despair, from breath to breath,
To nought in life, except the fear of Death."

While Javan gave his bitter passion vent,
And wander'd on, unheeding where he went,
His feet, instinctive, led him to the spot
Where rose the ruins of his Childhood's cot:
Here, as he halted in abrupt surprise,
His Mother seem'd to vanish from his eyes,
As if her gentle form, unmark'd before,
Had stood to greet him at the wonted door;
Yet did the pale retiring Spirit dart
A look of tenderness that broke his heart:
'T was but a thought, arrested on its flight,
And bodied forth with visionary light,
But chill the life-blood ran through every vein,

The fire of frenzy faded from his brain,
He cast himself in terror on the ground:
—Slowly recovering strength, he gazed around,
In wistful silence eyed those walls decay'd,
Between whose chinks the lively lizard play'd;
The moss-clad timbers, loosed and lapsed awry,



Threatening ere long in wider wreck to lie;
The fractured roof, through which the sunbeams shone,
With rank unflowering verdure overgrown;
The prostrate fragments of the wicker-door,
And reptile traces on the damp green floor.
This mournful spectacle while Javan view'd,

Life's earliest scenes and trials were renew'd;
O'er his dark mind, the light of years gone by
Gleam'd, like the meteors of a northern sky.
He moved his lips, but strove in vain to speak,
A few slow tears stray'd down his cold wan cheek,
Till from his breast a sigh convulsive sprung,
And "O my mother!" trembled from his tongue.
That name, though but a murmur, that dear name
Touch'd every kind affection into flame;
Despondency assumed a milder form,
A ray of comfort darted through the storm;
"O God! be merciful to me!"—He said,
Arose, and straight to Enoch's dwelling sped.

Enoch, who sate, to taste the freshening breeze,
Beneath the shadow of his cottage-trees,
Beheld the Youth approaching; and his eye,
Instructed by the light of prophecy,
Knew from afar, beneath the stranger's air,
The orphan object of his tenderest care;
Forth, with a father's joy, the holy man
To meet the poor returning pilgrim ran,
Fell on his neck, and kiss'd him, wept, and cried,
"My son! my son!"—but Javan shrunk aside;
The Patriarch raised, embraced him, oft withdrew
His head to gaze, then wept and clasp'd anew.
The mourner bow'd with agony of shame,
Clung round his knees, and call'd upon his name.
—"Father! behold a supplicant in me,
A sinner in the sight of Heaven and thee:
Yet, for thy former love, may Javan live;
O, for the mother's sake, the son forgive!—
The meanest office, and the lowest seat,
In Enoch's house be mine, at Enoch's feet."

"Come to my home, my bosom, and my rest,
Not as a stranger, and way-faring guest;

My bread of peace, my cup of blessings share,
Child of my faith! and answer to my prayer!
O! I have wept through many a night for thee,
And watch'd through many a day *this* day to see.
Crown'd is the hope of my desiring heart,
I am resign'd, and ready to depart:
With joy I hail my course of nature run,
Since I have seen thy face, my son! my son!"

So saying, Enoch led to his abode
The trembling penitent, along the road
That through the garden's gay enclosure wound.
'Midst fruits and flowers the Patriarch's spouse they found,
Plucking the purple clusters from the vine
To crown the cup of unfermented wine:
She came to meet them;—but in strange surmise
Stopt, and on Javan fix'd her earnest eyes;
He kneel'd to greet her hand with wonted grace—
Ah! then she knew him!—as he bow'd his face,
His mother's features in a glimpse she caught,
And the son's image rush'd upon her thought:
Pale she recoil'd with momentary fright,
As if a spirit had risen before her sight;
Returning, with a heart too full to speak,
She pour'd a flood of tears upon his cheek,
Then laugh'd for gladness,—but her laugh was wild:
"Where hast thou been, my own, my orphan child?
Child of my soul! bequeath'd in death to me,
By her who had no other wealth than thee!"
She cried, and with a mother's love caress'd
The Youth, who wept in silence on her breast.

This hasty tumult of affection o'er,
They pass'd within the hospitable door;
There on a grassy couch, with joy o'ercome,
Pensive with awe, with veneration dumb,

Javan reclined, while, kneeling at his seat,
The humble Patriarch wash'd the traveller's feet.
Quickly the Spouse her plenteous table spread
With homely viands, milk and fruits and bread.
Ere long the guest, grown innocently bold,
With simple eloquence, his story told;
His sins, his follies, frankly were reveal'd,
And nothing but his nameless love conceal'd.
"While thus," he cried, "I proved the world a snare,
Pleasure a serpent, Fame a cloud in air;
While with the sons of men my footsteps trod,
My home, my heart, was with the sons of God."

"Went not my spirit with thee," Enoch said,
"When from the Mother's grave the Orphan fled?
Others believed thee slain by beasts of blood,
Or self-devoted to the strangling flood,
(Too plainly in thy grief-bewilder'd mien,
By every eye, a breaking heart was seen;)
I mourn'd in secret thine apostasy,
Nor ceased to intercede with Heaven for thee.
Strong was my faith; in dreams or waking thought,
Oft as thine image o'er my mind was brought,
I deem'd thee living by this conscious sign,
The deep communion of my soul with thine.
This day a voice, that thrill'd my breast with fear,
(Methought 't was Adam's) whisper'd in mine ear,
—'Enoch! ere thrice the morning meet the sun
Thy joy shall be fulfill'd, thy rest begun.'—
While yet those tones were murmuring in air,
I turn'd to look,—but saw no speaker there:
Thought I not then of thee, my long-lost joy?
Leapt not my heart abroad to meet my boy?
Yes! and while still I sate beneath the tree,
Revolving what the signal meant to me,
I spied thee coming, and with eager feet
Ran, the returning fugitive to greet:

Nor less the welcome art thou since I know,
By this high warning, that from earth I go;
My days are number'd; peace on thine attend!
The trial comes,—be faithful to the end."

"O live the years of Adam!" cried the youth:
"Yet seem thy words to breathe prophetic truth.
Sire! while I roam'd the world, a transient guest,
From sunrise to the ocean of the west,
I found that sin, where'er the foot of man
Nature's primeval wilderness o'er-ran,
Had track'd his steps, and through advancing Time
Urged the deluded race from crime to crime,
Till wrath and strife, in fratricidal war,
Gather'd the force of nations from afar,
To deal and suffer Death's unheeded blow,
As if the curse on Adam were too slow.
Even now an host, like locusts on their way,
That desolate the earth, and dim the day,
Led by a Giant-King, whose arm hath broke
Remotest realms to wear his iron yoke,
Hover o'er Eden, resolute to close
His final triumph o'er his latest foes;
A feeble band, that in their covert lie,
Like cowering doves beneath the falcon's eye.
That easy and ignoble conquest won,
There yet remains one fouler deed undone.
Oft have I heard the tyrant, in his ire,
Devote this glen to massacre and fire,
And swear to root, from Earth's dishonour'd face,
The last least relic of the faithful race;
Thenceforth he hopes, on God's terrestrial throne
To rule the nether universe alone.
Wherefore, O Sire! when evening shuts the sky,
Fly with thy kindred, from destruction fly!
Far to the south, unpeopled wilds of wood
Skirt the dark borders of Euphrates' flood;

There shall the Patriarchs find secure repose,
Till Eden rest, forsaken of her foes."

At Javan's speech the Matron's cheek grew pale;
Her courage, not her faith, began to fail:
Eve's youngest daughter she: the silent tear
Witness'd her patience, but betray'd her fear.
Then answer'd Enoch, with a smile serene,
That shed celestial beauty o'er his mien:
"Here is mine earthly habitation; here
I wait till my Redeemer shall appear;
Death and the face of man I dare not shun,
God is my refuge, and His will be done!"

The Matron check'd her uncomplaining sigh,
And wiped the drop that trembled in her eye.
Javan with shame and self-abasement blush'd,
But every care at Enoch's smile was hush'd:
He felt the power of truth; his heart o'erflow'd,
And in his look sublime devotion glow'd.
Westward the Patriarch turn'd his tranquil face;
"The Sun," said he, "hath well nigh run his race;
I to the yearly sacrifice repair,
Our Brethren meet me at the place of prayer."

"I follow: O, my father! I am thine;
Thy God, thy people, and thine altar, mine!"
Exclaim'd the youth, on highest thoughts intent,
And forth with Enoch through the valley went.

Deep was that valley, girt with rock and wood,
In rural groups the scatter'd hamlet stood;
Tents, arbours, cottages, adorn'd the scene,
Gardens and fields and shepherds' walks between;
Through all, a streamlet, from its mountain-source,
Seen but by stealth, pursued its willowy course.

When first the mingling sons of God and man
The demon-sacrifice of war began,
Self-exiled here, the family of Seth
Renounced a world of violence and death,
Faithful alone amidst the faithless found,[16]
And innocent while murder cursed the ground,
Here, in retirement from profane mankind,
They worshipp'd God with purity of mind,
Fed their small flocks, and till'd their narrow soil,
Like parent Adam, with submissive toil,
—Adam, whose eyes their pious hands had closed,
Whose bones beneath their quiet turf reposed.
No glen like this, unstain'd with human blood,
Could youthful Nature boast before the flood;
Far less shall Earth, now hastening to decay,
A scene of sweeter loneliness display,
Where nought was heard but sounds of peace and love,
Nor seen but woods around, and heaven above.

## CANTO FOURTH.

***Enoch relates to Javan the Circumstances of the Death of Adam, including his Appointment of an Annual Sacrifice on the Day of his Transgression and Fall in Paradise.***

Thus through the valley while they held their walk,
Enoch of former days began to talk:—
"Thou know'st our place of sacrifice and prayer,
Javan! for thou wert wont to worship there:
Built by our father's venerable hands,
On the same spot our ancient altar stands,

Where, driven from Eden's hallow'd groves, he found
A home on Earth's unconsecrated ground;
Whence too, his pilgrimage of trial o'er,
He reach'd the rest which sin can break no more.
Oft hast thou heard our elder Patriarchs tell
How Adam once by disobedience fell:
Would that my tongue were gifted to display
The terror and the glory of that day,
When, seized and stricken by the hand of Death,
The first transgressor yielded up his breath!
Nigh threescore years, with interchanging light,
The host of heaven have measured day and night,
Since we beheld the ground, from which he rose,
On his returning dust in silence close.

"With him his noblest sons might not compare,
In godlike feature and majestic air:
Not out of weakness rose his gradual frame,
Perfect from his Creator's hand he came;
And as in form excelling, so in mind
The Sire of men transcended all mankind.
A soul was in his eye, and in his speech
A dialect of heaven no art could reach;
For oft of old to him the evening breeze
Had borne the voice of God among the trees;
Angels were wont their songs with his to blend,
And talk with him as their familiar friend.
But deep remorse for that mysterious crime,
Whose dire contagion through elapsing time
Diffused the curse of death beyond control,
Had wrought such self-abasement in his soul,
That he, whose honours were approach'd by none,
Was yet the meekest man beneath the sun.
From sin, as from the serpent that betray'd
Eve's early innocence, he shrunk afraid;
Vice he rebuked with so austere a frown,
He seem'd to bring an instant judgment down:



Yet, while he chid, compunctious tears would start,
And yearning tenderness dissolve his heart!

The guilt of all his race became his own,
He suffer'd as if *he* had sinn'd alone.
Within our glen to filial love endear'd,
Abroad for wisdom, truth, and justice fear'd,
He walk'd so humbly in the sight of all,
The vilest ne'er reproach'd him with his fall.
Children were his delight;—they ran to meet
His soothing hand, and clasp his honour'd feet;
While 'midst their fearless sports supremely blest,
He grew in heart a child among the rest.
Yet, as a Parent, nought beneath the sky
Touch'd him so quickly as an infant's eye:
Joy from its smile of happiness he caught;
Its flash of rage sent horror through his thought:
His smitten conscience felt as fierce a pain,
As if he fell from innocence again.

"One morn I track'd him on his lonely way,
Pale as the gleam of slow-awakening day:
With feeble step he climb'd yon craggy height,
Thence fix'd on distant Paradise his sight;
He gazed awhile in silent thought profound,
Then, falling prostrate on the dewy ground,
He pour'd his spirit in a flood of prayer,
Bewail'd his ancient crime with self-despair,
And claim'd the pledge of reconciling grace,
The promised Seed, the Saviour of his race.
Wrestling with God, as nature's vigour fail'd,
His faith grew stronger and his plea prevail'd;
The prayer from agony to rapture rose,
And sweet as Angel accents fell the close.
I stood to greet him: when he raised his head,
Divine expression o'er his visage spread;
His presence was so saintly to behold,
He seem'd in sinless Paradise grown old.

"—'This day,' said he, 'in Time's star-lighted round,
Renews the anguish of that mortal wound

On me inflicted, when the Serpent's tongue
My Spouse with his beguiling falsehood stung.
Though years of grace through centuries have pass'd
Since my transgression, this may be my last;
Infirmities without, and fears within,
Foretell the consummating stroke of sin:
The hour, the place, the form to me unknown,
But God, who lent me life, *will* claim his own:
Then, lest I sink as suddenly in death,
As quicken'd into being by his breath,
Once more I climb'd these rocks with weary pace,
And but once more, to view my native place,
To bid yon garden of delight farewell,
The earthly Paradise from which I fell.
This mantle, Enoch! which I yearly wear
To mark the day of penitence and prayer,—
These skins, the covering of my first offence,
When, conscious of departed innocence,
Naked and trembling from my Judge I fled,
A hand of mercy o'er my vileness spread;—
Enoch! this mantle, thus vouchsafed to me,
At my dismission I bequeath to thee;
Wear it in sad memorial on this day,
And yearly at mine earliest altar slay
A lamb immaculate, whose blood be spilt
In sign of wrath removed and cancell'd guilt:
So be the sins of all my race confest,
So on their heads may peace and pardon rest!'
—Thus spake our Sire, and down the steep descent,
With strengthen'd heart and fearless footstep, went:
O Javan! when we parted at his door,
I loved him as I never loved before.

"Ere noon, returning to his bower, I found
Our father labouring in his harvest ground,
(For yet he till'd a little plot of soil,
Patient and pleased with voluntary toil;)

But O how changed from him, whose morning eye
Outshone the star that told the sun was nigh!
Loose in his feeble grasp the sickle shook;
I mark'd the ghastly dolour of his look,
And ran to help him; but his latest strength
Fail'd;—prone upon his sheaves he fell at length:
I strove to raise him; sight and sense were fled,
Nerveless his limbs, and backward sway'd his head.
Seth pass'd; I call'd him, and we bore our Sire
To neighbouring shades from noon's afflictive fire:
Ere long he 'woke to feeling, with a sigh,
And half unclosed his hesitating eye;
Strangely and timidly he peer'd around,
Like men in dreams whom sudden lights confound:
—'Is this a new Creation?—Have I pass'd
The bitterness of death?'—He look'd aghast,
Then sorrowful!—'No; men and trees appear;
'Tis not a new Creation—pain is here:
From Sin's dominion is there no release?
Lord! let thy Servant *now* depart in peace.'
—Hurried remembrance crowding o'er his soul,
He knew us; tears of consternation stole
Down his pale cheeks:—'Seth!—Enoch! Where is Eve?
How could the spouse her dying consort leave?'

"Eve look'd that moment from their cottage-door
In quest of Adam, where he toil'd before:
He was not there; she call'd him by his name;
Sweet to his ear the well-known accents came:
—'Here am I,' answer'd he, in tone so weak,
That we who held him scarcely heard him speak;
But, resolutely bent to rise, in vain
He struggled till he swoon'd away with pain.
Eve call'd again, and, turning tow'rds the shade,
Helpless as infancy beheld him laid:
She sprang, as smitten with a mortal wound,
Forward, and cast herself upon the ground

At Adam's feet; half rising in despair,
Him from our arms she wildly strove to tear;
Repell'd by gentle violence, she press'd
His powerless hand to her convulsive breast,
And kneeling, bending o'er him, full of fears,
Warm on his bosom shower'd her silent tears.
Light to his eyes at that refreshment came,
They opened on her in a transient flame;
—'And art thou here, my Life! my Love!' he cried,
'Faithful in death to this congenial side!
Thus let me bind thee to my breaking heart,
One dear, one bitter moment, ere we part.'
—'Leave me not, Adam! leave me not below:
With thee I tarry, or with thee I go,'
She said, and, yielding to his faint embrace,
Clung round his neck, and wept upon his face.
Alarming recollection soon return'd,
His fever'd frame with growing anguish burn'd:
Ah! then, as Nature's tenderest impulse wrought,
With fond solicitude of love she sought
To soothe his limbs upon their grassy bed,
And make the pillow easy to his head;
She wiped his reeking temples with her hair;
She shook the leaves to stir the sleeping air;
Moisten'd his lips with kisses: with her breath
Vainly essay'd to quell the fire of Death,
That ran and revell'd through his swollen veins
With quicker pulses and severer pains.

"The sun, in summer majesty on high,
Darted his fierce effulgence down the sky;
Yet dimm'd and blunted were the dazzling rays,
His orb expanded through a dreary haze,
And, circled with a red portentous zone,
He look'd in sickly horror from his throne:
The vital air was still; the torrid heat
Oppress'd our hearts, that labour'd hard to beat.

When higher noon had shrunk the lessening shade,
Thence to his home our father we convey'd,
And stretch'd him, pillow'd with his latest sheaves,
On a fresh couch of green and fragrant leaves.
Here, though his sufferings through the glen were known,
We chose to watch his dying bed alone,
Eve, Seth, and I——In vain he sigh'd for rest,
And oft his meek complainings thus express'd:
—'Blow on me, Wind! I faint with heat! O bring
Delicious water from the deepest spring;
Your sunless shadows o'er my limbs diffuse,
Ye Cedars! wash me cold with midnight dews.
—Cheer me, my friends! with looks of kindness cheer;
Whisper a word of comfort in mine ear;
Those sorrowing faces fill my soul with gloom;
This silence is the silence of the tomb.
Thither I hasten; help me on my way:
O sing to soothe me; and to strengthen, pray!'
Erewhile, victorious faith sublimer rose
Beneath the pressure of collected woes:
But now his spirit waver'd, went and came,
Like the loose vapour of departing flame,
Till, at the point when comfort seem'd to die
For ever in his fix'd unclosing eye,
Bright through the smouldering ashes of the man,
The saint brake forth, and Adam thus began:

"—'O ye, that shudder at this awful strife,
This wrestling agony of Death and Life,
Think not that He, on whom my soul is cast,
Will leave me thus forsaken to the last:
Nature's infirmity alone you see;
My chains are breaking, I shall soon be free;
Though firm in God the Spirit holds her trust,
The flesh is frail, and trembles into dust.
Horror and anguish seize me;—'tis the hour
Of darkness, and I mourn beneath its power;

The Tempter plies me with his direst art,
I feel the Serpent coiling round my heart;
He stirs the wound he once inflicted there,
Instils the deadening poison of despair,
Belies the truth of God's delaying grace,
And bids me curse my Maker to his face.
—I will not curse Him, though his grace delay;
I will not cease to trust Him, though He slay;
Full on his promised mercy I rely,
For God hath spoken,—God, who cannot lie.
—Thou, of my faith the Author and the End!
Mine early, late, and everlasting Friend!
The joy that once thy presence gave, restore,
Ere I am summon'd hence, and seen no more:
Down to the dust returns this earthly frame,
Receive my Spirit, Lord! from whom it came;
Rebuke the Tempter, show thy power to save,
O let thy glory light me to the grave,
That these, who witness my departing breath,
May learn to triumph in the grasp of Death.'

"He closed his eyelids with a tranquil smile,
And seem'd to rest in silent prayer awhile:
Around his couch with filial awe we kneel'd,
When suddenly a light from heaven reveal'd
A Spirit, that stood within the unopen'd door;—
The sword of God in his right hand he bore;
His countenance was lightning, and his vest
Like snow at sunrise on the mountain's crest;
Yet so benignly beautiful his form,
His presence still'd the fury of the storm:
At once the winds retire, the waters cease;
His look was love, his salutation, 'Peace!'

"Our mother first beheld him, sore amazed,
But terror grew to transport while she gazed:

—'Tis He, the Prince of Seraphim, who drove
Our banish'd feet from Eden's happy grove;'
Adam, my Life, my Spouse, awake!' she cried;
'Return to Paradise; behold thy Guide!
O let me follow in this dear embrace!'
She sunk, and on his bosom hid her face.
Adam look'd up; his visage changed its hue,
Transform'd into an Angel's at the view:
'I come!' he cried, with faith's full triumph fired,
And in a sigh of ecstasy expired.
The light was vanish'd, and the vision fled;
We stood alone, the living with the dead;
The ruddy embers, glimmering round the room,
Display'd the corpse amidst the solemn gloom:
But o'er the scene a holy calm reposed,—
The gate of heaven had open'd there, and closed.

"Eve's faithful arm still clasp'd her lifeless Spouse;
Gently I shook it, from her trance to rouse;
She gave no answer; motionless and cold,
It fell like clay from my relaxing hold:
Alarm'd, I lifted up the locks of grey
That hid her cheek; her soul had pass'd away!
A beauteous corse she graced her partner's side;
Love bound their lives, and Death could not divide."

## CANTO FIFTH.

*The Burying-place of the Patriarchs. The Sacrifice on the Anniversary of the Fall of Adam. Enoch's Prophecy.*

"AND here," said Enoch, with dejected eye,
"Behold the grave, in which our Parents lie."
They stopp'd, and o'er the turf-enclosure wept,
Where, side by side, the First-Created slept:
It seem'd as if a voice, with still small sound,
Heard in their bosoms, issued from that mound:
—"From earth we came, and we return'd to earth:
Descendants! spare the Dust that gave you birth;
Though Death, the pain for our transgression due,
By sad inheritance we left to you.

Thence to the altar Enoch turn'd his face;
But Javan linger'd in that burying-place,—
A scene sequester'd from the haunts of men,
The loveliest nook of all that lovely glen,
Where weary pilgrims found their last repose.
The little heaps were ranged in comely rows,
With walks between, by friends and kindred trod,
Who dress'd with duteous hands each hallow'd sod:
No sculptured monument was taught to breathe
*His* praises, whom the worm devour'd beneath;
The high, the low, the mighty, and the fair,
Equal in death, were undistinguish'd there.
Yet not a hillock moulder'd near that spot,
By one dishonour'd or by all forgot:
To some warm heart, the poorest dust was dear;
From some kind eye, the meanest claim'd a tear.
And oft the living, by affection led,
Were wont to walk in spirit with their dead,
Where no dark cypress cast a doleful gloom,

No blighting yew shed poison o'er the tomb,
But, white and red with intermingling flowers,
The graves look'd beautiful in sun and showers:
Green myrtles fenced it, and beyond their bound
Ran the clear rill with ever-murmuring sound.
'Twas not a scene for Grief to nourish care;
It breathed of Hope, and moved the heart to prayer.

Why linger'd Javan in that lone retreat?
The shrine of her that bare him drew his feet:
Trembling he sought it, fearing to behold
A bed of thistles, or unsightly mould;
But, lo! the turf, which his own hands had piled,
With choicest flowers and richest verdure smiled:
By all the glen, his mother's couch of rest,
In his default, was visited and blest.
He kneel'd, he kiss'd it, full of love and woe;
His heart was where his treasure lay, below;
And long he tarried, ere, with heav'nward eyes,
He rose, and hasten'd to the sacrifice.

Already on a neighbouring mount that stood
Apart amidst the valley, girt with wood,
Whose open summit, rising o'er the trees,
Caught the cool fragrance of the evening breeze,
The Patriarchal Worshippers were met:
The Lamb was brought, the wood in order set
On Adam's rustic altar, moss-o'ergrown,
An unwrought mass of earth-imbedded stone,
Long known and hallow'd, where, for man's offence,
The earth first drank the blood of innocence,
When God himself ordain'd the typic rite
To Eden's Exiles, resting on their flight.
Foremost amidst the group was Enoch seen,
Known by his humble port and heavenly mien:
On him the Priest's mysterious office lay,
For 'twas the eve of Man's transgression-day,

And him had Adam, with expiring breath,
Ordain'd to offer yearly, from his death,
A victim on that mountain whence the skies
Had first inhaled the fumes of sacrifice.
In Adam's coat of skins array'd he stands,
Spreading to heaven his supplicating hands,
Ere from his robe the deadly steel he drew
To smite the victim, sporting in his view.
Behind him Seth, in majesty confess'd,
The World's great Elder, tower'd above the rest.
Serenely shone his sweet and solemn eye,
Like the sun reigning in the western sky;
Though nine slow centuries by stealth had shed
Grey hairs, the crown of glory, on his head,
In hardy health he rear'd his front sublime:
Like the green aloe, in perennial prime,
When, full of years, it shoots forth all its bloom,
And glads the forest through the inmost gloom;
So, in the blossom of a good old age,
Flourish'd amidst his sons that peerless sage.

Around him, in august succession, stood
The fathers of the world before the Flood:
These, with their families on either hand,
Aliens and exiles in their native land,
The few who loved their Maker from their youth,
And worshipp'd God in spirit and in truth;
These stood with Enoch:—All had fix'd their eyes
On him, and on the Lamb of sacrifice,
For now with trembling hand he shed the blood,
And placed the slaughter'd victim on the wood;
Then kneeling, as the sun went down, he laid
His hand upon the hallow'd pyre, and pray'd:—
"Maker of heaven and earth! supreme o'er all
That live, and move, and breathe, on Thee we call:
Our father sinn'd and suffer'd;—we, who bear
Our father's image, his transgression share;

Humbled for his offences, and our own,
Thou, who art holy, wise, and just alone,
Accept, with free confession of our guilt,
This victim slain, this blood devoutly spilt,
While through the veil of sacrifice we see
Thy mercy smiling, and look up to Thee:
O grant forgiveness! power and grace are thine;
God of salvation! cause thy face to shine;
Hear us in heaven! fulfil our souls' desire,
God of our father! answer now with fire."

He rose: no light from heaven around him shone,
No fire descended from the eternal throne:
Cold on the pile the offer'd victim lay,
Amidst the stillness of expiring day.
Enoch, in whose sublime, unearthly mien,
No change of hue, no cloud of care, was seen,
Full on the mute assembly turn'd his face,
Clear as the sun prepared to run his race:
He spoke; his words, with awful warning fraught,
Rallied and fix'd the scatter'd powers of thought.

"Men, brethren, fathers! wherefore do ye fear?
Hath God departed from us?—God is here;
Present in every heart, with sovereign power
He tries, He proves, his people in this hour:
—In his truth believe,
Hope against hope, and ask till ye receive.
What though no flame on Adam's altar burn,
No signal of acceptance yet return,
God is not man, who to our father sware,
All times, in every place, to answer prayer:
He cannot change; though heaven and earth decay,
The word of God shall never pass away.

"But mark the season:—from the rising sun,
Westward, the race of Cain the world o'errun;



Their monarch, mightiest of the sons of men,
Hath sworn destruction to the Patriarchs' glen :

Hither he hastens; carnage strews his path:
—Who will await the giant in his wrath?
Or who will take the wings of silent night,
And seek deliverance from his sword by flight?
Thus saith the Lord:—Ye weak of faith and heart,
Who dare not trust the living God, depart!
The Angel of his presence leads your way,
Your lives are safe, and given you as a prey:
But ye, who unappall'd at earthly harm,
Lean on the strength of his Almighty arm,
Prepared for life or death, with firm accord,
Stand still, and see the glory of the Lord."

A pause, a dreary pause, ensued:—then cried
The holy man,—"On either hand divide;
The feeble fly; with me the valiant stay:
Choose now your portion; whom will ye obey,—
God, or your fears? His counsel, or your own?"
—"The Lord; the Lord; for He is God alone!"
Exclaim'd at once, with consentaneous choice,
The whole assembly, heart, and soul, and voice.
Then light from heaven with sudden beauty came,
Pure on the altar blazed the unkindled flame,
And upwards to their glorious source return'd
The sacred fires in which the victim burn'd:
While through the evening gloom, to distant eyes,
Morn o'er the Patriarchs' mountains seem'd to rise.

Awe-struck, the congregation kneel'd around,
And worshipp'd with their faces to the ground;
The peace of God, beyond expression sweet,
Fill'd every spirit humbled at his feet,
And love, joy, wonder, deeply mingling there,
Drew from the heart unutterable prayer.

They rose. As if his soul had pass'd away,
Prostrate before the altar Enoch lay;

Entranced so deeply, all believed him dead:
At length he breathed, he moved, he raised his head;
To heaven in ecstasy he turn'd his eyes;
—With such a look the dead in Christ shall rise,
When the last trumpet calls them from the dust,
To join the resurrection of the just:—
Yea, and from earthly grossness so refined,
(As if the soul had left the flesh behind,
Yet wore a mortal semblance,) upright stood
The great Evangelist before the Flood;
On him the vision of the Almighty broke,
And future times were present while he spoke.[18]

"The Saints shall suffer; righteousness shall fail;
O'er all the world iniquity prevail;
Giants, in fierce contempt of man and God,
Shall rule the nations with an iron rod;
On every mountain idol groves shall rise,
And darken heaven with human sacrifice:
But God the Avenger comes,—a judgment-day,
A flood, shall sweep his enemies away.
How few, whose eyes shall then have seen the sun,
—One righteous family, and only one,—
Saved from that wreck of Nature, shall behold
The new Creation rising from the old!

"Amidst the visions of ascending years,
What mighty Chief, what Conqueror appears;[19]
His garments roll'd in blood, his eyes of flame,
And on his thigh the unutterable name?[20]
—'Tis I that bring deliverance: strong to save,
I pluck'd the prey from death, and spoil'd the grave.'
—Wherefore, O Warrior! are thy garments red,
Like those whose feet amidst the vintage tread?
—'I trod the wine-press of the field alone;
I look'd around for succour; there was none;
Therefore my wrath sustain'd me while I fought,

And mine own arm my Saints' salvation wrought.'
—Thus may thine arm for evermore prevail;
Thus may thy foes, O Lord! for ever fail;
Captive by thee captivity be led;
Seed of the woman! bruise the serpent's head;
Redeemer! promised since the world began,
Bow the high heavens, and condescend to man.

"Hail to the Day-spring! dawning from afar,
Bright in the east I see his natal star:
Prisoners of hope! lift up your joyful eyes;
Welcome the King of Glory from the skies:
Who is the King of Glory?—Mark his birth:
In deep humility he stoops to earth,
Assumes a Servant's form, a Pilgrim's lot,
Comes to his own, his own receive him not,
Though angel-choirs his peaceful advent greet,
And Gentile sages worship at his feet.

"Fair as that sovereign Plant, whose scions shoot
With healing verdure, and immortal fruit,
The Tree of Life, beside the stream that laves
The fields of Paradise with gladdening waves;
Behold Him rise from infancy to youth,
The Father's image, full of grace and truth;
Tried, tempted, proved in secret, till the hour
When, girt with meekness, but array'd with power,
Forth in the Spirit of the Lord, at length,
Like the sun shining in meridian strength,
He goes:—to preach good tidings to the poor;
To heal the wounds that nature cannot cure;
To bind the broken-hearted; to control
Disease and death; to raise the sinking soul;
Unbar the dungeon, set the captive free,
Proclaim the joyous year of liberty,
And from the depth of undiscover'd night,
Bring life and immortality to light.

"How beauteous on the mountains are thy feet,
Thy form how comely, and thy voice how sweet,
Son of the Highest!—Who can tell thy fame?
The Deaf shall hear it, while the Dumb proclaim;
Now bid the Blind behold their Saviour's light,
The Lame go forth rejoicing in their might;
Cleanse with a touch yon kneeling Leper's skin;
Cheer this pale Penitent, forgive her sin;
O, for that Mother's faith, her Daughter spare;
Restore the Maniac to a Father's prayer;
Pity the tears those mournful Sisters shed,
And Be the Resurrection of the Dead!

"What scene is this?—Amidst involving gloom
The moonlight lingers on a lonely tomb;
No noise disturbs the garden's hallow'd bound,
But the watch walking on their midnight round:
Ah! who lies here, with marr'd and bloodness mien,
In whom no form or comeliness is seen;
His livid limbs with nails and scourges torn,
His side transpierced, his temples wreathed with thorn?
'Tis He, the Man of Sorrows! He who bore
Our sins and chastisement:—His toils are o'er:
On earth erewhile a suffering life he led;
Here hath he found a place to lay his head:
Rank'd with transgressors he resign'd his breath,
But with the rich he made his bed in death.
Sweet is the grave, where Angels watch and weep;
Sweet is the grave, and sanctified his sleep;
Rest, O my spirit! by this martyr'd form,
This wreck, that sunk beneath the Almighty storm,
When floods of wrath that weigh'd the world to hell,
On Him alone in righteous vengeance fell;
While men derided, demons urged, his woes,
And God forsook him,—till the awful close;
Then, in triumphant agony, He cried,
'Tis finish'd!'—bow'd his sacred head, and died.

Death, as he struck that noblest victim, found
His sting was lost for ever in the wound;
The Grave, that holds his corse, her richest prize,
Shall yield him back, victorious, to the skies.
He lives: ye bars of steel! ye gates of brass!
Give way and let the King of Glory pass:—
He lives: ye golden portals of the spheres!
Open! the Sun of Righteousness appears.
But, ah! my spirit faints beneath the blaze
That breaks and brightens o'er the latter days,
When every tongue his trophies shall proclaim,
And every knee shall worship at his name;
For He shall reign with undivided power,
To Earth's last bounds, to Nature's final hour.

"'Tis done:—again the conquering Chief appears
In the dread vision of dissolving years;
His vesture dipp'd in blood, his eyes of flame,
The Word of God his everlasting name;[11]
Throned in mid-heaven, with clouds of glory spread,
He sits in judgment on the quick and dead;
Strong to deliver: Saints! your songs prepare;
Rush from your tombs to meet him in the air:
But terrible in vengeance; Sinners! bow[12]
Your haughty heads, the grave protects not now:
He who alone in mortal conflict trod
The mighty wine-press of the wrath of God,
Shall fill the cup of trembling to his foes,
The unmingled cup of inexhausted woes;
The proud shall drink it in that dreadful day,
While Earth dissolves, and Heaven is roll'd away."

Here ceased the Prophet:—from the altar broke
The last dim wreaths of fire-illumined smoke;
Darkness had fall'n around; but o'er the streams
The Moon, new-ris'n, diffused her brightening beams:
Homeward, with tears, the worshippers return'd,
Yet, while they wept, their hearts within them burn'd.



## CANTO SIXTH.

*Javan's second Interview with Zillah. He visits the various Dwellings scattered throughout the Glen, and, in the Evening, sings to his Harp, amidst the assembled Inhabitants:—Address to Twilight; Jubal's Song of the Creation: the Power of Music exemplified.*

SPENT with the toils of that eventful day,
All night in dreamless slumber Javan lay;
But, early springing from his bed of leaves,
Waked by the songs of swallows on the eaves,

From Enoch's cottage, in the cool grey hour,
He wander'd forth to Zillah's woodland bower,
There, in his former covert, on the ground,
The frame of his forsaken harp he found:
He smote the boss; the convex orb, unstrung,
Instant with sweet reverberation rung:
The minstrel smiled, at that sonorous stroke,
To find the spell of harmony unbroke:
Trickling with dew, he bore it to the cell:
There, as with leaves he dried the sculptured shell,
He thought of Zillah; and resolved, too late,
To plead his constancy, and know his fate.

She, from the hour when, in a pilgrim's guise,
Javan return'd,—a stranger to her eyes,
Not to her heart,—from anguish knew no rest;
Love, pride, resentment, struggling in her breast.
All day she strove to hide her misery,
In vain;—a mother's eye is quick to see,
Slow to rebuke, a daughter's bashful fears,
And Zillah's mother only chid with tears:
Night came, but Javan came not with the night;
Light vanish'd, Hope departed with the light;
Her lonely couch conceal'd her sleepless woes,
But with the morning star the maiden rose.
The soft refreshing breeze, the orient beams,
The dew, the mist unrolling from the streams,
The light, the joy, the music of the hour,
Stole on her spirit with resistless power,
With healing sweetness soothed her fevered brain,
And woke the pulse of tenderness again.
Thus while she wander'd, with unconscious feet,
Absent in thought she reach'd her sylvan seat:
The youth descried her not amidst the wood,
Till, like a vision, at his side she stood.
Their eyes encounter'd; both at once exclaim'd,
"Javan!" and "Zillah!"—each the other named;

Those sounds were life or death to either heart:
He rose; she turn'd in terror to depart;
He caught her hand:—"O do not, do not flee!"
—It was a moment of eternity,
And now or never must he plight his vow,
Win or abandon her for ever now.

"Stay:—hear me, Zillah!—every power above,
Heaven, earth, thyself, bear witness to my love!
Thee have I loved from earliest infancy,
Loved with supreme affection only thee.
Long in these shades my timid passion grew,
Through every change, in every trial, true;
I loved thee through the world in dumb despair,
Loved *thee*, that I might love no other fair;
Guilty, yet faithful still, to thee I fly;
Receive me, love me, Zillah! or I die."

Thus Javan's lips, so long in silence seal'd,
With sudden vehemence his soul reveal'd;
Zillah meanwhile recover'd power to speak,
While deadly paleness overcast her cheek:
—"Say not, 'I love thee!'—Witness every tree
Around this bower thy cruel scorn of me!
Could Javan love me through the world, yet leave
Her whom he loved, for hopeless years, to grieve?
Returning, could he find her here alone,
Yet pass her by, unknowing as unknown?
All day was she forsaken, or forgot?
Did Javan seek her at her father's cot?
That cot of old so much his soul's delight,
His mother's seem'd not fairer in his sight:
No: Javan mocks me; none could love so well,
So long, so painfully,—and never tell."

"Love owns no law," rejoined the pleading youth,
"Except obedience to eternal truth:

Deep streams are silent; from the generous breast,
The dearest feelings are the last confest:
Erewhile I strove in vain to break my peace,
Now I could talk of love and never cease:
—Still had my trembling passion been conceal'd,
Still but in parables by stealth reveal'd,
Had not thine instantaneous presence wrung,
By swift surprise, the secret from my tongue.
Yet hath Affection language of her own,
And mine in everything but words was shown;
In childhood, as the bird of nature free,
My song was gladness, when I sung to thee:
In youth, whene'er I mourn'd a bosom flame
And praised a maiden whom I durst not name,
Couldst thou not then my hidden thought divine?
Didst thou not feel that I was wholly thine?
When for vain glory I forsook thee here,
Dear as thou wert, unutterably dear,
From virtue, truth, and innocence estranged,
To thee, thee only, was my heart unchanged;
And as I loved without a hope before,
Without a hope I loved thee yet the more.
At length, when weary of the ways of men,
Refuge I sought in this maternal glen,
Thy sweet remembrance drew me from afar,
And Zillah's beauty was my leading star.
Here when I found thee, fear itself grew bold,
Methought my tale of love already told;
But soon thine eyes the dream of folly broke,
And I from bliss, as they from slumber, woke;
My heart, my tongue, were chill'd to instant stone,
I durst not speak thy name, nor give my own.
When thou wert vanish'd, horror and affright
Seized me, my sins uprose before my sight;
Like fiends they rush'd upon me; but Despair
Wrung from expiring Faith a broken prayer;
Strength came; the path to Enoch's bower I trod;

He saw me, met me, led me back to God.
O Zillah! while I sought my Maker's grace,
And flesh and spirit fail'd before His face,
Thy tempting image from my breast I drove,
It was no season then for earthly love."

"For earthly love it is no season now,"
Exclaim'd the maiden, with reproachful brow,
And eyes through tears of tenderness that shone,
And voice half peace half anger in its tone.
"Freely thy past unkindness I forgive;
Content to perish here, so Javan live:
The tyrant's menace to our tribe we know;
The Patriarchs never seek, nor shun, a foe;
Thou, while thou mayst, from swift destruction fly;
I and my father's house resolve to die."

"With thee and with thy father's house, to bear
Death or captivity, is Javan's prayer;
Remorse for ever be the recreant's lot:
If I forsake thee now, I love thee not."

Thus while he vow'd, a gentle answer sprung
To Zillah's lips, but died upon her tongue;
Trembling she turn'd, and hasten'd to the rock,
Beyond those woods, that hid her folded flock,
Whose bleatings reach'd her ear, with loud complaint
Of her delay; she loosed them from restraint;
Then bounding headlong forth, with antic glee,
They roam'd in all the joy of liberty.
Javan beside her walk'd as in a dream,
Nor more of love renew'd the fruitless theme.

Forthwith, from home to home throughout the glen,
The friends whom once he knew he sought again;
Each hail'd the stranger welcome at his board,
As lost but found, as dead to life restored.

From Eden's camp no tidings came; the day
In awful expectation pass'd away.
At eve his harp the fond enthusiast strung,
On Adam's mount, and to the Patriarchs sung;
While youth and age, an eager throng, admire
The mingling music of the voice and lyre.

"I love thee, Twilight! as thy shadows roll
The calm of evening steals upon my soul,
Sublimely tender, solemnly serene,
Still as the hour, enchanting as the scene.
I love thee, Twilight! for thy gleams impart
Their dear, their dying influence to my heart,
When o'er the harp of thought thy passing wind
Awakens all the music of the mind,
And Joy and Sorrow, as the spirit burns,
And Hope and Memory, sweep the chords by turns,
While Contemplation, on seraphic wings,
Mounts with the flame of sacrifice, and sings.
Twilight! I love thee; let thy glooms increase
Till every feeling, every pulse, is peace:
Slow from the sky the light of day declines,
Clearer within the dawn of glory shines,
Revealing, in the hour of Nature's rest,
A world of wonders in the poet's breast.
Deeper, O Twilight! then thy shadows roll,
An awful vision opens on my soul.

"On such an evening, so divinely calm,
The woods all melody, the breezes balm,
Down in a vale, where lucid waters stray'd,
And mountain-cedars stretch'd their downward shade,
Jubal, the Prince of Song (in youth unknown),
Retired to commune with his harp alone;
For still he nursed it, like a secret thought
Long cherish'd and to late perfection wrought,—

And still with cunning hand, and curious ear,
Enrich'd, ennobled, and enlarged its sphere,
Till he had compass'd, in that magic round,
A soul of harmony, a heaven of sound.
Then sang the minstrel, in his laurel bower,
Of Nature's origin, and Music's power.
—'He spake, and it was done;—Eternal Night,
At God's command, awaken'd into light;
He call'd the elements, Earth, Ocean, Air,
He call'd them when they were not, and they were:
He look'd through space, and, kindling o'er the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars, came forth to meet his eye:
His spirit moved upon the desert earth,
And sudden life through all things swarm'd to birth;
Man from the dust He raised to rule the whole;
He breathed, and man became a living soul:
Through Eden's groves the Lord of Nature trod,
Upright and pure, the image of his God.

"'Alone along the lyre of Nature sigh'd
The master-chord, to which no chord replied:
For Man, while bliss and beauty reign'd around,
For Man alone, no fellowship was found,
No fond companion, in whose dearer breast
His heart, repining in his own, might rest;
For, born to love, the heart delights to roam,
A kindred bosom is its happiest home.
On earth's green lap, the Father of mankind,
In mild dejection, thoughtfully reclined:
Soft o'er his eyes a sealing slumber crept,
And Fancy soothed him while Reflection slept.
Then God—who thus would make his counsel known,
Counsel that will'd not man to dwell alone—
Created Woman with a smile of grace,
And left the smile that made her on her face.
The Patriarch's eyelids open'd on his bride,
—The morn of beauty risen from his side!

He gazed with new-born rapture on her charms,
And Love's first whispers won her to his arms,
Then, tuned through all the chords supremely sweet,
Exulting Nature found her lyre complete,
And, from the key of each harmonious sphere,
Struck music worthy of her Maker's ear.'

"Here Jubal paused; for grim before him lay,
Couch'd like a lion watching for his prey,
With blood-red eye of fascinating fire,
Fix'd, like the gazing serpent's, on the lyre,
An awful form, that through the gloom appear'd
Half brute, half human; whose terrific beard,
And hoary flakes of long dishevell'd hair,
Like eagle's plumage ruffled by the air,
Veil'd a sad wreck of grandeur and of grace,
Limbs worn and wounded, a majestic face,
Deep-plough'd by Time, and ghastly pale with woes,
That goaded till remorse to madness rose:
Haunted by phantoms, he had fled his home,
With savage beasts in solitude to roam;
Wild as the waves, and wandering as the wind:
No art could tame him, and no chains could bind.
Already seven disastrous years had shed
Mildew and blast on his unshelter'd head;
His brain was smitten by the sun at noon,
His heart was wither'd by the cold night-moon.

"'Twas Cain, the sire of nations:—Jubal knew
His kindred looks, and tremblingly withdrew;
He, darting like the blaze of sudden fire,
Leap'd o'er the space between, and grasp'd the lyre;
Sooner with life the struggling bard would part,
And, ere the fiend could tear it from his heart,
He hurl'd his hand with one tremendous stroke
O'er all the strings; whence in a whirlwind broke

Such tones of terror, dissonance, despair,
As till that hour had never jarr'd in air.
Astonish'd into marble at the shock,
Backward stood Cain, unconscious as a rock,
Cold, breathless, motionless through all his frame:
But soon his visage quicken'd into flame,
When Jubal's hand the crashing jargon changed
To melting harmony, and nimbly ranged
From chord to chord, ascending sweet and clear,
Then rolling down in thunder on the ear;
With power the pulse of anguish to restrain,
And charm the evil spirit from the brain.

"Slowly recovering from that trance profound,
Bewilder'd, touch'd, transported with the sound,
Cain view'd himself, the bard, the earth, the sky,
While wonder flash'd and faded in his eye,
And reason, by alternate frenzy crost,
Now seem'd restored, and now for ever lost.
So shines the moon, by glimpses, through her shrouds,
When windy Darkness rides upon the clouds,
Till through the blue, serene, and silent night,
She reigns in full tranquillity of light.
Jubal, with eager hope, beheld the chase
Of strange emotions hurrying o'er his face,
And wak'd his noblest numbers to control
The tide and tempest of the maniac's soul:
Through many a maze of melody they flew,
They rose like incense, they distill'd like dew,
Pour'd through the sufferer's breast delicious balm,
And soothed remembrance till remorse grew calm,
Till Cain forsook the solitary wild,
Led by the minstrel like a weanèd child.
O! had you seen him to his home restored,
How young and old ran forth to meet their lord;
How friends and kindred on his neck did fall,
Weeping aloud, while Cain outwept them all:

But hush!—thenceforward when recoiling care
Lower'd on his brow, and sadden'd to despair,
The lyre of Jubal, with divinest art,
Repell'd the demon, and revived his heart.
Thus Song, the breath of heaven, had power to bind
In chains of harmony the mightiest mind;
Thus Music's empire in the soul began,
The first-born Poet ruled the first-born Man."

While Javan sang, the shadows fell around,
The moving glow-worm brighten'd on the ground.
He ceased: the mute assembly rose in tears;
Delight and wonder were chastised with fears;
That heavenly harmony, unheard before,
Awoke the feeling,—"Who shall hear it more?"

---

## CANTO SEVENTH.

*The Patriarchs and their Families carried away captive by a Detachment from the Army of the Invaders. The Tomb of Abel: his Murder by Cain. The Giants.*

THE flocks and herds throughout the glen reposed;
No human eyelid there in slumber closed;
None, save the infant's on the mother's breast;—
With arms of love caressing and carest,
She, while her elder offspring round her clung,
Each eye intent on hers, and mute each tongue,
The voice of Death in every murmur heard,
And felt his touch in every limb that stirr'd.

At midnight, down the forest hills, a train
Of eager warriors from the host of Cain
Burst on the stillness of the scene:—they spread
In bands, to clutch the victims ere they fled:
Of flight unmindful, at their summons, rose
Those victims, meekly yielding to their foes;
Though woman wept to leave her home behind,
The weak were comforted, the strong resign'd,
And ere the moon, descending o'er the vale,
Grew, at the bright approach of morning, pale,
Collected thus, the patriarchal clan,
With strengthen'd confidence, their march began,
Since not in ashes were their dwellings laid,
And death, though threaten'd still, was still delay'd.
Struck with their fearless innocence, they saw
Their fierce assailants check'd with sacred awe;
The foe became a phalanx of defence,
And brought them, like a guard of angels, thence.
A vista-path, that through the forest led,
(By Javan shunn'd, when from the camp he fled,)
The pilgrims track'd till on the mountain's height
They met the sun new risen in glorious light;
Empurpled mists along the landscape roll'd,
And all the orient flamed with clouds of gold.

Here, while they halted, on their knees they raise
To God the sacrifice of prayer and praise:
Refresh'd and rested, on their course they went,
Ere the clouds melted from the firmament;
Odours abroad the winds of morning breathe,
And fresh with dew the herbage sprang beneath:
Down from the hills, that gently sloped away
To the broad river shining into day,
They pass'd; along the brink the path they kept,
Where high aloof o'er-arching willows wept,
Whose silvery foliage glisten'd in the beam,
And floating shadows fringed the chequer'd stream.

Adjacent rose a myrtle-planted mound,
Whose spiry top a granite fragment crown'd;
Tinctured with many-colour'd moss, the stone,
Rich as a cloud of summer-evening, shone
Amidst encircling verdure, that array'd
The beauteous hillock with a cope of shade.

"Javan!" said Enoch, "on this spot began
The fatal curse;—man perish'd here by man;
The earliest death a son of Adam died
Was murder, and that murder fratricide!"

Enoch to Javan, walking at his side,
Thus held discourse apart: the youth replied;
"Relieved from toil, though Cain is gone to rest,
And the turf flowers on his disburden'd breast,
Amongst his race the murdering spirit reigns,
But riots fiercest in the giants' veins.

"When war,—that self-inflicted scourge of man,
His boldest crime and bitterest curse,—began;
As lions fierce, as forest-cedars tall,
And terrible as torrents in their fall,
Headlong from rocks, through vales and vineyards hurl'd,
These men of prey laid waste the eastern world;
They taught their tributary hordes to wield
The sword, red-flaming, through the death-strown field,
With strenuous arm the uprooted rock to throw,
Glance the light arrow from the bounding bow,
Whirl the broad shield to meet the darted stroke,
And stand to combat, like the unyielding oak.
Then eye from eye with fell suspicion turn'd,
In kindred breasts unnatural hatred burn'd;
Brother met brother in the lists of strife,
The son lay lurking for the father's life;
With rabid instinct, men who never knew
Each other's face before, each other slew;

All tribes, all nations, learn'd the fatal art,
And every hand was arm'd to pierce a heart.
Nor man alone the giants' might subdued;
—The camel, wean'd from quiet solitude,
Grazed round their camps, or, slow along the road,
Midst marching legions bore the servile load.
With flying forelock and dishevell'd mane,
They caught the wild steed prancing o'er the plain,
For war or pastime rein'd his fiery force;
Fleet as the wind he stretch'd along the course,
Or, loudly neighing at the trumpet's sound,
With hoofs of thunder smote the indented ground.
The enormous elephant obey'd their will,
And, tamed to cruelty with direst skill,
Roar'd for the battle, when he felt the goad,
And his proud lord his sinewy neck bestrode,
Through crashing ranks resistless havoc bore,
And writhed his trunk, and bathed his tusks in gore."

When Javan ceased, they stood upon the height
Where first he rested on his lonely flight,
Whence to the sacred mountain far away
The land of Eden in perspective lay.
'Twas noon;—they tarried there, till milder hours
Woke with light airs the breath of evening flowers.

## CANTO EIGHTH.

*The Scene changes to a Mountain, on the Summit of which, beneath the Shade of ancient Trees, the Giants are assembled round their King. A Minstrel sings the Monarch's Praises. The Captive Patriarchs are presented before the King and his Chieftains.*

"There is a living spirit in the Lyre,
A breath of music and a soul of fire;
It speaks a language to the world unknown;
It speaks that language to the Bard alone:
While warbled symphonies entrance his ears,
That spirit's voice in every tone he hears;
'Tis his the mystic meaning to rehearse,
To utter oracles in glowing verse,
Heroic themes from age to age prolong,
And make the dead in nature live in song.
Though graven rocks the warrior's deeds proclaim,
And mountains, hewn to statues, wear his name;
Though, shrined in adamant, his relics lie
Beneath a pyramid, that scales the sky;
All that the hand hath fashion'd shall decay;
All that the eye admires shall pass away;
The mouldering rocks, the hero's hope, shall fail,
Earthquakes shall heave the mountains to the vale,
The shrine of adamant betray its trust,
And the proud pyramid resolve to dust:
The Lyre alone immortal fame secures,
For song alone through Nature's change endures;—
Transfused like life, from breast to breast it glows,
From sire to son by sure succession flows,
Speeds its unceasing flight from clime to clime,
Outstripping Death upon the wings of Time.

"Soul of the Lyre! whose magic power can raise
Inspiring visions of departed days;—
Or, with the glimpses of mysterious rhyme,
Dawn on the dreams of unawaken'd Time;
Soul of the Lyre! instruct thy bard to sing
The latest triumph of the Giant-king,
Who sees this day his orb of glory fill'd:
—In what creative numbers shall I build,
With what exalted strains of music crown,
His everlasting pillar of renown?
Though, like the rainbow, by a wondrous birth,
He sprang to light, the joy of heaven and earth;
Though, like the rainbow,—for he cannot die,—
His form shall pass unseen into the sky;
Say, shall the hero share the coward's lot,
Vanish from earth ingloriously forgot?
No! the divinity that rules the Lyre,
And clothes these lips with eloquence of fire,
Commands the song to rise in quenchless flame,
And light the world for ever with his fame."

Thus on a mountain's venerable head,
Where trees, coeval with creation, spread
Their massy-twisted branches, green and grey,
Mature below, their tops in dry decay,
A bard of Jubal's lineage proudly sung,
Then stay'd awhile the raptures of his tongue
A shout of horrible applause, that rent
The echoing hills and answering firmament,
Burst from the Giants,—where in barbarous state,
Flush'd with new wine, around their king they sate;
A chieftain each, who, on his brazen car,
Had led an host of meaner men to war;
And now from recent fight on Eden's plain,
Where fell their foes, in helpless conflict slain,
Victoriously return'd, beneath the trees
They rest from toil, carousing at their ease.

Adjacent, where the mountain's spacious breast
Open'd in airy grandeur to the west,
Huge piles of fragrant cedars, on the ground,
As altars blazed, while victims bled around,
To gods, whose worship vanish'd with the Flood,
—Divinities of brass, and stone, and wood,
By man himself in his own image made;
The fond creator to the creature pray'd!

Exalted o'er the vassal chiefs, behold
Their sovereign, cast in Nature's mightiest mould;
Beneath an oak, whose woven boughs display'd
A verdant canopy of light and shade,
Throned on a rock the Giant-king appears,
In the full manhood of five hundred years.
His robe, the spoils of lions, by his might
Dragg'd from their dens, or slain in chase or fight:
His raven locks, unblanch'd by withering Time,
Amply dishevell'd o'er his brow sublime;
His dark eyes, flush'd with restless radiance, gleam
Like broken moonlight rippling on the stream.
Grandeur of soul, which nothing might appal,
And nothing satisfy if less than all,
Had stamp'd upon his air, his form, his face,
The character of calm and awful grace;
But direst cruelty, by guile represt,
Lurk'd in the dark volcano of his breast.

From Eden's summit, with obdurate pride,
Red from afar, the battle-scene he eyed,
Where late he crush'd, with one remorseless blow,
The remnant of his last and noblest foe;
At hand he view'd the trophies of his toils,
Herds, flocks, and steeds, the world's collected spoils;
Below, his legions march'd in war array,
Unstain'd with blood in that unequal fray:



—An hundred tribes, whose sons their arms had borne
Without contention, from the field at morn,
Their bands dividing, when the fight was won,
Darken'd the region tow'rds the slanting sun,
Like clouds, whose shadows o'er the landscape sail,
—While to their camp, that fill'd the northern vale,

A waving sea of tents, immensely spread,
The trumpet summon'd, and the banners led.
With these a train of captives, sad and slow,
Moved to a death of shame, or life of woe,
A death on altars hateful to the skies,
Or life in chains, a slower sacrifice.
Fair smiled the face of Nature;—all serene
And lovely, Evening tranquillised the scene;
The furies of the fight were gone to rest,
The cloudless sun grew broader down the west,
The hills beneath him melted from the sight,
Receding through the heaven of purple light;
Along the plain the maze of rivers roll'd,
And verdant shadows gleam'd in waves of gold.

The sun was sunk; the sacrificial pyres
From smouldering ashes breathed their last blue fires,
The smiling star, that lights the world to rest,
Walk'd in the rosy gardens of the west,
Like Eve erewhile through Eden's blooming bowers,
A lovelier star amidst a heaven of flowers.
Now in the freshness of the falling shade,
Again the minstrel to the monarch play'd.
—"Where is the youth renown'd?—the youth whose voice
Was wont to make the listening camp rejoice,
When to his harp, in many a peerless strain,
He sang the wonders of the Giant's reign:
O where is Javan?"—Thus the bard renew'd
His lay, and with a rival's transport view'd
The cloud of sudden anger, that o'ercame
The tyrant's countenance, at Javan's name;
Javan, whose song was once his soul's delight,
Now doom'd a traitor recreant by his flight.

When suddenly the bard had ceased to sing
While all the chieftains gazed upon their king,
Whose changing looks a rising storm bespoke,

Ere from his lips the dread explosion broke,
The trumpets sounded, and before his face
Were led the captives of the Patriarchs' race:
—A lovely and a venerable band
Of young and old, amidst their foes they stand;
Unawed they see the fiery trial near;
They fear'd their God, and knew no other fear.[23]

To light the dusky scene, resplendent fires,
Of pine and cedar, blazed in lofty pyres;
While from the east the moon with doubtful gleams
Now tipt the hills, now glanced athwart the streams,
Till, darting through the clouds her beauteous eye,
She open'd all the temple of the sky;
The Giants, closing in a narrower ring,
By turns survey'd the prisoners and the king.
Javan stood forth;—to all the youth was known,
And every eye was fix'd on him alone.

## CANTO NINTH.

*The King's Sentence on Javan. Zillah's Distress. The Sorcerer pretends to declare the Secret of the Birth of the King, and proposes his Deification. Enoch appears.*

A GLEAM of joy, at that expected sight,
Shot o'er the monarch's brow with baleful light:
"Slaves! smite the traitor; be his limbs consign'd
To flames, his ashes scatter'd to the wind!"
He cried in tones so vehement, so loud,

Instinctively recoil'd the shuddering crowd;
And ere the guards to seize their victim rush'd,
The youth was pleading,—every breath was hush'd:
Pale, but undauntedly, he faced his foes;
Warm as he spoke his kindling spirit rose;
Well pleased, on him the Patriarch-fathers smiled,
And every mother loved him as her child.

"Monarch! to thee no traitor, here I stand:
These are my brethren, this my native land;
My native land, by sword and fire consumed,
My brethren captive, and to death foredoom'd;
To these indeed a rebel in my youth,
A fugitive apostate from the truth,
Too late repentant, I confess my crime,
And mourn o'er lost irrevocable time.
—When from thy camp by conscience urged to flee,
I plann'd no wrong, I laid no snare for thee:
Did I provoke these sons of innocence,
Against thine arms, to rise in vain defence?
No; I conjured them, ere this threaten'd hour,
In sheltering forests to escape thy power:
Firm in their rectitude, they scorn'd to fly;
Thy foes they were not,—they resolved to die.
Yet think not thou, amidst thy warlike bands,
They lie beyond redemption in thine hands;
The God in whom they trust may help them still,
They know he *can* deliver, and HE WILL!
Whether by life or death, afflicts them not,
On His decree, not thine, they rest their lot.
For me, unworthy with the just to share
Death or deliverance, this is Javan's prayer:
Mercy, O God! to these in life be shown;
I die rejoicing, if I die alone."

"Thou shalt not die alone," a voice replied,
A well-known voice—'twas Zillah at his side;

She, while he spake, with eagerness to hear,
Step after step, unconsciously drew near;
Her bosom with severe compunction wrung,
Pleased or alarm'd, on every word she hung.
He turn'd his face;—with agonising air,
In all the desolation of despair,
She stood; her hands to heaven uplift and clasp'd,
Then suddenly unloos'd, his arm she grasp'd,
And thus, in wild apostrophes of woe,
Vented her grief while tears refused to flow.

"Oh, I have wrong'd thee, Javan!—Let us be
Espoused in death:—No, I will die for thee.
—Tyrant! behold thy victim; on my head
Be all the bitterness of vengeance shed,
But spare the innocent; let Javan live,
Whose crime was love:—Can Javan too forgive
Love's lightest, fondest weakness, maiden-shame,
—It was not pride,—that hid my bosom-flame?
And wilt thou mourn the poor transgressor's death,
Who says, 'I love thee,' with her latest breath?
And when thou think'st of days and years gone by,
Will thoughts of Zillah sometimes swell thine eye?
If ever thou has cherish'd in thine heart
Visions of hope in which I bore a part;
If ever thou hast long'd with me to share
One home-born joy, one home-endearing care;
If thou didst ever love me;—speak the word,
Which late with feign'd indifferency I heard;
Tell me, thou lovest me still;—haste, Javan! mark
How high those ruffians pile the faggots,—hark,
How the flames crackle,—see, how fierce they glare,
Like fiery serpents hissing through the air;—
Farewell! I fear them not.—Now seize me, bind
These willing limbs,—ye cannot touch the mind;
Unawed, I stand on Nature's failing brink:
—Nay, look not on me, Javan! lest I shrink;

Give me thy prayers, but turn away thine eye,
That I may lift my soul to Heaven, and die!"

Thus Zillah raved in passionate distress,
Till frenzy soften'd into tenderness;
Sorrow and love, with intermingling grace,
Terror and beauty, lighten'd o'er her face;
Her voice, her eye, in every soul was felt,
And Giant-hearts were moved, unwont to melt.
Javan, in wonder, pity, and delight,
Almost forgot his being at the sight;
That bending form, those suppliant accents, seem
The strange illusions of a lover's dream;
And while she clung upon his arm, he found
His limbs, his lips, as by enchantment, bound:
He dare not touch her, lest the charm should break;
He dare not move, lest he himself should wake.

But when she ceased to speak, and he to hear,
The silence startled him;—cold, shivering fear
Crept o'er his nerves;—in thought he cast his eye
Back on the world, and heaved a bitter sigh,
Thus from life's sweetest pleasures to be torn,
Just when he seem'd to new existence born;
And cease to feel, when feeling ceased to be
A fever of protracted misery;
And cease to love, when love no more was pain!
'Twas but a pang of transient weakness:—"Vain
Are all thy sorrows," falteringly he said;
"Already I am number'd with the dead;
But long and blissfully may Zillah live!
—And canst thou 'Javan's cruel scorn' forgive?
And wilt thou mourn the poor transgressor's death
Who says, 'I love thee,' with his latest breath?
And when thou think'st of days and years gone by,
Will thoughts of Javan sometimes swell thine eye?
Ah! while I wither'd in thy chilling frown,

'Twas easy then to lay life's burden down ;
When singly sentenced to these flames, my mind
Gloried in leaving all I loved behind :
How hast thou triumph'd o'er me in this hour!
One look hath crush'd my soul's collected power ;
Thy scorn I might endure, thy pride defy,
But O ! thy kindness makes it hard to die ! "

" Then we will die together."—" Zillah ! no,
Thou shalt not perish ; let me, let me go ;
Behold thy parents ! calm thy father's fears :
Thy mother weeps ; canst thou resist her tears ?"

" Away with folly !" in tremendous tone,
Exclaim'd a voice more horrid than the groan
Of famish'd tiger leaping on his prey ;
—Crouch'd at the monarch's feet the speaker lay ;
But, starting up, in his ferocious mien
That monarch's ancient foster-sire was seen,
The goatherd,—he who snatch'd him from the flood,
The sorcerer, who nursed him up to blood :
Who, still his evil genius, fully bent
On one bold purpose, went where'er he went ;
That purpose long in his own bosom seal'd,
Ripe for fulfilment now, he thus reveal'd.
Full in the midst he rush'd ; alarm'd, aghast,
Giants and captives trembled as he pass'd,
For scarcely seem'd he of the sons of earth ;
Unchronicled the hour that gave him birth ;
Though shrunk his cheek, his temples deeply plough'd,
Keen was his vulture-eye, his strength unbow'd ;
Swarthy his features ; venerably grey,
His beard dishevell'd o'er his bosom lay :
Bald was his front ; but, white as snow behind,
His ample locks were scatter'd to the wind :
Naked he stood, save round his loins a zone
Of shagged fur, and o'er his shoulders thrown

A serpent's skin, that cross'd his breast, and round
His body thrice in glittering volumes wound.

—"Hail! king and conqueror of the peopled earth,
And more than king and conqueror! Know thy birth:
Thou art a ray of uncreated fire,
The sun himself is thy celestial sire;
The moon thy mother, who to me consign'd
Her babe in secrecy, to bless mankind.
These eyes have watch'd thee rising, year by year,
More great, more glorious, in thine high career:
As the young eagle plies his growing wings
In bounded flights, and sails in wider rings,
Till to the fountain of meridian day,
Full-plumed and perfected, he soars away;
Thus have I mark'd thee, since thy course begun,
Still upward tending to thy sire the sun:—
Now midway meet him! from yon flaming height,
Chase the vain phantoms of cherubic light;
There build a tower, whose spiral top shall rise,
Circle o'er circle lessening to the skies:
The stars, thy brethren, in their spheres shall stand
To hail thee welcome to thy native land;
The moon shall clasp thee in her glad embrace,
The sun behold his image in thy face,
And call thee, as his offspring and his heir,
His throne, his empire, and his orb to share."

Rising, and turning his terrific head,
That chill'd beholders, thus the enchanter said:
—"Prepare, prepare the piles of sacrifice!
The power that rules on earth, shall rule the skies;
Hither, O chiefs! the captive Patriarchs bring,
And pour their blood an offering to your king;
He, like his sire the sun, in transient clouds
His veil'd divinity from mortals shrouds,
Too pure to shine till these his foes are slain,



And conquer'd Paradise hath crown'd his reign.
Haste! heap the fallen cedars on the pyres,
And give the victims living to the fires:
Shall He, in whom they vainly trust, withstand
Your sovereign's wrath, or pluck them from his hand?
We dare Him;—if He saves his servants now,
To Him let every knee in Nature bow,
For He is God."

In silent expectation, sore amazed,
The king and chieftains on the sorcerer gazed;
Awhile no sound was heard, save, through the woods,
The wind deep-thundering, and the dashing floods:
At length, with solemn step, amidst the scene
Where that false prophet show'd his frantic mien,
Where lurid flames from green-wood altars burn'd,
Enoch stood forth!—on him all eyes were turn'd:
O'er his dim form and saintly visage fell
The light that glared upon that priest of hell:
Unutterably awful was his look;
Through every joint the Giant-monarch shook;
Shook like Belshazzar, in his festive hall,
When the hand wrote his judgment on the wall;[24]
Shook, like Eliphaz, with dissolving fright,[25]
In thoughts amidst the visions of the night,
When, as the spirit pass'd before his face,
Nor limb nor lineament his eye could trace,
A form of mystery, that chill'd his blood,
Close at his couch in living terror stood,
And death-like silence, till a voice more drear,
More dreadful, than the silence, reach'd his ear:—
Thus from surrounding darkness Enoch brake,
And thus the Giant trembled while he spake.

## CANTO TENTH.

*The Prophecy of Enoch concerning the King and the Flood. His Translation to Heaven. The Conclusion.*

"THE proud shall perish :—monarch ! know thy doom :
Thy bones shall lack the shelter of a tomb ;
Not in the battle-field thine eyes shall close,
Slain upon thousands of thy slaughter'd foes ;
Not on the throne of empire, nor the bed
Of weary Nature, thou shalt bow thine head :
Death lurks in ambush ; Death, without a name,
Shall pluck thee from thy pinnacle of fame :
At eve, rejoicing o'er thy finish'd toil,
Thy soul shall deem the universe her spoil ;
The dawn shall see thy carcass cast away,
The wolves, at sunrise, slumber on their prey.
Cut from the living, whither dost thou go ?
Hades is moved to meet thee from below :[26]
The kings thy sword had slain, the mighty dead,
Start from their thrones at thy descending tread ;
They ask in scorn,—'Destroyer ! is it thus ?
Art thou,—thou too,—become like one of us ?
Torn from the feast of music, wine, and mirth,
The worms thy covering, and thy couch the earth !
How art thou fall'n from thine ethereal height,
Son of the morning ! sunk in endless night :
How art thou fall'n, who said'st, in pride of soul,
I will ascend above the starry pole,
Thence rule the adoring nations with my nod,
And set my throne above the Mount of God !'

"Thus while the dead thy fearful welcome sing,
Thy living slaves bewail their vanish'd king.

Then, though thy reign with infamy expire,
Fulfill'd in death shall be thy vain desire:
The traitors, reeking with thy blood, shall swear
They saw their sovereign ravish'd through the air,
And point thy star revolving o'er the night,
A baleful comet with portentous light,
'Midst clouds and storms denouncing from afar
Famine and havock, pestilence and war.
Temples, not tombs, thy monuments shall be,
And altars blaze on hills and groves to thee;
A pyramid shall consecrate thy crimes,
Thy name and honours, to succeeding times;
There shall thine image hold the highest place
Among the gods of man's revolted race!

"That race shall perish:—Men and Giants, all
Thy kindred and thy worshippers, shall fall.
The babe, whose life with yesterday began,
May spring to youth, and ripen into man;
But, ere his locks are tinged with fading grey
This world of sinners shall be swept away.

"The vision opens:—sunk beneath the wave,
The guilty share an universal grave;
One wilderness of water rolls in view,
And heaven and ocean wear one turbid hue;
Still stream unbroken torrents from the skies,
Higher beneath the inundations rise;
A lurid twilight glares athwart the scene,
Low thunders peal, faint lightnings flash between.
—Methinks I see a distant vessel ride,
A lonely object, on the shoreless tide;
Within whose ark the innocent have found
Safety, while stay'd Destruction ravens round:
Thus, in the hour of vengeance, God, who knows
His servants, spares them, while He smites his foes.

"So fall transgressors :—Tyrant ! now fulfil
Thy secret purposes, thine utmost will ;
Here crown thy triumphs :—life or death decree,
The weakest here disdains thy power and thee !"

Thus when the Patriarch ceased, and every ear
Still listen'd in suspense of hope and fear,
Sublime, ineffable, angelic grace
Beam'd in his meek and venerable face ;
And sudden glory, streaming round his head,
O'er all his robes with lambent lustre spread ;
His earthly features grew divinely bright,
His essence seem'd transforming into light.
Brief silence, like the pause between the flash
At midnight and the following thunder-crash,
Ensued :—Anon, with universal cry,
The Giants rush'd upon the Prophet—"Die !"
The king leapt foremost from his throne ;—he drew
His battle-sword, as on his mark he flew ;
With aim unerring, and tempestuous sound,
The blade descended deep along the ground :
The foe was fled, and, self-o'erwhelm'd, his strength
Hurl'd to the earth his Atlantean length ;
But, ere his chiefs could stretch the helping arm,
He sprang upon his feet in pale alarm ;
Headlong and blind with rage he search'd around,
But *Enoch walk'd with God, and was not found.*

Yet where the captives stood, in holy awe,
Rapt on the wings of cherubim, they saw
Their sainted sire ascending through the night ;
He turn'd his face to bless them in his flight,
Then vanish'd :—Javan caught the Prophet's eye,
And snatch'd his mantle falling from the sky ;
O'er him the Spirit of the Prophet came,
Like rushing wind awakening hidden flame :
"Where is the God of Enoch now ?" he cried ;[27]

"Captives, come forth! Despisers, shrink aside!"
He spake, and, bursting through the Giant-throng,
Smote with the mantle as he moved along:
A power invisible their rage controll'd,
Hither and thither as he turn'd they roll'd;
Unawed, unharm'd, the ransom'd prisoners pass'd
Through ranks of foes astonied and aghast:
Close in the youth's conducting steps they trod:
—So Israel march'd when Moses raised his rod,
And led their host, enfranchised, through the wave,
The people's safeguard, the pursuers' grave.

Thus from the wolves this little flock was torn,
And, sheltering in the mountain-caves till morn,
They join'd to sing, in strains of full delight,
Songs of deliverance through the dreary night.

The Giants reach'd their camp:—the night's alarms
Meanwhile had startled all their slaves to arms:
They grasp'd their weapons as from sleep they sprang,
From tent to tent the brazen clangour rang:
The hail, the earthquake, the mysterious light
Unnerved their strength, o'erwhelm'd them with affright.
"Warriors! to battle;—summon all your powers!
Warriors! to conquest;—Paradise is ours!"
Exclaim'd their monarch:—not an arm was raised;
In vacancy of thought, like men amazed,
And lost amidst confounding dreams, they stood,
With palsied eyes, and horror-frozen blood.
The Giants' rage to instant madness grew;
The king and chiefs on their own legions flew,
Denouncing vengeance! Then had all the plain
Been heap'd with myriads by their leaders slain;
But, ere a sword could fall,—by whirlwinds driven,
In mighty volumes, through the vault of heaven,
From Eden's summit, o'er the camp accurst,
The darting fires with noonday splendour burst;

And fearful grew the scene above, below,
With sighs of mystery, and sounds of woe.
The embattled cherubim appear'd on high,
And coursers, wing'd with lightning, swept the sky;
Chariots, whose wheels with living instinct roll'd,
Spirits of unimaginable mould,
Powers, such as dwell in heaven's serenest light,
Too pure, too terrible, for mortal sight,
From depth of midnight suddenly reveal'd,
In arms, against the Giants took the field.
On such an host Elisha's servant gazed,
When all the mountain round the prophet blazed;[28]
With such an host, when war in heaven was wrought,
Michael against the Prince of Darkness fought.

Roused by the trumpet that shall wake the dead,
The torpid foe in consternation fled;
The Giants headlong in the uproar ran,
The king himself the foremost of the van,
Nor e'er his rushing squadrons led to fight
With swifter onset than he led that flight.
Homeward the panic-stricken legions flew;
Their arms, their vestments, from their limbs they threw;
Then, reckless of the harvest of their toils,
Their camp, their captives, all their treasured spoils,
Renew'd their flight o'er eastern hills afar,
With life alone escaping from that war
In which their king had hail'd his realm complete,
The world's last province bow'd beneath his feet.

Early and joyful o'er the dewy grass,
Straight to their glen the ransom'd Patriarchs pass:
As doves released their parent dwelling find,
They fly for life, nor cast a look behind;
And when they reach'd the dear sequester'd spot,
Enoch alone of all their train "*was not.*"
With them the bard, who from the world withdrew,

Javan, from folly and ambition flew;
Though poor his lot, within that narrow bound
Friendship, and home, and faithful love, he found:
There did his wanderings and afflictions cease;
His youth was penitence, his age was peace.

---

## A WALK IN SPRING.

I WANDER'D in a lonely glade,
Where, issuing from the forest shade,
A little mountain stream
Along the winding valley play'd,
Beneath the morning beam.

Light o'er the woods of dark-brown oak
The west-wind wreathed the hovering smoke,
From cottage-roofs conceal'd;
Below a rock abruptly broke,
In rosy light reveal'd.

'Twas in the infancy of May,—
The uplands glow'd in green array,
While from the ranging eye
The lessening landscape stretch'd away
To meet the bending sky.

'Tis sweet in solitude to hear
The earliest music of the year,
The blackbird's loud wild note,
Or, from the wintry thicket drear,
The thrush's stammering throat.

## A WALK IN SPRING.

In rustic solitude 'tis sweet
The earliest flowers of Spring to greet,—
  The violet from its tomb,
The strawberry, creeping at our feet,
  The sorrel's simple bloom.

Wherefore I love the walks of Spring,—
While still I hear new warblers sing,
  Fresh-opening bells I see;
Joy flits on every roving wing,
  Hope buds on every tree.

That morn I look'd and listen'd long,
Some cheering sight, some woodland song,
  As yet unheard, unseen,
To welcome, with remembrance strong
  Of days that once had been;—

When, gathering flowers, an eager child,
I ran abroad with rapture wild;
  Or, on more curious quest,
Peep'd breathless through the copse, and smiled,
  To see the linnet's nest.

Already had I watch'd the flight
Of swallows darting through the light,
  And mock'd the cuckoo's call;
Already view'd, o'er meadows bright,
  The evening rainbow fall.

Now in my walk, with sweet surprise,
I saw the first Spring cowslip rise,
  The plant whose pensile flowers
Bend to the earth their beauteous eyes,
  In sunshine as in showers.

Lone on a mossy bank it grew,
Where lichens, purple, white, and blue,
  Among the verdure crept;

Its yellow ringlets, dropping dew,
The breezes lightly swept.

A bee had nestled on its blooms,
He shook abroad their rich perfumes,
Then fled in airy rings;
His place a butterfly assumes,
Glancing his glorious wings.

O, welcome, as a friend! I cried;
A friend through many a season tried,
Nor ever sought in vain,
When May, with Flora at her side,
Is dancing on the plain.

Sure as the Pleiades adorn
The glittering coronet of morn,
In calm delicious hours,
Beneath thy beams thy buds are born,
'Midst love-awakening showers.

Scatter'd by Nature's graceful hand,
In briary glens or pasture-land,
Thy fairy tribes we meet;
Gay in the milk-maid's path they stand,
They kiss her tripping feet.

From Winter's farm-yard bondage freed,
The cattle, bounding o'er the mead
Where green the herbage grows,
Among thy fragrant blossoms feed,
Upon thy tufts repose.

Tossing his forelock o'er his mane,
The foal, at rest upon the plain,
Sports with thy flexile stalk,
But stoops his little neck in vain
To crop it in his walk.



Where thick thy primrose blossoms play,
Lovely and innocent as they,
  O'er coppice lawns and dells,
In bands the rural children stray,
  To pluck thy nectar'd bells;

Whose simple sweets, with curious skill,
The frugal cottage-dames distil,
  Nor envy France the vine,
While many a festal cup they fill
  With Britain's homely wine.

Unchanging still from year to year,
Like stars returning in their sphere,
  With undiminish'd rays,
Thy vernal constellations cheer
  The dawn of lengthening days.

Perhaps from Nature's earliest May,
Imperishable 'midst decay,
  Thy self-renewing race
Have breathed their balmy lives away
  In this neglected place.

And O, till Nature's final doom,
Here unmolested may they bloom,
  From scythe and plough secure;
This bank their cradle and their tomb,
  While earth and skies endure!

Yet, lowly Cowslip, while in thee
An old unalter'd friend I see,
  Fresh in perennial prime;
From Spring to Spring behold in me
  The woes and waste of Time.

This fading eye and withering mien
Tell what a sufferer I have been,
  Since, more and more estranged,
From hope to hope, from scene to scene,
  Through Folly's wiles I ranged.

Till, distanced in Ambition's race,
Weary of Pleasure's joyless chase,
  My peace untimely slain,



Sick of the world,—I turn'd my face
To fields and woods again.

## A WALK IN SPRING.

'Twas Spring;—my former haunts I found,
My favourite flowers adorn'd the ground,
  My darling minstrels play'd;
The mountains were with sunset crown'd,
  The valleys dun with shade.

And still, in Memory's twilight bowers,
The spirits of departed hours,
  With mellowing tints, portray
The blossoms of life's vernal flowers
  For ever fall'n away.

Till youth's delirious dream is o'er,
Sanguine with hope, we look before,
  The future good to find;
In age, when error charms no more,
  For bliss we look behind.



## THE ROSES.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND ON THE BIRTH OF HIS FIRST CHILD.

Two Roses on one slender spray
  In sweet communion grew,
Together hail'd the morning ray,
  And drank the evening dew;
While, sweetly wreathed in mossy green,
There sprang a little bud between.

Through clouds and sunshine, storms and showers,
  They open'd into bloom,
Mingling their foliage and their flowers,
  Their beauty and perfume;
While, foster'd on its rising stem,
The bud became a purple gem.

But soon their summer splendour pass'd,
  They faded in the wind;
Yet were these Roses to the last
  The loveliest of their kind,
Whose crimson leaves, in falling round,
Adorn'd and sanctified the ground.

## GREENLAND.

*The first three Moravian Missionaries are represented as on their Voyage to Greenland, in the Year* 1733.

The moon is watching in the sky; the stars
Are swiftly wheeling on their golden cars;
Ocean, outstretch'd with infinite expanse,
Serenely slumbers in a glorious trance;
The tide, o'er which no troubling spirits breathe,
Reflects a cloudless firmament beneath;
Where, poised as in the centre of a sphere,
A ship above and ship below appear;
A double image, pictured on the deep,
The vessel o'er its shadow seems to sleep:
Yet, like the host of heaven, that never rest,
With evanescent motion to the west
The pageant glides through loneliness and night,
And leaves behind a rippling wake of light.

Hark! through the calm and silence of the scene,
Slow, solemn, sweet, with many a pause between,
Celestial music swells along the air!
—No!—'tis the evening hymn of praise and prayer
From yonder deck; where, on the stern retired,
Three humble voyagers, with looks inspired,
And hearts enkindled with a holier flame
Than ever lit to empire or to fame,
Devoutly stand:—their choral accents rise
On wings of harmony beyond the skies;
And, 'midst the songs that Seraph-Minstrels sing,
Day, without night, to their immortal King,
These simple strains,—which erst Bohemian hills
Echo'd to pathless woods and desert rills,



Now heard from Shetland's azure bound,—are known
In heaven.
Then to *His* eye, whose instant glance pervades
Heaven's heights, Earth's circle, Hell's profoundest shades,
Is there a group more lovely than those three
Night-watching Pilgrims on the lonely sea?
Or to *His* ear, that gathers in one sound
The voices of adoring worlds around,

Comes there a breath of more delightful praise
Than the faint notes his poor disciples raise,
Ere on the treacherous main they sink to rest,
Secure as leaning on their Master's breast!

They sleep: but memory wakes; and dreams array
Night in a lively masquerade of day.
The land they seek, the land they leave behind,
Meet on mid-ocean in the plastic mind:
One brings forsaken home and friends so nigh,
That tears in slumber swell the' unconscious eye;
The other opens, with prophetic view,
Perils, which e'en their fathers never knew,
(Though school'd by suffering, long inured to toil,
Outcasts and exiles from their natal soil;)
—Strange scenes, strange men; untold, untried distress;
Pain, hardships, famine, cold, and nakedness,
Diseases; death in every hideous form,
On shore, at sea, by fire, by flood, by storm;
Wild beasts and wilder men;—unmoved with fear,
Health, comfort, safety, life, they count not dear,
May they but hope a Saviour's love to show,
And warn one spirit from eternal woe:
Nor will they faint; nor can they strive in vain,
Since thus—to live is CHRIST, to die is gain.

'Tis morn:—the bathing moon her lustre shrouds;
Wide o'er the east impends an arch of clouds,
That spans the ocean;—while the infant dawn
Peeps through the portal o'er the liquid lawn,
That ruffled by an April gale appears,
Between the gloom and splendour of the spheres,
Dark-purple as the moorland-heath, when rain
Hangs in low vapours o'er the autumnal plain:
Till the full Sun, resurgent from the flood,
Looks on the waves, and turns them into blood;
But quickly kindling, as his beams aspire,



The lambent billows play in forms of fire.
—Where is the Vessel?—Shining through the light,
Like the white sea-fowl's horizontal flight,
Yonder she wings, and skims, and cleaves her way
Through refluent foam and iridescent spray.

Unknowing whither; uninquiring why
Their lot was cast beneath so strange a sky,
Where cloud nor star appear'd, to mortal sense
Pointing the hidden path of Providence,
And all around was darkness to be felt;
—Yet in that darkness light eternal dwelt:
They knew—and 'twas enough for them to know—
The still small voice that whisper'd them to go;
For He, who spake by that mysterious voice,
Inspired their will, and made His call their choice.

See the swift vessel, bounding o'er the tide,
That wafts, with Christian David for their guide,
Two young Apostles on their joyful way
To regions in the twilight verge of day:
Freely they quit the clime that gave them birth,
Home, kindred, friendship, all they loved on earth;
What things were gain before, accounting loss,
And, glorying in the shame, they bear the cross;
—Not as the Spaniard, on his flag unfurl'd,
A bloody omen through a Pagan world;
—Not the vain image, which the Devotee
Clasps as the God of his idolatry;—
But in their hearts, to Greenland's western shore,
That dear memorial of their Lord they bore;
Amidst the wilderness to lift the sign
Of wrath appeased by Sacrifice Divine;
And bid a serpent-stung and dying race
Look on their Healer and be saved by grace.

*Hopes and Fears. The Brethren pursue their Voyage. A Digression on Iceland.*

WHAT are thine hopes, Humanity!—thy fears,
Poor voyager, upon this flood of years,
Whose tide, unturning, hurries to the sea
Of dark unsearchable eternity,
The fragile skiffs, in which thy children sail
A day, an hour, a moment, with the gale,
Then vanish;—gone like eagles on the wind,
Or fish in waves, that yield and close behind?
Thine Hopes,—lost anchors buried in the deep,
That rust, through storm and calm, in iron sleep;
Whose cables, loose aloft and fix'd below,
Rot with the sea-weed, floating to and fro!
Thy Fears—are wrecks that strew the fatal surge,
Whose whirlpools swallow, or whose currents urge,
Adventurous barks on rocks, that lurk at rest,
Where the blue halcyon builds her foam-light nest;
Or strand them on illumined shoals, that gleam
Like drifted gold in summer's cloudless beam:
Thus would thy race, beneath their parent's eye,
Live without knowledge, without prospect die.

The terrors of Jehovah, and his grace,
The Brethren bear to earth's remotest race.
And now, exulting on their swift career,
The northern waters narrowing in the rear,
They rise upon the' Atlantic flood, that rolls
Shoreless and fathomless between the poles.
Clear shines the sun; the surge, intensely blue,
Assumes by day heaven's own aërial hue:
Buoyant and beautiful, as through a sky,
On balanced wings, behold the vessel fly;
Invisibly impell'd, as though it felt

A soul, within its heart of oak that dwelt,
Which broke the billows with spontaneous force,
Ruled the free elements, and chose its course.
Not so:—and yet, along the trackless realm,
A hand unseen directs the' unconscious helm;
The Power that sojourn'd in the cloud by day,
And fire by night, on Israel's desert way;
That Power the obedient vessel owns:—His will,
Tempest and calm, and death and life, fulfil.

Day following day the current smoothly flows;
Labour is but refreshment from repose;
Perils are vanish'd; every fear resign'd;
Peace walks the waves, Hope carols on the wind;
And Time so sweetly travels o'er the deep,
They feel his motion like the fall of sleep
On weary limbs, that, stretch'd in stillness, seem
To float upon the eddy of a stream,
Then sink,—to wake in some transporting dream.
Thus, while the Brethren far in exile roam,
Visions of Greenland show their future home.
—Now a dark speck, but brightening as it flies,
A vagrant sea-fowl glads their eager eyes;
How lovely from the narrow deck to see
The meanest link of nature's family!
At once a thousand kind emotions start,
And the blood warms and mantles round the heart.
—O'er the ship's lee, the waves, in shadow seen,
Change from deep indigo to beryl green,
And wreaths of frequent weed, that slowly float,
Land to the watchful mariner denote:
Ere long the pulse beats quicker through his breast,
When, like a range of evening clouds at rest,
Iceland's gray cliffs and ragged coast he sees,
But shuns them, leaning on the southern breeze;
And, while they vanish far in distance, tells
Of lakes of fire and necromancers' spells.

Strange Isle! a moment to poetic gaze
Rise in thy majesty of rocks and bays,
Glens, fountains, caves that seem not things of earth,
But the wild shapes of some prodigious birth.

Hark! from yon caldron cave, the battle-sound
Of fire and water warring underground:
Rack'd on the wheels of an ebullient tide,
Here might some spirit, fall'n from bliss, abide,—
Such fitful wailings of intense despair,
Such emanating splendours fill the air.[29]
—He comes, he comes; the' infuriate Geyser springs
Up to the firmament on vapoury wings;
With breathless awe the mounting glory view;
White whirling clouds his steep ascent pursue.
But lo! a glimpse;—refulgent to the gale,
He starts all naked through his riven veil;
A fountain-column, terrible and bright,
A living, breathing, moving form of light:
From central earth to heaven's meridian thrown,
The mighty apparition towers alone,
Rising, as though for ever he could rise,
Storm and resume his palace in the skies,
All foam, and turbulence, and wrath below;
Around him beams the reconciling bow;
(Signal of peace, whose radiant girdle binds,
Till nature's doom, the waters and the winds;)
While mist and spray, condensed to sudden dews,
The air illumine with celestial hues,
As if the bounteous sun were raining down
The richest gems of his imperial crown.
In vain the spirit wrestles to break free,
Foot-bound to fathomless captivity;
A power unseen, by sympathetic spell
For ever working, to his flinty cell
Recalls him from the ramparts of the spheres:
He yields, collapses, lessens, disappears;

Darkness receives him in her vague abyss,
Around whose verge light froth and bubbles hiss,
While the low murmurs of the refluent tide
Far into subterranean silence glide,
The eye still gazing down the dread profound,
When the bent ear hath wholly lost the sound.
—But is he slain and sepulchred?—Again
The deathless giant sallies from his den,
Scales with recruited strength the ethereal walls,
Struggles afresh for liberty—and falls.
Yes, and for liberty the fight renew'd,
By day, by night, undaunted, unsubdued,
He shall maintain, till Iceland's solid base
Fail, and the mountains vanish from its face.

And can these fail?—Of Alpine height and mould
Schapta's unshaken battlements behold;
His throne an hundred hills; his sun-crown'd head
Resting on clouds; his robe of shadow spread
O'er half the isle; he pours from either hand
An unexhausted river through the land,
On whose fair banks, through valleys warm and green,
Cattle and flocks, and homes, and spires are seen.
Here Nature's earthquake-pangs were never felt;
Here in repose hath man for ages dwelt:
The everlasting mountain seems to say,
"I am,—and I shall never pass away."

Yet fifty winters, and, with huge uproar,
Thy pride shall perish;—thou shalt be no more!
Amidst chaotic ruins on the plain,
Those cliffs, these waters, shall be sought in vain![3]
—Through the dim vista of unfolding years,
A pageant of portentous woe appears.
Yon rosy groups, with golden locks, at play,
I see them,—few, decrepit, silent, gray;
Their fathers all at rest beneath the sod,
Whose flowerless verdure marks the House of God,

Home of the living and the dead ;—where meet
Kindred and strangers, in communion sweet,
When dawns the Sabbath on the block-built pile ;
The kiss of peace, the welcome, and the smile
Go round ; till comes the Priest, a father there,
And the bell knolls his family to prayer :
Angels might stoop from thrones in heaven, to be
Co-worshippers in such a family,
Whom from their nooks and dells, where'er they roam,
The Sabbath gathers to their common home.
Oh ! I would stand a keeper at this gate
Rather than reign with kings in guilty state ;
A day in such serene enjoyment spent
Were worth an age of splendid discontent !
—But whither am I hurried from my theme ?
Schapta returns on the prophetic dream.

From eve till morn strange meteors streak the pole ;
At cloudless noon mysterious thunders roll,
As if below both shore and ocean hurl'd
From deep convulsions of the nether world :
Anon the river, boiling from its bed,
Shall leap its bounds and o'er the lowlands spread,
Then waste in exhalation,—leaving void
As its own channel, utterly destroy'd,
Fields, gardens, dwellings, churches, and their graves,
All wreck'd or disappearing with the waves.
The fugitives that 'scape this instant death
Inhale slow pestilence with every breath ;
Mephitic steams from Schapta's mouldering breast
With livid horror shall the air infest ;
And day shall glare so foully on the sight,
Darkness were refuge from the curse of light.
Lo ! far among the glaciers, wrapt in gloom,
The red precursors of approaching doom,
Scatter'd and solitary founts of fire,
Unlock'd by hands invisible, aspire :

Ere long, more rapidly than eye can count,
Above, beneath, they multiply, they mount,
Converge, condense,—a crimson phalanx form,
And rage aloft in one unbounded storm;
From heaven's red roof the fierce reflections throw
A sea of fluctuating light below.
—Now the whole army of destroyers, fleet
As whirlwinds, terrible as lightnings, meet;
The mountains melt like wax along their course,
When, downward pouring with resistless force
Through the void channel where the river roll'd,
To ocean's verge their flaming march they hold;
While blocks of ice, and crags of granite rent,
Half-fluid ore, and rugged minerals blent,
Float on the gulf, till molten or immersed,
Or in explosive thunderbolts dispersed.
Thus shall the Schapta, towering on the brink
Of unknown jeopardy, in ruin sink;
And, this wild paroxysm of frenzy past,
At her own work shall Nature stand aghast.

Look on this desolation:—mark yon brow,
Once adamant, a cone of ashes now:
Here rivers swampt; there valleys levell'd, plains
O'erwhelm'd;—one black-red wilderness remains,
One crust of lava, through whose cinder-heat
The pulse of buried streams is felt to beat;
These from the frequent fissures, eddying white,
Sublimed to vapour, issue forth like light
Amidst the sulphury fumes, that, drear and dun,
Poison the atmosphere and blind the sun.
Above, as if the sky had felt the stroke
Of that volcano, and consumed to smoke,
One cloud appears in heaven, and one alone,
Hung round the dark horizon's craggy zone,
Forming at once the vast encircling wall,
And the dense roof, of some Tartarean hall,

Propt by a thousand pillars, huge and strange,
Fantastic forms that every moment change,
As, hissing, surging from the floor beneath,
Volumes of steam the' imprison'd waters breathe.
Then, should the sun, ere evening gloom ascend,
Quick from the west the murky curtain rend,
And pour the beauty of his beams between
These hideous arches, and light up the scene ;
At the sweet touch of his transforming rays,
With amber lustre all the columns blaze,
And the thick folds of cumbrous fog aloof
Change to rich drapery of celestial woof :
With such enchantment air and earth were fraught,
Beyond the colouring of the wealthiest thought,
That Iceland scalds, transported at the view,
Might deem the legends of their fathers true,
And here behold, illumining the waste,
The palace of immortal Odin placed ;
Till rapt Imagination joy'd to hear
The neigh of steeds, the clank of armour near,
And saw, in barbarous state, the tables spread
With shadowy food, and compass'd with the dead,
Weary from conflicts,—still the fierce delight
Of spectre-warriors, in the daily fight :
Then while they quaff'd the mead from skulls of foes,
By whirlwind gusts the din of battle rose ;
The strife of tongues, the tournament of words,
Following the shock of shields, the clash of swords ;
Till, gorged and drunken at the' enormous feast,
Awhile their revels and their clamour ceased ;
Ceased to the eye and ear ;—yet where they lay,
Like sleeping lions, surfeited with prey,
In tawny groups, recumbent through the den,
In dreams the heroes drank and fought again.

Away with such Divinities ! their birth
Man's brain-sick superstition, and their mirth

Lust, rapine, cruelty;—their fell employ
God's works and their own votaries to destroy.
—The Runic Bard to nobler themes shall string
His ancient harp, and mightier triumphs sing;
For glorious days are risen on Iceland:—clear
The Gospel-trumpet sounds to every ear,
And deep in many a heart the Spirit's voice
Bids the believing soul in hope rejoice.
O'er the stern face of this tempestuous isle,
Though briefly Spring, and Autumn never, smile,
Truth walks with naked foot the unyielding snows,
And the glad desert blossoms like the rose.
Though earthquakes heave, though torrents drown, his cot,
Volcanoes waste his fields,—the peasant's lot
Is blest beyond the destiny of kings:
—Lifting his eyes above sublunar things,
Like dying Stephen, when he saw in prayer
Heaven open'd, and his Saviour beckoning there,
He cries, and clasps his Bible to his breast,
"Let the earth perish,—*here* is not my rest."

---

*The Voyage to Greenland concluded. A Fog at Sea. Ice-Fields. Eclipse of the Sun. A Storm. The Ice-Blink. Northern Lights. The Brethren land.*

How speed the faithful witnesses, who bore
The Bible and its hopes to Greenland's shore?
Yonder the ship, a solitary speck,
Comes bounding from the horizon; while on deck
Again Imagination rests her wing,
And smooths her pinions, while the Pilgrims sing
Their vesper oraisons. The Sun retires,—

Not as he wont, with clear and golden fires ;
Bewilder'd in a labyrinth of haze,
His orb redoubled, with discolour'd rays,
Struggles and vanishes ;—along the deep,
With slow array, expanding vapours creep,
Whose folds, in twilight's yellow glare uncurl'd,
Present the dreams of an unreal world ;
Islands in air suspended ; marching ghosts
Of armies, shapes of castles, winding coasts,
Navies at anchor, mountains, woods, and streams,
Where all is strange, and nothing what it seems ;
Till deep-involving gloom, without a spark
Of star, moon, meteor, desolately dark,
Seals up the vision :—then, the pilot's fears
Slacken his arm ; a doubtful course he steers,
Till morning comes, but comes not clad in light ;
Uprisen day is but a paler night,
Revealing not a glimpse of sea or sky ;
The ship's circumference bounds the sailor's eye.
So cold and dense the' impervious fog extends,
He might have touch'd the point where being ends ;
His bark is all the universe ; so void
The scene,—as though creation were destroy'd,
And he and his few mates, of all their race,
Were here becalm'd in everlasting space.[31]

Silent and motionless, above, below,
The sails all struck, the waves unheard to flow,
In this drear blank of utter solitude,
Where life stands still, no faithless fears intrude ;
Through that impervious veil the Brethren see
The face of omnipresent Deity.

And step by step the Lord those suppliants led ;
He gave them daily grace like daily bread ;
By sea, on shore, through all their pilgrimage,
In rest and labour, to their latest age,



Sharp though their trials, and their comforts scant,
God was their refuge, and they knew not want.

On rustling pinions, like an unseen bird,
Among the yards a stirring breeze is heard :
The conscious vessel wakes as from a trance,
Her colours float, the filling sails advance ;
White from her prow the murmuring surge recedes :—

—So the swan, startled from her nest of reeds,
Swells into beauty, and, with curving chest,
Cleaves the blue lake, with motion soft as rest.
Light o'er the liquid lawn the pageant glides;
Her helm the well-experienced pilot guides,
And, while he threads the mist-enveloped maze,
Turns to the magnet his inquiring gaze,
In whose mute oracle, where'er he steers,
The pointing hand of Providence appears;
With this, though months of gloom the main enrobe,
His keel might plough a furrow round the globe.

Again the night ascends without a star:
Low sounds come booming o'er the waves afar,
As if conflicting navies shook the flood,
With human thunders in the strife of blood.
The seaman hearkens;—colour flies his cheek,
His stout heart throbs with fears he dare not speak.
No lightning-splendours streak the' unbroken gloom;
—His bark may shoot the gulf beyond the tomb,
And he, if e'er it come, may meet a light
Which never yet hath dawn'd on living sight.
Fresher and fresher blows the' insurgent gale;
He reefs his tops, he narrows sail by sail,
Yet feels the ship with swifter impulse sweep,
O'er mightier billows, the recoiling deep;
While still, with doleful omen on his ear,
Come the deaf echoes of those sounds of fear,
Distant,—yet every volley rolls more near.

Oh! in that agony of thought forlorn,
How longs the impatient mariner for morn!
She wakes,—his eyes are wither'd to behold
The scene which her disastrous beams unfold:
The fog is vanish'd, but the welkin lowers,
Sharp hail descends, and sleet in blinding showers;
Ocean one bed of foam, with fury tost,

In undistinguishable whiteness lost,
Save where vast fields of ice their surface show,
Buoyant, but many a fathom sunk below:
Changing his station as the fragments pass,
Death stands the pilot of each ponderous mass;
Gathering his brow into the darkest frown,
He bolts his raft to run the victim down,
But shoots astern:—the shock the vessel feels,
A moment in the giddy whirlpool reels,
Then like an arrow soars, as through the air,
So high the salient waves their burden bear.

Quick skirmishes with floating batteries past,
Ruin inevitable threats at last:
Athwart the north, like ships of battle spread,
Winter's flotilla, by their captain led,
Islands of ice, so wedged and grappled lie,
One moving continent appals the eye,
And to the ear renews those notes of doom
That brought portentous warnings through the gloom;
For loud and louder, with explosive shocks,
Sudden convulsions split the frost-bound rocks.
In front this perilous array;—behind,
Borne on the surges, driven by the wind,
The vessel hurries to the brink of fate;
All efforts fail,—but prayer is not too late:
Then, in the imminent and ghastly fall
Foul on destruction, the disciples call
On Him, who in the midnight watch was seen,
Walking the gulf, ineffably serene;
On Him they call;—their prayer, in faith preferr'd
Amidst the frantic hurricane, is heard;
The Angel of the Waters;—he, whose wrath
Had hurl'd the vessel on that shipwreck path,
Becomes a minister of grace;—his breath
Blows,—and the enemies are scatter'd,—Death,
Reft of his quarry, plunges through the wave,

Buried himself where he had mark'd their grave.
The line of battle broken, and the chain
Of that armada, which oppress'd the main,
Snapt hopelessly asunder, quickly all
The' enormous masses in disruption fall,
And the weak vessel, through the chaos wild,
Led by the mighty Angel,—as a child,
Snatch'd from its crib, and in the mother's arms
Borne through a midnight tumult of alarms,—
Escapes the wrecks ; nor slackens her career
Till sink the forms, and cease the sounds, of fear.

Light-breathing gales awhile their course propel,
The billows roll with pleasurable swell,
Till the seventh dawn ; when o'er the pure expanse
The sun, like lightning, throws his earliest glance,
" Land ! Land ! " exclaims the ship-boy from the mast,
" Land ! Land ! " with one electric shock hath pass'd
From lip to lip, and every eye hath caught
The cheering glimpse so long, so dearly sought :
Yet must imagination half supply
The doubtful streak, dividing sea and sky ;
Nor clearly known, till, in sublimer day,
From icy cliffs refracted splendours play,
And clouds of sea-fowl high in ether sweep,
Or fall like stars through sunshine on the deep.
'Tis Greenland ! yet so beautiful the sight,
The Brethren gaze with undisturb'd delight :
In silence (as before the Throne) they stand,
And pray, in prospect of that promised land,
That He, who sends them thither, may abide
Through the waste howling wilderness their guide ;
And the Good Shepherd seek his straying flocks,
Lost on those frozen waves and herbless rocks.

Their faith must yet be tried :—the sun at noon
Shrinks from the shadow of the passing moon,



Till, ray by ray of all his pomp bereft
(Save one slight ring of quivering lustre left),
Total eclipse involves his peerless eye :
Portentous twilight creeps around the sky ;
The frighted sea-birds to their haunts repair ;
There is a freezing stillness in the air,

As if the blood through Nature's veins ran cold,
A prodigy so fearful to behold ;
A few faint stars gleam through the dread serene,
Trembling and pale spectators of the scene ;
While the rude mariners, with stern amaze,
As on some tragic execution gaze,
When calm but awful guilt is stretch'd to feel
The torturing fire, or dislocating wheel,
And life, like light from yonder orb, retires,
Spark after spark, till the whole man expires.

The sun hath cast aside his veil ;—he shines
With purest splendour till his orb declines ;
Then landward, marshalling in black array,
Eruptive vapours drive him from the day ;
Heaven in one ebon mass of horror scowls :
—Anon a universal whirlwind howls,
With such precipitation dash'd on high,
Not from one point, but from the whole dark sky,
The surges at the onset shrink aghast,
Borne down beneath the paralysing blast ;
But soon the mad tornado slants its course,
And rolls them into mountains by main force,
Then, utterly embroil'd through clouds and waves,
As 'twixt two oceans met in conflict, raves.
Now to the passive bark, alternate tost,
Above, below, both sea and sky are lost
All but the giddy summit, where her keel
Hangs in light balance on the billowy wheel ;
Then, as the swallow, in his windward flight,
Quivers the wing, returns, and darts downright,
She plunges through the blind abyss, and o'er
Her groaning masts the cavern'd waters roar.
Ruled by the hurricane, no more the helm
Obeys the pilot ;—seas on seas o'erwhelm
The deck ; where oft embattled currents meet,
Foam in white whirlpools, flash to spray, retreat,

And rock the vessel with their huge turmoils,
Like the cork-float around the fisher's toils.
Three days of restless agony, that seem
Of one delirious night the waking dream,
The mariners in vain their labours ply,
Or sick at heart in pale despondence lie.
The Brethren, weak, yet firm as when they faced
Winter's ice-legions on his own bleak waste,
In patient hope, that utters no complaint,
Pray without ceasing; pray, and never faint.
Bow'd to His will,—their lot how truly blest,
Who live to serve Him, and who die to rest!

To live and serve Him, is their Lord's decree;
He curbs the wind, He calms the' infuriate sea;
The sea and wind their Maker's yoke obey,
And waft his servants on their destined way.
Though many a league by that disaster driven
Thwart from their course, with planks and cordage riven,
With hands disabled, and exhausted strength,
The active crew refit their bark at length;
Onward and smooth their voyage they pursue,
Till Greenland's coast again salutes their view.

'Tis sunset: to the firmament serene
The' Atlantic wave reflects a gorgeous scene;
Broad in the cloudless west a belt of gold
Girds the blue hemisphere; above, unroll'd,
The keen clear air grows palpable to sight,
Embodied in a flush of crimson light,
Through which the evening star, with milder gleam,
Descends to meet her image in the stream.
Far in the east, what spectacle unknown
Allures the eye to gaze on it alone?
—Amidst black rocks, that lift on either hand
Their countless peaks, and mark receding land;
Amidst a tortuous labyrinth of seas,

That shine around the arctic Cyclades;
Amidst a coast of dreariest continent,
In many a shapeless promontory rent;
—O'er rocks, seas, islands, promontories spread,
The Ice-Blink rears its undulated head,[32]
On which the sun, beyond the' horizon shrined,
Hath left his richest garniture behind;
Piled on a hundred arches, ridge by ridge,
O'er fix'd and fluid strides the Alpine bridge,
Whose blocks of sapphire seem to mortal eye
Hewn from cerulean quarries of the sky;
With glacier-battlements, that crowd the spheres,
The slow creation of six thousand years,
Amidst immensity it towers sublime,
—Winter's eternal palace, built by Time:
All human structures by his touch are borne
Down to the dust;—mountains themselves are worn
With his light footsteps; *here* for ever grows,
Amid the region of unmelting snows,
A monument, where every flake that falls
Gives adamantine firmness to the walls.
The sun beholds no mirror, in his race,
That shows a brighter image of his face;
The stars, in their nocturnal vigils, rest
Like signal-fires on its illumined crest;
The gliding moon around the ramparts wheels,
And all its magic lights and shades reveals;
Beneath, the tide with idle fury raves
To undermine it through a thousand caves;
Rent from its roof, though thundering fragments oft
Plunge to the gulf; immovable aloft,
From age to age, in air, o'er sea, on land,
Its turrets heighten and its piers expand.

Midnight hath told his hour; the moon, yet young,
Hangs in the argent west her bow unstrung;
Larger and fairer, as her lustre fades,

Sparkle the stars amidst the deepening shades:
Jewels, more rich than night's regalia, gem
The distant Ice-Blink's spangled diadem;
Like a new morn from orient darkness, there
Phosphoric splendours kindle in mid-air,
As though from heaven's self-opening portals came
Legions of spirits in an orb of flame,
—Flame, that from every point an arrow sends
Far as the concave firmament extends:
Spun with the tissue of a million lines,
Glistening like gossamer the welkin shines:
The constellations in their pride look pale
Through the quick-trembling brilliance of that veil.
Then, suddenly converged, the meteors rush
O'er the wide south; one deep vermilion blush
O'erspreads Orion glaring on the flood,
And rabid Sirius foams through fire and blood;
Again the circuit of the pole they range,
Motion and figure every moment change,
Through all the colours of the rainbow run,
Or blaze like wrecks of a dissolving sun;
Wide ether burns with glory, conflict, flight,
And the glad ocean dances in the light.

The seaman's jealous eye askance surveys
This pageantry of evanescent rays,
While in the horror of misgiving fear
New storms already thunder on his ear:
But morning comes, and brings him sweet release;
Day shines and sets; at evening all is peace;
Another and another day is past;
The fourth appears,—the loveliest and the last!
The sails are furl'd; the anchor drags the sand;
The boat hath cross'd the creek;—the Brethren land.

## GREENLAND.

*Retrospect of ancient Greenland:—The Discovery of Iceland, of Greenland, of Winaland. The Norwegian Colonies on the Eastern and Western Coasts of Greenland; the Appearance of the Skraellings, or Modern Greenlanders, in the West, and the Destruction of the Norwegian Settlers in that quarter.*

HERE while in peace the weary Pilgrims rest,
Turn we our voyage from the new-found west,
Sail up the current of departed time,
And seek along its banks that vanish'd clime
By ancient scalds in Runic verse renown'd,
Now, like old Babylon, no longer found.
—"Oft was I weary when I toil'd at thee;"
This, on an oar abandon'd to the sea,
Some hand had graven:—From what founder'd boat
It fell;—how long on ocean's waves afloat;
—Who mark'd it with that melancholy line;
No record tells:—Greenland! such fate was thine;
Whate'er thou wast, of thee remains no more
Than a brief legend on a foundling oar;
And he, whose song would now revive thy fame,
Grasps but the shadow of a mighty name.

Five thousand years, unvisited, unknown,
Greenland lay slumbering in the frozen zone,—
While heaven's resplendent host pursued their way
To light the wolf and eagle to their prey,
And tempests o'er the main their terrors spread
To rock Leviathan upon his bed;—
Ere Ingolf his undaunted flag unfurl'd,
To search the secrets of the polar world.
'Twas liberty, that fires the coldest veins,
And exile, famine, death, prefers to chains;
'Twas liberty, through floods unplough'd before,

That led his gallant crew from Norway's shore;
They cut their cable, and in thunder broke
With their departing oars the tyrant's yoke;
The deep their country, and their bark their home,
A floating isle, on which they joy'd to roam
Amidst immensity; with waves and wind
Now sporting and now wrestling;—unconfined,
Save by the blue surrounding firmament,
Full, yet for ever widening as they went;
Thus sail'd those mariners, unheeding where
They found a port, if Freedom anchor'd there.

By stars that never set their course they steer'd,
And northward with indignant impulse veer'd;
For sloth had lull'd, and luxury o'errun,
And bondage seized, the realms that loved the sun.
At length by mountain-ice, with perils strange,
Menaced, repell'd, and forced their track to change,
They bade the unimprison'd raven fly,
A living compass through the chartless sky:
Up to the zenith, swift as fire, he soar'd,
Through the clear boundless atmosphere explored
The dim horizon stretch'd beneath his sight;
Then to the west full-onward shot his flight:
Thither they follow; till, from Thule's rocks,
Around the bird of tempests rose the flocks
Of screaming sea-fowl, widening ring o'er ring,
Till heaven grew dark,—then, wheeling on the wing
Landward, they whiten all the rocks below,
Or, diving, melt into the gulf like snow.
Pleased with the proud discovery, Ingolf gave
His lintel and his doorposts to the wave,
Divining, as they drifted to the strand,
The will of destiny,—the place to land.
There on a homeless soil his foot he placed,
Framed his hut-palace, colonised the waste,
And ruled his horde with patriarchal sway;

—Where justice reigns, 'tis freedom to obey :
And there his race, in long succession blest,
(Like generations in the eagle's nest,
Upon their own hereditary rock,)
Flourish'd, invincible to every shock
Of time, chance, foreign force, or civil rage,—
A noble dynasty from age to age ;
And Iceland shone for generous lore renown'd,
A northern light, when all was gloom around.

Ere long, by brave adventurers on the tide,
A new Hesperian region was descried,
Which fancy deem'd, or fable feign'd, so fair,
Fleets from old Norway pour'd their settlers there,
Who traced and peopled far that double shore,
Round whose repelling rocks two oceans roar,
Till, at the southern promontory, tost
By tempests, each is in its rival lost.
Thus Greenland (so that arctic world they named)
Was planted, and to utmost Calpe famed
For wealth exhaustless, which her seas could boast,
And prodigies of Nature on her coast ;
Where, in the green recess of every glen,
The House of Prayer o'ertopt the' abodes of men,
And flocks and cattle grazed by summer-streams,
That track'd the valleys with meandering gleams :
While on the mountains ice eternal frown'd,
And growing glaciers deepen'd tow'rds the ground,
Year after year, as centuries roll'd away,
Nor lost one moment till that judgment-day
When eastern Greenland from the world was rent,
Ingulf'd,—or fix'd one frozen continent.

'Twere long and dreary to recount in rhyme
The crude traditions of that long-lost clime.
Nor stay we monkish legends to rehearse ;
To build their cloister-walls in Gothic verse ;

Of groves and gardens, wine and music, tell;
Fresh roses breathing round the hermit's cell.

Rather the muse would stretch a mightier wing,
Of a new world the earliest dawn to sing;
How,—long ere Science, in a dream of thought,
Earth's younger daughter to Columbus brought,
And sent him, like the Faerie Prince, in quest
Of *that* "bright vestal throned in the west."
—Greenland's bold sons, by instinct, sallied forth
On barks, like icebergs drifting from the north,
Cross'd without magnet undiscover'd seas,
And, all surrendering to the stream and breeze,
Touch'd on the line of that twin-bodied land
That stretches forth to either pole a hand,
From arctic wilds that see no winter-sun
To where the oceans of the world are one,
And round Magellan's straits, Fuego's shore,
Atlantic, Indian, and Pacific roar.

Regions of beauty there these rovers found;
The flowery hills with emerald woods were crown'd;
Spread o'er the vast savannahs, buffalo herds
Ranged without master; and the bright-wing'd birds
Made gay the sunshine as they glanced along,
Or turn'd the air to music with their song.

Here from his mates a German youth had stray'd,
Where the broad river cleft the forest glade;
The wild boar rustled headlong through the brake;
Like a live arrow leap'd the rattle-snake;
The uncouth shadow of the climbing bear
Crawl'd on the grass, while he aspired in air;
Anon with hoofs, like hail, the greenwood rang,
Among the scattering deer a panther sprang:
The stripling fear'd not,—yet he trod with awe,
As if enchantment breathed o'er all he saw,



Till in his path uprose a wilding vine ;
—Then o'er his memory rush'd the noble Rhine ;

Home and its joys, with fulness of delight,
So rapt his spirit, so beguiled his sight,
That, in those glens of savage solitude,
Vineyards and corn-fields, towns and spires, he view'd,
And through the image-chamber of his soul
The days of other years like shadows stole:
All that he once had been, again he grew;
Through every stage of life he pass'd anew;
The playmates of his infancy were there,
With dimpled cheeks, blue eyes, and flaxen hair;
The blithe companions of his riper youth,
And one whose heart was love, whose soul was truth.
—When the quick-mingling pictures of that dream
(Like broken scenery on a troubled stream,
Where sky and landscape, light and darkness, run
Through widening circles,) harmonized in one,
His father's cot appear'd, with vine-leaves drest,
And clusters pendent round the swallow's nest;
In front the little garden, at whose gate,
Amidst their progeny, his parents sate,
He only absent;—but his mother's eye
Look'd through a tear,—she reach'd him with a sigh:
Then in a moment vanish'd time and space,
And with a shout he rush'd to her embrace.
Round hills and dales the joyful tidings spread;
All ran to welcome TYRKER from the dead.

*Wineland* the glad discoverers call'd that shore,
And back the tidings of its riches bore;
But soon returned with colonising bands,
—Men that at home would sigh for unknown lands;
Men of all weathers, fit for every toil,
War, commerce, pastime, peace, adventure, spoil;
Bold master-spirits, where they touch'd they gain'd
Ascendance; where they fix'd their foot they reign'd.
Both coasts they long inherited, though wide
Dissever'd; stemming to and fro the tide,



Free as the Syrian dove explores the sky,
Their helm their hope, their compass in their eye,

They found at will, where'er they pleased to roam,
The ports of strangers or their northern home,
Still 'midst tempestuous seas and zones of ice,
Loved as their own, their *unlost* Paradise.
—Yet was their Paradise for ever lost:
War, famine, pestilence, the power of frost,
Their woes combining, wither'd from the earth
This late creation, like a timeless birth,
The fruit of age and weakness, forced to light,
Breathing awhile,—relapsing into night.

Ages had seen the vigorous race, that sprung
From Norway's stormy forelands, rock'd when young
In ocean's cradle, hardening as they rose,
Like mountain-pines amidst perennial snows;
—Ages had seen these sturdiest sons of Time
Strike root and flourish in that ruffian clime,
Commerce with lovelier lands and wealthier hold,
Yet spurn the lures of luxury and gold;
Beneath the umbrage of the Gallic vine,
For moonlight snows and cavern-shelter pine;
Turn from Campanian fields a lofty eye
To gaze upon the glorious Alps, and sigh,
Remembering Greenland; more and more endear'd,
As far and farther from its shores they steer'd;
Greenland their world,—and all was strange beside;
Elsewhere they wander'd: here they lived and died.

At length a swarthy tribe, without a name,
Unknown the point of windward whence they came;
—But all mysterious,—found their sudden way
To Greenland; pour'd along the western bay
Their straggling families; and seized the soil
For their domain, the ocean for their spoil.



*The Depopulation of the Norwegian Colonies on the Eastern Coast of Greenland, and the Abandonment of Intercourse with it from Europe, in consequence of the Increase of the Arctic Ices, about the beginning of the Fifteenth Century.*

THE floods are raging, and the gales blow high,
Low as a dungeon roof impends the sky;
Prisoners of hope, between the clouds and waves,
Six fearless sailors man yon boat, that braves
Peril redoubling upon peril past:
—From childhood nurslings of the wayward blast,
Aloft as o'er a buoyant arch they go,
Whose keystone breaks;—as deep they plunge below;

Unyielding, though the strength of man be vain;
Struggling, though borne like surf along the main;
In front, a battlement of rocks; in rear,
Billow on billow bounding: near, more near,
They verge to ruin;—life and death depend
On the next impulse;—shrieks and prayers ascend;
When, like the fish that mounts on drizzling wings,
Sheer from the gulf the' ejected vessel springs,
And grounds on inland ice, beyond the track
Of hissing foam-wreaths, whence the tide roll'd back;
Then ere that tide, returning to the charge,
Swallows the wreck, the captives are at large.
On either hand steep hills obstruct their path;
Behind, the ocean roaring in his wrath,
Mad as a Libyan wilderness by night,
With all its lions up, in chase or fight.
The fugitives right onward shun the beach,
Nor tarry till the inmost cove they reach;
Recluded in the labyrinthine dell,
Like the last hollow of a spiral shell.
There, with the axe or knife which haste could save,
They build a house;—perhaps they dig a grave:
Of solid snow, well-squared, and piled in blocks,
Brilliant as hewn from alabaster rocks,
Their palace rises, narrowing to the roof,
And freezes into marble, tempest-proof;
Night closing round, within its shade they creep,
And weary Nature sinks at once to sleep.

Oh! could we walk amidst their dreams, and see
All that they have been, are, or wish to be,
In fancy's world!—each at his own fire-side:
One greets a parent; one a new-made bride;
Another clasps his babe with fond embrace,
A smile in slumber mantling o'er his face;
All dangers are forgotten in a kiss,
Or but remember'd to exalt the bliss.

—One wounded sufferer wakes, with pain opprest,
Yet are his thoughts at home among the rest;
Then beams his eye, his heart dilated burns,
Till the dark vigil to a vision turns,
That vision to reality: and home
Is so endear'd, he vows no more to roam.
Ha! suddenly he starts: with trembling lips,
Salt shower drops, oozing through the roof, he sips:
Aware that instant, yet alarm'd too late,
—The sea hath burst its barrier, fix'd their fate;
Escape impossible: the tempests urge
Through the deep dell the inundating surge:
Nor wall nor roof the' impetuous flood controls;
Above, around, within, the deluge rolls:
He calls his comrades;—ere their doom be known,
'Tis past!—the snow-house utterly o'erthrown,
Its inmates vanish'd; never to be found,
Living or dead, on habitable ground.

Behold a scene, magnificent and new;
Nor land nor water meet the' excursive view;
The round horizon girds one frozen plain,
The mighty tombstone of the buried main,
Where, dark and silent, and unfelt to flow,
A dead sea sleeps with all its tribes below.
But heaven is still itself; the deep blue sky
Comes down with smiles to meet the glancing eye,
Though, if a keener sight its bound would trace,
The arch recedes through everlasting space.
The sun, in morning glory, mounts his throne,
Nor shines he here in solitude unknown;
North, south, and west, by dogs or reindeer drawn,
Careering sledges cross the unbroken lawn,
And bring, from bays and forelands round the coast,
Youth, beauty, valour, Greenland's proudest boast,
Who thus, in winter's long and social reign,
Hold feasts and tournaments upon the main,

When, built of solid floods, his bridge extends
A highway o'er the gulf to meeting friends,
Whom rocks impassable, or winds and tide,
Fickle and false, in summer months divide.

The scene runs round with motion, rings with mirth,
—No happier spot upon the peopled earth;
The drifted snow to dust the travellers beat,
The' uneven ice is flint beneath their feet.
Here tents, a gay encampment, rise around,
Where music, song, and revelry resound;
There the blue smoke upwreathes a hundred spires,
Where humbler groups have lit their pine-wood fires.
Ere long they quit the tables; knights and dames
Lead the blithe multitude to boisterous games.
Bears, wolves, and lynxes yonder head the chase;
Here start the harness'd reindeer in the race;
Borne without wheels, a flight of rival cars
Track the ice-firmament, like shooting stars,
Right to the goal,—converging as they run,
They dwindle through the distance into one.
Where smoother waves have formed a sea of glass,
With pantomimic change the skaters pass;
Now toil like ships 'gainst wind and stream; then wheel
Like flames blown suddenly asunder; reel
Like drunkards; then, dispersed in tangents wide,
Away with speed invisible they glide.
Peace in their hearts, death-weapons in their hands,
Fierce in mock-battle meet fraternal bands,
Whom the same chiefs erewhile to conflict led,
When friends by friends, by kindred kindred, bled.
Here youthful rings with pipe and drum advance,
And foot the mazes of the giddy dance;
Gray-beard spectators, with illumined eye,
Lean on their staves, and talk of days gone by;
Children, who mimic all, from pipe and drum
To chase and battle, dream of years to come.



There is a boy, a solitary boy,
Who takes no part in all this whirl of joy,

Yet, in the speechless transport of his soul,
He lives, and moves, and breathes throughout the whole:
Him should destruction spare, the plot of earth,
That forms his play-ground, gave a poet birth,
Who, on the wings of his immortal lays,
Thine heroes, Greenland! to the stars shall raise.
It must not be:—abruptly from the show
He turns his eyes; his thoughts are gone below
To sound the depths of ocean, where his mind
Creates the wonders which it cannot find.
Listening, as oft he listens in a shell
To the mock tide's alternate fall and swell,
He kneels upon the ice,—inclines his ear,
And hears,—or does he only seem to hear?—
A sound, as though the Genius of the deep
Heaved a long sigh, awaking out of sleep.
He starts;—'twas but a pulse within his brain!
No;—for he feels it beat through every vein;
Groan following groan, (as from a giant's breast,
Beneath a burying mountain, ill at rest,)
With awe ineffable his spirit thrills,
And rapture fires his blood, while terror chills.
The keen expression of his eye alarms
His mother; she hath caught him in her arms,
And learn'd the cause;—that cause no sooner known,
From lip to lip o'er many a league is flown;
Voices to voices, prompt as signals, rise
In shrieks of consternation to the skies:
Those skies, meanwhile, with gathering darkness scowl;
Hollow and winterly the bleak winds howl.
—From morn till noon had ether smiled serene,
Save one black-belted cloud, far eastward seen,
Like a snow-mountain;—there in ambush lay
The' undreaded tempest, panting for his prey:
That cloud by stealth hath through the welkin spread,
And hangs in meteor-twilight over-head;
At foot, beneath the adamantine floor,

Loose in their prison-house the surges roar:
To every eye, ear, heart, the' alarm is given,
And landward crowds, (like flocks of sea-fowl driven,
When storms are on the wing,) in wild affright,
On foot, in sledges, urge their panic flight,
In hope the refuge of the shore to gain
Ere the disruption of the struggling main,
Foretold by many a stroke, like lightning sent
In thunder, through the' unstable continent,
Which now, elastic on the swell below,
Rolls high in undulation to and fro.
Men, reindeer, dogs, the giddy impulse feel,
And, jostling headlong, back and forward reel:
While snow, sleet, hail, or whirling gust of wind,
Exhaust, bewilder, stop the breath, and blind.
All is dismay and uproar; some have found
Death for deliverance, as they leap'd on ground
Swept back into the flood:—but hope is vain:
Ere half the fugitives the beach can gain,
The fix'd ice, severing from the shore, with shocks
Of earthquake violence, bounds against the rocks;
Then suddenly, while on the verge they stand,
The whole recoils for ever from the land,
And leaves a gulf of foam along the shore,
In which whoever plunge are seen no more.

Ocean, meanwhile, abroad hath burst the roof
That sepulchred his waves; he bounds aloof.
In boiling cataracts, as volcanoes spout
Their fiery fountains, gush the waters out;
The frame of ice with dire explosion rends,
And down the' abyss the mingled crowd descends.
Heaven! from this closing horror hide thy light;
Cast thy thick mantle o'er it, gracious Night!
These screams of mothers with their infants lost,
These groans of agony from wretches tost
On rocks and whirlpools,—in thy storms be drown'd,

The crash of mountain-ice to atoms ground,
And rage of elements!—while winds, that yell
Like demons, peal the universal knell,
The shrouding waves around their limbs shall spread,
"And Darkness be the burier of the dead."
Their pangs are o'er:—at morn the tempests cease,
And the freed ocean rolls himself to peace;
Broad to the sun his heaving breast expands,
He holds his mirror to a hundred lands;
While cheering gales pursue the eager chase
Of billows round immeasurable space.

Where are the multitudes of yesterday?
At morn they came; at eve they pass'd away.
Yet some survive;—yon castellated pile
Floats on the surges, like a fairy isle:
Pre-eminent upon its peak, behold,
With walls of amethyst and roofs of gold,
The semblance of a city; towers and spires
Glance in the firmament with opal fires:
Prone from those heights pellucid fountains flow
O'er pearly meads, through emerald vales below.
No lovelier pageant moves beneath the sky,
Nor one so mournful to the nearer eye;
Here, when the bitterness of death had pass'd
O'er others, with their sledge and reindeer cast,
Five wretched ones, in dumb despondence wait
The lingering issue of a nameless fate;
A bridal party:—mark yon reverend sage
In the brown vigour of autumnal age;
His daughter in her prime; the youth, who won
Her love by miracles of prowess done;
With these, two meet companions of their joy,
*Her* younger sister, and a gallant boy,
Who hoped, like *him*, a gentle heart to gain
By valorous enterprise on land or main.
—These, when the ocean-pavement fail'd their feet,

Sought on a glacier's crags a safe retreat;
But in the shock, from its foundation torn,
That mass is slowly o'er the waters borne,
An iceberg!—on whose verge all day they stand,
And eye the blank horizon's ring for land.
All night around a dismal flame they weep;
Their sledge, by piecemeal, lights the hoary deep.
Morn brings no comfort: at her dawn expire
The latest embers of their latest fire;
For warmth and food the patient reindeer bleeds,
Happier in death than those he warms and feeds.
—How long, by that precarious raft upbuoy'd,
They blindly drifted on a shoreless void;
How long they suffer'd, or how soon they found
Rest in the gulf, or peace on living ground;
—Whether, by hunger, cold, and grief consumed,
They perish'd miserably—and, unentomb'd,
(While on that frigid bier their corses lay,)
Became the sea-fowl's or the sea-bear's prey;
—Whether the wasting mound, by swift degrees,
Exhaled in mist and vanish'd from the seas,
While they, too weak to struggle even in death,
Lock'd in each other's arms resign'd their breath,
And their white skeletons, beneath the wave,
Lie intertwined in one sepulchral cave;
—Or meeting some Norwegian bark at sea,
They deem'd its deck a world of liberty;
—Or, sunward sailing, on green Erin's sod
They kneel'd, and worshipp'd a delivering God,
Where yet the blood they brought from Greenland runs
Among the noblest of our sister's sons,
—Is all unknown:—their iceberg disappears
Amidst the flood of unreturning years.

Ages are fled; and Greenland's hour draws nigh;
Seal'd is the judgment; all her race must die:
Commerce forsakes the' unvoyageable seas,

That year by year with keener rigour freeze;
The embargoed waves in narrower channels roll
To blue Spitzbergen and the utmost pole:
A hundred colonies, erewhile that lay
On the green marge of many a shelter'd bay,
Lapse to the wilderness; their tenants throng
Where streams in summer, turbulent and strong,
With molten ice from inland Alps supplied,
Hold free communion with the breathing tide,
That from the heart of ocean sends the flood
Of living water round the world, like blood:
But Greenland's pulse shall slow and slower beat,
Till the last spark of genial warmth retreat,
And, like a palsied limb of Nature's frame,
Greenland be nothing but a place and name.
That crisis comes: the wafted fuel fails;[23]
The cattle perish; famine long prevails;
With torpid sloth, intenser seasons bind
The strength of muscle and the spring of mind;
Man droops, his spirits waste, his powers decay,
—His generation soon shall pass away.

At moonless midnight, on this naked coast,
How beautiful in heaven the starry host!
With lambent brilliance o'er these cloister-walls,
Slant from the firmament a meteor falls;
A steadier flame from yonder beacon streams,
To light the vessel, seen in golden dreams
By many a pining wretch, whose slumbers feign
The bliss for which he looks at morn in vain.
Two years are gone, and half expired a third,
(The nation's heart is sick with hope deferr'd,)
Since last for Europe sail'd a Greenland prow,
Her whole marine,—so shorn is Greenland now.
The monk who sits, the weary hours to count,
In the lone block-house on the beacon-mount,
Watching the east, beholds the morning star



Eclipsed at rising o'er the waves afar,
As if—for so would fond expectance think—
A sail had cross'd it on the' horizon's brink.
His fervent soul, in ecstasy outdrawn,
Glows with the shadows kindling through the dawn,
Till every bird that flashes through the brine
Appears an arm'd and gallant brigantine;
And every sound along the air that comes,
The voice of clarions and the roll of drums.
—'Tis she! 'tis she! the well-known keel at last,
With Greenland's banner streaming at the mast;
The full-swoln sails, the spring-tide, and the breeze,
Waft on her way the pilgrim of the seas.
The monks at matins, issuing from their cells,
Spread the glad tidings; while their convent-bells
Wake town and country, sea and shore, to bliss
Unknown for years on any morn but this.
Men, women, children, throng the joyous strand,
Whose mob of moving shadows o'er the sand
Lengthen to giants, while the hovering sun
Lights up a thousand radiant points from one.

The pilots launch their boats :—a race ! a race !
The strife of oars is seen in every face ;
Arm against arm puts forth its might to reach,
And guide the welcome stranger to the beach.
—Shouts from the shore, the cliffs, the boats, arise ;
No voice, no signal, from the ship replies ;
Nor on the deck, the yards, the bow, the stern,
Can keenest eye a human form discern.
Oh ! that those eyes were open'd, there to see
How, in serene and dreadful majesty,
Sits the destroying Angel at the helm !
—He, who hath lately march'd from realm to realm,
And, from the palace to the peasant's shed,
Made all the living kindred to the dead :
Nor man alone,—dumb nature felt his wrath,
Drought, mildew, murrain, strew'd his carnage-path ;
Harvest and vintage cast their timeless fruit,
Forests before him wither'd from the root.
To Greenland now, with unexhausted power,
He comes commission'd ; and in evil hour
Propitious elements prepare his way ;
His day of landing is a festal day.

A boat arrives ;—to those who scale the deck,
Of life appears but one disastrous wreck !
Fall'n from the rudder, which he fain had grasp'd,
But stronger Death his wrestling hold unclasp'd,
The film of darkness freezing o'er his eyes,
A lukewarm corpse, the brave commander lies ;
Survivor sole of all his buried crew,
Whom one by one the rife contagion slew,
Just when the cliffs of Greenland cheer'd his sight,
Even from their pinnacle his soul took flight.
Chill'd at the spectacle, the pilots gaze
One on another, lost in blank amaze ;
But, from approaching boats when rivals throng,
They seize the helm, in silence steer along,

And cast their anchor, 'midst exulting cries,
That make the rocks the echoes of the skies,
Till the mysterious signs of woes to come,
Circled by whispers, strike the uproar dumb.
Rumour affirms, that by some heinous spell
Of Lapland witches, crew and captain fell;
None guess the secret of perfidious fate,
Which all shall know too soon,—yet know too late.



The monks, who claim the ship, divide the stores
Of food and raiment at their convent-doors.
—A mother, hastening to her cheerless shed,
Breaks to her little ones untasted bread;
Clamorous as nestling-birds, the hungry band
Receive a mortal portion at her hand:
On each would equal love the best confer,
Each by distinct affection dear to her;
One the first pledge that to her spouse she gave,
And one unborn till he was in his grave;

This was *his* darling, that to *her* most kind;
A fifth was once a twin, the sixth is blind:
In each she lives;—in each by turns she dies;
Smitten by pestilence before her eyes,
Three days, and all are slain;—the heaviest doom
Is hers: their ice-barr'd cottage is their tomb.
—The wretch whose limbs are impotent with cold,
In the warm comfort of a mantle roll'd,
Lies down to slumber on his soul's desire;
But wakes at morn, as wrapt in flames of fire:
The rankling dart
Within him burns till it consumes his heart.
From vale to vale the' affrighted victims fly,
But catch or give the plague with every sigh;
A touch contaminates the purest veins,
Till the *Black Death* through all the region reigns.[34]

Comes there no ship again to Greenland's shore?
There comes another:—there shall come no more;
Nor this shall reach an haven:—What are these
Stupendous monuments upon the seas?
Works of Omnipotence, in wondrous forms,
Immovable as mountains in the storms?
Far as Imagination's eye can roll,
One range of Alpine glaciers to the pole
Flanks the whole eastern coast; and, branching wide,
Arches o'er many a league the indignant tide,
That works and frets, with unavailing flow,
To mine a passage to the beach below;
Thence from its neck that winter-yoke to rend,
And down the gulf the crashing fragments send.
There lies a vessel in this realm of frost,
Not wreck'd, nor stranded, yet for ever lost:
Its keel embedded in the solid mass;
Its glistening sails appear expanded glass;
The transverse ropes with pearls enormous strung,
The yards with icicles grotesquely hung.

Wrapt in the topmost shrouds there rests a boy,
His old sea-faring father's only joy:
Sprung from a race of rovers, ocean-born,
Nursed at the helm, he trod dry land with scorn;
Through fourscore years from port to port he veer'd,
Quicksand, nor rock, nor foe, nor tempest fear'd;
Now cast ashore, though like a hulk he lie,
His son at sea is ever in his eye:
*He* ne'er shall know, in his Norwegian cot,
How brief that son's career, how strange his lot;
Writhed round the mast, and sepulchred in air,
Him shall no worm devour, no vulture tear;
Congeal'd to adamant, his frame shall last,
Though empires change, till time and tide be past.

On deck, in groups embracing as they died,
Singly, erect, or slumbering side by side,
Behold the crew!—They sail'd, with hope elate,
For eastern Greenland; till, ensnared by fate,
In toils that mock'd their utmost strength and skill,
They felt, as by a charm, their ship stand still:
The madness of the wildest gale that blows
Were mercy to that shudder of repose,
When withering horror struck from heart to heart
The blunt rebound of Death's benumbing dart,
And each, a petrifaction at his post,
Look'd on yon father, and gave up the ghost:
He, meekly kneeling, with his hands upraised,
His beard of driven snow, eyes fix'd and glazed,
Alone among the dead shall yet survive,
—The' imperishable dead, that seem alive;
—The' immortal dead, whose spirits, breaking free,
Bore his last words into eternity.
Now motionless, amidst the icy air,
He breathes from marble lips unutter'd prayer.
The clouds condensed, with dark unbroken hue
Of stormy purple, overhang his view,

Save in the west, to which he strains his sight,
One golden streak, that grows intensely bright,
Till thence the' emerging sun, with lightning blaze,
Pours the whole quiver of his arrowy rays;
The smitten rocks to instant diamond turn,
And round the' expiring saint such visions burn
As if the gates of Paradise were thrown
Wide open to receive his soul;—'tis flown:
The glory vanishes, and over all
Cimmerian darkness spreads her funeral pall!

Morn shall return, and noon, and eve, and night
Meet here with interchanging shade and light:
But from this bark no timber shall decay,
Of these cold forms no feature pass away;
Perennial ice around the' encrusted bow,
The peopled deck, and full-rigg'd masts, shall grow,
Till from the sun himself the whole be hid,
Or spied beneath a crystal pyramid;
As in pure amber, with divergent lines,
A rugged shell emboss'd with sea-weed shines.
From age to age increased with annual snow,
This new *Mont Blanc* among the clouds may glow,
Whose conic peak, that earliest greets the dawn,
And latest from the sun's shut eye withdrawn,
Shall from the zenith, through incumbent gloom,
Burn like a lamp upon this naval tomb.
But when the' archangel's trumpet sounds on high,
The pile shall burst to atoms through the sky,
And leave its dead, upstarting at the call,
Naked and pale, before the Judge of all.

Once more to Greenland's long-forsaken beach,
Which foot of man again shall never reach,
Imagination wings her flight, explores
The march of Pestilence along the shores,
And sees how Famine in his steps hath paced,

## GREENLAND.

While Winter laid the soil for ever waste.
Dwellings are heaps of fall'n or falling stones,
The charnel-houses of unburied bones,
On which obscene and prowling monsters fed,
But, with the ravin in their jaws, fell dead.
Thus while Destruction, blasting youth and age,
Raged till it wanted victims for its rage,—
Love, the last feeling that from life retires,
Blew the faint sparks of his unfuell'd fires.
In the cold sunshine of yon narrow dell
Affection lingers;—*there* two lovers dwell,
Greenland's whole family: nor long forlorn:
There comes a visitant,—a babe is born.
O'er his meek helplessness the parents smiled;
'Twas Hope;—for Hope is every mother's child:
Then seem'd they, in that world of solitude,
The Eve and Adam of a race renew'd.
Brief happiness! too perilous to last;
The moon hath wax'd and wan'd, and all is past:
Behold the end:—one morn, athwart the wall,
They mark'd the shadow of a reindeer fall,
Bounding in tameless freedom o'er the snow;
The father track'd him, and with fatal bow
Smote down the victim; but before his eyes,
A rabid she-bear pounced upon the prize;
A shaft into the spoiler's flank he sent,
She turn'd in wrath, and limb from limb had rent
The hunter,—but his dagger's plunging steel
With riven bosom made the monster reel;
Unvanquish'd, both to closer combat flew,
Assailants each, till each the other slew:
Mingling their blood from mutual wounds, they lay
Stretch'd on the carcass of their antler'd prey.

Meanwhile his partner waits, her heart at rest,
No burden but her infant on her breast:
With him she slumbers, or with him she plays,

And tells him all her dreams of future days,
Asks him a thousand questions, feigns replies,
And reads whate'er she wishes in his eyes.
—Red evening comes; no husband's shadow falls
Where fell the reindeer's o'er the latticed walls:
'Tis night; no footstep sounds towards her door:
The day returns,—but he returns no more.
In frenzy, forth she sallies; and with cries,
To which no voice except her own replies
In frightful echoes, starting all around,
Where human voice again shall never sound,
She seeks him, finds him not: some angel-guide
In mercy turns her from the corpse aside;
Perhaps his own freed spirit, lingering near,
Who waits to waft her to a happier sphere,
But leads her first, at evening, to their cot,
Where lies the little one, all day forgot;
Imparadised in sleep she finds him there,
Kisses his cheek, and breathes a mother's prayer.
Three days she languishes, nor can she shed
One tear, between the living and the dead:
When her lost spouse comes o'er the widow's thought,
The pangs of memory are to madness wrought;
But when her suckling's eager lips are felt,
Her heart would fain—but oh! it cannot—melt;
At length it breaks, while on her lap he lies,
With baby-wonder gazing in her eyes.
Poor orphan! mine is not a hand to trace
Thy little story, last of all thy race!
Not long thy sufferings; cold and colder grown,
The arms that clasp thee chill thy limbs to stone.
—'Tis done:—from Greenland's coast, the latest sigh
Bore infant innocence beyond the sky.



## THE DAISY IN INDIA.

THRICE welcome, little English flower!
My mother-country's white and red,
In rose or lily, till this hour,
Never to me such beauty spread:

## THE DAISY IN INDIA.

Transplanted from thine island-bed,
A treasure in a grain of earth,
Strange as a spirit from the dead,
Thine embryo sprang to birth.

Thrice welcome, little English flower!
Whose tribes, beneath our natal skies,
Shut close their leaves while vapours lower;
But, when the sun's gay beams arise,
With unabash'd but modest eyes,
Follow his motion to the west,
Nor cease to gaze till daylight dies,
Then fold themselves to rest.

Thrice welcome, little English flower!
To this resplendent hemisphere,
Where Flora's giant offspring tower
In gorgeous liveries all the year:
Thou, only thou, art little here,
Like worth unfriended and unknown,
Yet to my British heart more dear
Than all the torrid zone.

Thrice welcome, little English flower!
Of early scenes beloved by me,
While happy in my father's bower,
Thou shalt the blithe memorial be;
The fairy sports of infancy,
Youth's golden age, and manhood's prime,
Home, country, kindred, friends,—with thee
I find in this far clime.

Thrice welcome, little English flower!
I 'll rear thee with a trembling hand:
Oh, for the April sun and shower,
The sweet May dews, of that fair land,
Where Daisies, thick as star-light, stand
In every walk!—that here may shoot

Thy scions, and thy buds expand,
A hundred from one root.

Thrice welcome, little English flower!
To me the pledge of hope unseen:
When sorrow would my soul o'erpower,
For joys that were, or might have been,
I'll call to mind, how, fresh and green,
I saw thee waking from the dust;
Then turn to heaven with brow serene,
And place in God my trust.

## THE RIVER OF LIFE.

As sudden lightning dissipates the sight,
And leaves the eye unable to discern
The plainest objects,—living light so flash'd
Around me, and involved me in a veil
Of such effulgence, that I *ceased to see.*
"Thus Love which soothes this heaven, all kindly fits
The torch to take his flame!"[35]—These few brief words
Had scarcely reach'd mine ear, when I perceived
Power from on high diffuse such virtue through me,
And so rekindle vision, that no flame,
However pure, could 'scape mine eyes.
I saw
Light, like a river clear as crystal, flowing
Between two banks, with wondrous spring adorn'd;

While from the current issued vivid sparks,
That fell among the flowers on either hand,
Glitter'd like rubies set in gold, and then,
As if intoxicate with sweetest odours,
Replunged themselves into the mystic flood,
Whence, as one disappear'd, another rose.

"The intense desire that warms and stirs thy thoughts
To understand what thou beholdest, yields
More joy to me, the more it urges thee;
But ere such noble thirst can be assuaged,
Behoves thee first to drink of this clear fount."
The sun that lights mine eyes[50] thus spake, and added:
—"Yon stream, these jewels flitting to and fro,
And all the joyance of these laughing flowers,
Are shadowy emblems of realities,
Not dark themselves, but the defect is thine,
Who hast not yet obtain'd due strength of vision."

Ah! then, no infant, startled out of sleep,
Long past his time, springs to the mother's milk
More eagerly than o'er that stream I bow'd,
To make more perfect lustres of mine eyes,
Which, when the fringes of their lids had touch'd it,
Seem'd, from a line, collapsed into a round.
—As maskers, when they cast their visors off,
Appear new persons, stript of such disguise,
The sparks and flowers assumed sublimer forms,
And both the courts of heaven were open'd round me.

O splendour of the Deity! by which
The lofty triumph of thy real reign
I saw,—give power to paint it *as* I saw.

There is a light, which renders visible
The Maker to the creature who desires
Felicity in seeing Him alone:

—Though but a ray of uncreated glory,
Sent from the fountain-head of life and power,
It forms a circle, whose circumference
Would be too wide a girdle for the sun:
And as a cliff in water, from its foot,
Looks down upon its height in that broad mirror,
And seems therein contemplating its beauty,
What verdure clothes, what flowers its flanks adorn,
So, standing round about the sea of glass,
As many souls as earth hath sent to heaven,
Upon ten thousand thrones and more, beheld
Their happy semblances reflected there.

If round its lowest stem such pomp appear,
What must the full expanded foliage show
Of that celestial rose? and yet my sight,
Through its whole amplitude and elevation,
Gazed unbewilder'd; yea, at once took in
The measure and the amount of all that joy.

## VERSES

### TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE JOSEPH BROWNE,

OF LOTHERSDALE,

ONE OF THE PEOPLE CALLED QUAKERS.

"Spirit, leave thine house of clay;
Lingering Dust, resign thy breath!
Spirit, cast thy chains away;
Dust, be thou dissolved in death!"

## TO THE MEMORY OF JOSEPH BROWNE.

Thus thy Guardian Angel spoke,
As he watch'd thy dying bed;
As the bonds of life he broke;
And the ransom'd captive fled.

"Prisoner, long detain'd below;
Prisoner, now with freedom blest;
Welcome from a world of woe,
Welcome to a land of rest!"

——Ye that mourn a FATHER'S loss,
Ye that weep a FRIEND no more,
Call to mind the CHRISTIAN cross
Which your FRIEND, your FATHER, bore.

Yet, while travelling in distress
(Twas the eldest curse of sin)
Through the world's waste wilderness,
He had paradise within.

And along that vale of tears
Which his humble footsteps trod,
Still a shining path appears
Where the MOURNER walk'd with GOD.

Grave! the guardian of his dust,
Grave! the treasury of the skies,
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise.

Hark! the judgment trumpet calls,—
"Soul! rebuild thine house of clay:
IMMORTALITY thy walls,
And ETERNITY thy day!"



## A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

Emblem of eternity,
Unbeginning, endless sea!
Let me launch my soul on thee.

Sail, nor keel, nor helm, nor oar,
Need I, ask I, to explore
Thine expanse from shore to shore.

By a single glance of thought,
Thy whole realm's before me brought,
Like the universe, from nought.

All thine aspects now I view,
Ever old, yet ever new,
—Time nor tide thy power subdue.

## A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

All thy voices now I hear;
Sounds of gladness, grandeur, fear,
Meet and mingle in mine ear.

All thy wonders are reveal'd,
Treasures hidden in thy field,
From the birth of nature seal'd.

Eager fancy, unconfin'd,
In a voyage of the mind,
Sweeps along thee like the wind.

Here a breeze, I skim thy plain;
There a tempest, pour amain
Thunder, lightning, hail, and rain.





Where the surges never roll
Round the undiscover'd pole,
Thence set out, my venturous soul!

See o'er Greenland, cold and wild,
Rocks of ice eternal piled,
—Yet the mother loves her child.

Next on lonely Labrador,
Let me hear the snow-storms roar,
Blinding, burying all before.

Yet even here, in glens and coves,
Man the heir of all things roves,
Feasts and fights, and laughs and loves.

But a brighter vision breaks
O'er Canadian woods and lakes;
—These my spirit soon forsakes.

Land of exiled liberty,
Where our fathers once were free,
Brave New England! hail to thee!





South America expands
Forest-mountains, river-lands,
And a nobler race demands.

And a nobler race arise,
Stretch their limbs, unclose their eyes,
Claim the earth, and seek the skies.

Gliding through Magellan's Straits,
Where two oceans ope their gates,
What a glorious scene awaits!

The immense Pacific smiles,
Round ten thousand little isles,
—Haunts of violence and wiles.



But the powers of darkness yield,
For the Cross is in the field,
And the light of life reveal'd.

North and west, receding far
From the evening's downward star,
Now I mount Aurora's car :—

Pale Siberia's deserts shun,
From Kamschatka's storm-cliffs run,
South and east, to meet the sun.



Jealous China, dire Japan,
With bewilder'd eyes I scan,
—They are but dead seas of man.

Lo! the eastern Cyclades,
Phœnix-nests and sky-blue seas,
—But I tarry not with these.



Pass we drear New Holland's shoals,
Where no ample river rolls,
—World of unawaken'd souls!

Either India next is seen,
With the Ganges stretch'd between;
—Ah! what horrors here have been!



By the Gulf of Persia sail,
Where the true-love nightingale
Woos the rose in every vale.



Though Arabia charge the breeze
With the incense of her trees,
On I press through southern seas.



Cape of storms, thy spectre fled,
See, the angel Hope, instead,
Lights from heaven upon thine head ;—

And where Table-mountain stands,
Barbarous hordes from desert sands,
Bless the sight with lifted hands.

St. Helena's dungeon-keep
Scowls defiance o'er the deep ;
There a warrior's relics sleep.

Who he was, and how he fell,
Europe, Asia, Afric tell :
—On that theme all time shall dwell.

Hercules! thy pillars stand,
Sentinels of sea and land!
Cloud-capt Atlas towers at hand.

Where, when Cato's word was fate,
Fell the Carthaginian state,
And where exiled Marius sate,—

Mark the dens of caitiff Moors;
Ha! the pirates seize their oars,
—Haste we from th' accursed shores.

Egypt's hieroglyphic realm
Other floods than Nile's o'erwhelm,
—Slaves turn'd despots hold the helm.





Judah's cities are forlorn,
Lebanon and Carmel shorn,
Zion trampled down with scorn.



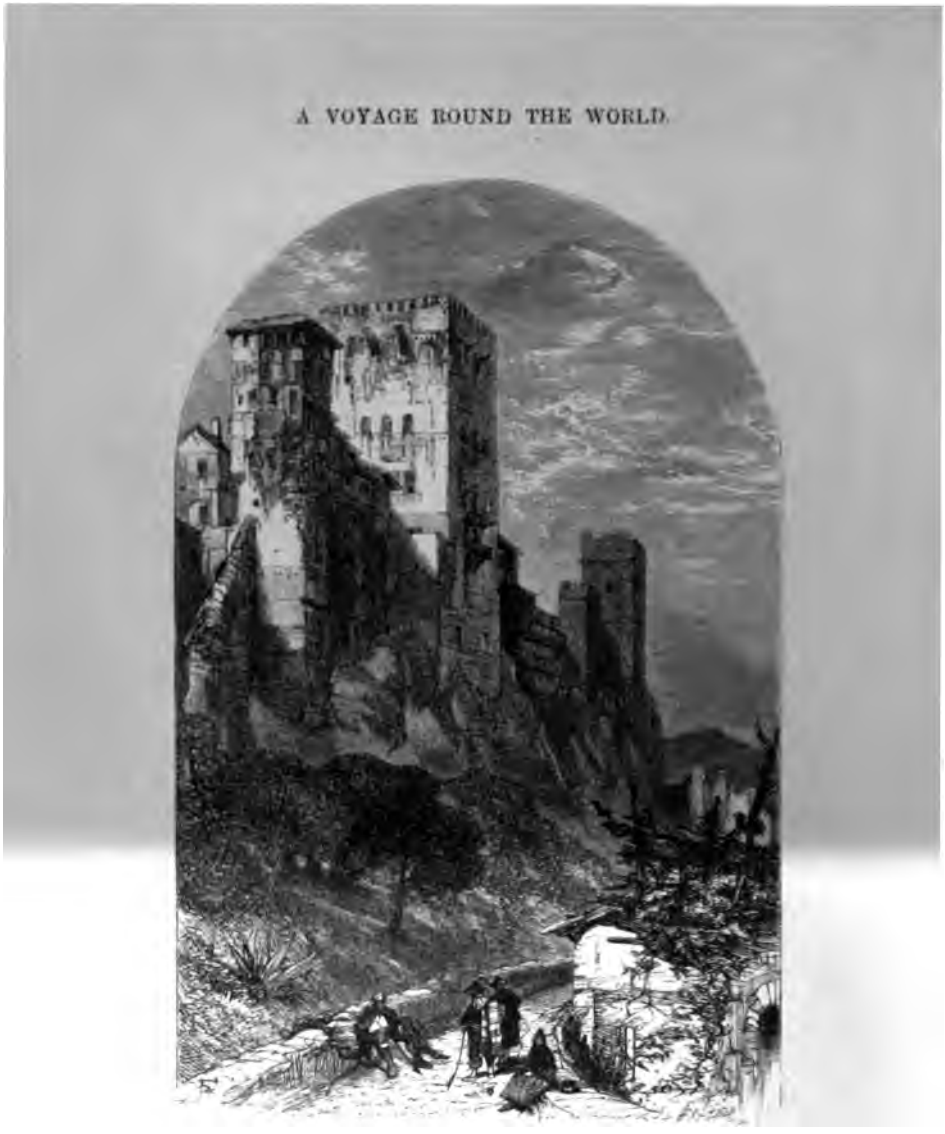
Greece, thine ancient lamp is spent;
Thou art thine own monument;
But the sepulchre is rent.



Italy, thy beauties shroud
In a gorgeous evening cloud:
Thy refulgent head is bow'd.



Rome, in ruins lovely still,
On her Capitolian hill,
Bids thee, mourner, weep thy fill.



Splendid realm of old romance,
Spain, thy tower-crown'd crest advance,
Grasp the shield, and couch the lance.

Lusitania, from the dust,
Shake thy locks,—thy cause is just;
Strike for freedom, strike and trust.



Sweep by Holland like the blast,
One quick glance on Denmark cast,
Sweden, Russia,—all are past.



Elbe nor Weser tempt my stay;
Germany, beware the day
When thy schools again bear sway!



Now to thee, to thee, I fly,
Fairest isle beneath the sky,
To my heart, as in mine eye.

I have seen them, one by one,
Every shore beneath the sun,
And my voyage now is done.

While I bid them all be blest,
Britain is my home, my rest ;
—Mine own land ! I love thee best.

# THE PELICAN ISLAND:

## A Poem, in Nine Cantos.

# PREFACE.

THE subject of "THE PELICAN ISLAND" was suggested by a passage in Captain Flinders's "Voyage to Terra Australis." Describing one of those numerous gulfs which indent the coast of New Holland, and are thickly spotted with small islands, he says,—"Upon two of these we found many young Pelicans unable to fly. Flocks of the old birds were sitting upon the beaches of the lagoon, and it appeared that the islands were their breeding places; not only so, but, from the number of skeletons and bones there scattered, it should seem that for ages these had been selected for the closing scene of their existence. Certainly, none more likely to be free from disturbance of every kind could have been chosen, than these islets of a hidden lagoon of an uninhabited island [called by Captain F. 'Kangaroo Island,'] situate upon an unknown coast, near the antipodes of Europe; nor can anything be more consonant to their feelings, if Pelicans have any, than quietly to resign their breath, surrounded by their progeny, and in the same spot where they first drew it."—Captain Flinders was particularly struck with the appearance of one of these islands, on the surface of which were scattered the relics of a great number of trees, prostrated by some tremendous storm, or, as he conjectured, self-ignited by the friction of dead branches in a strong wind. This fact (adopting the former hypothesis) suggested the catastrophe described at the close of the Third Canto of the poem.

Having determined not to encumber his volume with notes, which might plausibly have been done to a great extent,—and believing that those readers who shall be sufficiently interested in the poem to desire further knowledge of the subjects progressively reviewed in it, may

readily satisfy themselves from popular books of voyages, and natural history,—the Author will merely offer, in this place, an illustration of the nature of coral reefs, extracted from Captain Basil Hall's "Voyage to the Island of Loo Choo, in the Chinese Sea:"—

"The examination of a coral reef during the different stages of one tide is particularly interesting. When the tide has left it for some time it becomes dry, and appears to be a compact rock, exceedingly hard and ragged; but as the tide rises, and the waves begin to wash over it, the coral worms protrude themselves from holes which before were invisible. These animals are of a great variety of shapes and sizes, and in such prodigious numbers that, in a short time, the whole surface of the rock appears to be alive and in motion. The most common worm is in the form of a star, with arms from four to six inches long, which are moved about with a rapid motion in all directions, probably to catch food. Others are so sluggish, that they may be mistaken for pieces of the rock; and are generally of a dark colour, and from four to five inches long, and two or three round. When the coral is broken about high-water mark, it is a solid hard stone; but if any part of it be detached at a spot which the tide reaches every day, it is found to be full of worms of different lengths and colour, some being as fine as a thread, and several feet long, of a bright yellow and sometimes of a blue colour; others resemble snails, and some are not unlike lobsters in shape, but soft, and not above two inches long.

"The growth of coral appears to cease when the worm is no longer exposed to the washing of the sea. Thus a reef rises in the form of a cauliflower, till its top has gained the level of the highest tides, above which the worm has no power to advance, and the reef of course no longer extends itself upwards. The other parts in succession reach the surface, and there stop, forming in time a level field with steep sides all round. The reef, however, continually increases, and, being prevented from growing higher, extends itself laterally in all directions. But the growth being as rapid at the upper edge as it is lower down, the steepness of the face of the reef is still preserved. These are the circumstances which render coral reefs so dangerous in navigation: for, in the first place, they are seldom seen above the water; and, in the next, their sides are so steep, that a ship's bow may strike

against the rock before any change of soundings has given warning of the danger."

With these brief quotations to explain the two principal circumstances on which the poem is founded, the Author abandons his "PELICAN ISLAND" to the judgment of the public, having no hope to conciliate favour by apology or vindication, where he has painfully felt that both would be necessary if the success or failure of his work did not wholly depend on the manner in which it has been executed. He only requests the reader to bear in mind, that the narrative is supposed to be delivered, by the imaginary being who witnesses the series of events, *after* the whole has happened, and who therefore describes them in such language, and with such illustrations, as the knowledge which he *then* possessed enabled him to use,—whether he be identified with the Author, or (if the latter will so far condescend) with the Reader himself, as spectator, actor, thinker, in this masquerade of

"Truth severe by fairy-fiction drest."

# THE PELICAN ISLAND.

## CANTO FIRST.

METHOUGHT I lived through ages, and beheld
Their generations pass so swiftly by me,
That years were moments in their flight, and hours
The scenes of crowded centuries reveal'd;
While Time, Life, Death, the world's great actors, wrought
New and amazing changes:—these I sing.

Sky, sun, and sea were all the universe;—
The sky, one blue interminable arch,
Without a breeze, a wing, a cloud: the sun
Sole in the firmament, but in the deep
Redoubled; where the circle of the sea,
Invisible with calmness, seem'd to lie
Within the hollow of a lower heaven.

I was a Spirit in the midst of these,
All eye, ear, thought; existence was enjoyment;
Light was an element of life, and air
The clothing of my incorporeal form,—
A form impalpable to mortal touch,
And volatile as fragrance from the flower,
Or music in the woodlands. What the soul
Can make itself at pleasure, that I was;

A child in feeling and imagination,
Learning new lessons still, as Nature wrought
Her wonders in my presence. All I saw
(Like Adam when he walk'd in Paradise)
I knew and named by secret intuition.
Actor, spectator, sufferer, each in turn,
I ranged, explored, reflected. Now I sail'd,
And now I soar'd; anon expanding, seem'd
Diffused into immensity, yet bound
Within a space too narrow for desire;
The mind, the mind, perpetual themes must task,
Perpetual power impel, and hope allure.
I and the silent sun were here alone,
But not companions: high and bright he held
His course; I gazed with admiration on him,—
There all communion ended; and I sigh'd,
In loneliness unutterable sigh'd,
To feel myself a wanderer without aim,
An exile amidst splendid desolation,
A prisoner with infinity surrounded.

The sun descended, dipp'd, and disappear'd;
Then sky and sea were all the universe,
And I the only being in existence!
So thought I, and the thought, like ice and fire,
Went freezing, burning, withering, thrilling through me;
Annihilation then had been deliverance,
While that eternity of solitude
Lay on my heart, hard struggling to break free,
As from a dream when mountains press the sleeper.

Darkness, meanwhile, disguised in twilight, crept
O'er air and ocean; drearier gloom involved
My fainting senses, till a sudden ray
Of pensile lustre sparkled from the west;
I flew to meet it, but drew never nearer,
While, vanishing and re-appearing oft,

At length it trembled out into a star.
My soul revived, and could I then have wept
(Methought I did) with tears of fond delight,
How had I hail'd the gentle apparition,
As second life to me ; so sweetly welcome
The faintest semblance of society,
Though but a point to rest the eye upon,
To him who hath been utterly bereaved !
—Star after star, from some unseen abyss,
Came through the sky, like thoughts into the mind,
We know not whence ; till all the firmament
Was throng'd with constellations, and the sea
Strown with their images. Amidst a sphere
Of twinkling lights, like living eyes, that look'd
At once on me from every side, I stood
(Motion and rest with me were mere volition),
Myself perhaps a star among the rest !
But here again I found no fellowship ;
Sight could not reach, nor keenest thought conceive,
Their nature or their offices. To me
They were but what they seem'd, and yet I felt
They must be more ; the mind hath no horizon,
It looks beyond the eye, and seeks for mind
In all it sees, or all it sees o'erruling.

Low in the east, ere long, the morning dawn
Shot upward, onward, and around the pole,
With arrowy glimpses traversing the shade.
Night's train, as they had kindled one by one,
Now one by one withdrew, reversing order,
Where those that came the latest, earliest went :
Day rose triumphant, and again to me
Sky, sun, and sea were all the universe ;
But ah ! the glory had departed, and I long'd
For some untried vicissitude :—it came.

A breeze sprang up, and with careering wing
Play'd like an unseen being on the water.

Slowly from slumber 'woke the unwilling main,
Curling and murmuring, till the infant waves
Leap'd on his lap, and laugh'd in air and sunshine.
Then all was bright and beautiful emotion,
And sweet accordance of susurrant sounds.
I felt the gay delirium of the scene;
I felt the breeze and billow chase each other,
Like bounding pulses in my human veins:
For, though impassive to the elements,
The form I wore was exquisitely tuned
To Nature's sympathies; joy, fear, hope, sorrow,
(As though I yet were in the body,) moved,
Elated, shook, or tranquillised my soul.

Thus pass'd the day: night follow'd, deck'd with stars
Innumerable, and the pale new moon,
Beneath her feet, a slight inverted crescent,
Soon disappearing.
Time flew on, and brought
Alternate morn and eve. The sun, the stars,
The moon through all her phases, waxing, waning,
The planets seeking rest, and finding none,
—These were the only objects in mine eye,
The constant burden of my thoughts, perplex'd
With vain conjectures why they were created.

Once, at high noon, amidst a sultry calm,
Looking around for comfort, I descried,
Far on the green horizon's utmost verge,
A wreath of cloud; to me a glad discovery,
For each new image sprang a new idea,
The germ of thoughts to come, that could not die.
The little vapour rapidly expanded,
Lowering and thickening till it hid the sun,
And threw a starless night upon the sea.
Eagerly, tremblingly, I watch'd the end.
Faint gleam'd the lightning, follow'd by no peal;

Dreary and hollow moans foretold a gale;
Nor long the issue tarried: then the wind,
Unprison'd, blew its trumpet loud and shrill;
Out flash'd the lightnings gloriously; the rain
Came down like music, and the full-toned thunder
Roll'd in grand harmony throughout high heaven;
Till ocean, breaking from his black supineness,
Drown'd in his own stupendous uproar all
The voices of the storm beside: meanwhile
A war of mountains raged upon his surface;
Mountains each other swallowing, and again
New Alps and Andes, from unfathom'd valleys
Upstarting, join'd the battle; like those sons
Of earth,—Giants, rebounding as new-born
From every fall on their unwearied mother.
I glow'd with all the rapture of the strife:
Beneath, was one wild whirl of foaming surges;
Above, the array of lightnings, like the swords
Of cherubim, wide-brandish'd to repel
Aggression from heaven's gates; their flaming strokes
Quench'd momentarily in the vast abyss.

The voice of Him who walks upon the wind,
And sets His throne upon the floods, rebuked
The headlong tempest in its mid-career,
And turn'd its horrors to magnificence.
The evening sun broke through the embattled clouds,
And threw round sky and sea, as by enchantment,
A radiant girdle, binding them to peace,
In the full rainbow's harmony of beams;
No brilliant fragment, but one sevenfold circle,
That spann'd the horizon, meted out the heavens,
And underarch'd the ocean. 'Twas a scene
That left itself for ever on my mind.

Night, silent, cool, transparent, crown'd the day;
The sky receded further into space,



The stars came lower down to meet the eye,
Till the whole hemisphere, alive with light,
Twinkled from east to west by one consent.
The constellations round the arctic pole,
That never set to us, here scarcely rose,
But, in their stead, Orion through the north
Pursued the Pleiads; Sirius, with his keen

Quick scintillations, in the zenith reign'd.
The south unveil'd its glories;—there the Wolf,
With eyes of lightning, watch'd the Centaur's spear;
Through the clear hyaline the Ship of Heaven
Came sailing from eternity; the Dove,
On silver pinions, wing'd her peaceful way:
There, at the footstool of JEHOVAH'S throne,
The Altar, kindled from His presence, blazed;
There, too, all else excelling, meekly shone
The Cross, the symbol of redeeming love:
The Heavens declared the glory of the Lord,
The firmament display'd his handy-work.

With scarce inferior lustre gleam'd the sea,
Whose waves were spangled with phosphoric fire,
As though the lightnings there had spent their shafts,
And left the fragments glittering on the field.

Next morn, in mockery of a storm, the breeze
And waters skirmish'd; bubble-armies fought
Millions of battles on the crested surges,
And where they fell, all cover'd with their glory,
Traced, in white foam on the cerulean main,
Paths, like the milky-way among the stars.

Charm'd with the spectacle, yet deeply touch'd
With a forlorn and not untender feeling—
"Why," said my thoughts within me, "why this waste
Of loveliness and grandeur unenjoyed?
Is there no life throughout this fair existence?
Sky, sun, and sea; the moon, the stars, the clouds;
Wind, lightning, thunder,—are but ministers;
They know not what they are, nor what they do:
O for the beings for whom these were made!"

Light as a flake of foam upon the wind,
Keel upward, from the deep emerged a shell,
Shaped like the moon ere half her horn is fill'd;

Fraught with young life, it righted as it rose,
And moved at will along the yielding water.
The native pilot of this little bark
Put out a tier of oars on either side,
Spread to the wafting breeze a twofold sail,
And mounted up and glided down the billow
In happy freedom, pleased to feel the air
And wander in the luxury of light.
Worth all the dead creation, in that hour,
To me appear'd this lonely Nautilus,
My fellow-being, like myself *alive*.
Entranced in contemplation vague yet sweet,
I watch'd its vagrant course and rippling wake,
Till I forgot the sun amidst the heavens.

It closed, sunk, dwindled to a point, then nothing:
While the last bubble crown'd the dimpling eddy
Through which mine eye still giddily pursued it,
A joyous creature vaulted through the air,—
The aspiring fish that fain would be a bird,
On long light wings, that flung a diamond shower
Of dew-drops round its evanescent form,
Sprang into light, and instantly descended.
Ere I could greet the stranger as a friend,
Or mourn his quick departure,—on the surge,
A shoal of Dolphins, tumbling in wild glee,
Glow'd with such orient tints, they might have been
The rainbow's offspring, when it met the ocean
In that resplendent vision I had seen.
While yet in ecstasy o'er these I hung,
With every motion pouring out fresh beauties,
As though the conscious colours came and went
At pleasure, glorying in their subtle changes,—
Enormous o'er the flood, Leviathan
Look'd forth, and from his roaring nostrils sent
Two fountains to the sky, then plunged amain
In headlong pastime through the closing gulf.

Shapeless they seem'd, but endless shapes assumed ;
Elongated like worms, they writhed and shrunk
Their tortuous bodies to grotesque dimensions ;
Compress'd like wedges, radiated like stars,
Branching like sea-weed, whirl'd in dazzling rings ;
Subtle and variable as flickering flames,
Sight could not trace their evanescent changes,
Nor comprehend their motions, till minute
And curious observations caught the clue
To this live labyrinth,—where every one,
By instinct taught, perform'd its little task ;
—To build its dwelling and its sepulchre,
From its own essence exquisitely modell'd ;
There breed, and die, and leave a progeny,
Still multiplied beyond the reach of numbers,
To frame new cells and tombs ; then breed and die,
As all their ancestors had done,—and rest,
Hermetically seal'd, each in its shrine,
A statue in this temple of oblivion !
Millions of millions thus, from age to age,
With simplest skill, and toil unwearіable,
No moment and no movement unimproved,
Laid line on line, on terrace terrace spread,
To swell the heightening, brightening gradual mound,
By marvellous structure climbing tow'rds the day.
Each wrought alone, yet all together wrought,
Unconscious, not unworthy, instruments,
By which a hand invisible was rearing
A new creation in the secret deep.
Omnipotence wrought in them, with them, by them
Hence what Omnipotence alone could do,
Worms did. I saw the living pile ascend,
The mausoleum of its architects,
Still dying upwards as their labours closed :
Slime the material, but the slime was turn'd
To adamant by their petrific touch ;
Frail were their frames, ephemeral their lives,

Their masonry imperishable. All
Life's needful functions, food, exertion, rest,
By nice economy of Providence
Were overruled to carry on the process
Which out of water brought forth solid rock.

Atom by atom thus the burden grew,
A coral island, stretching east and west,
—— a point at first,
It peer'd above those waves; a point so small,
I just perceived it, fix'd where all was floating;
And when a bubble cross'd it, the blue film
Expanded, like a sky above the speck;
That speck became a hand-breadth; day and night
It spread, accumulated, and ere long
Presented to my view a dazzling plain,
White as the moon amid the sapphire sea;
Bare at low water, and as still as death;
But when the tide came gurgling o'er the surface,
'Twas like a resurrection of the dead:
—— then all was life,
And indefatigable industry;
The artisans were twisting to and fro,
In idle-seeming convolutions; yet
They never vanish'd with the ebbing surge,
Till pellicle on pellicle, and layer
On layer, was added to the growing mass.
Ere long the reef o'ertopt the spring-flood's height,
And mock'd the billows when they leap'd upon it,
Unable to maintain their slippery hold,
And falling down in foam-wreaths round its verge.
Steep were the flanks, with precipices sharp,
Descending to their base in ocean-gloom.
Chasms few, and narrow, and irregular,
Form'd harbours safe at once and perilous,—
Safe for defence, but perilous to enter.
A sea-lake shone amidst the fossil isle,

Reflecting in a ring its cliffs and caverns,
With heaven itself seen like a lake below.

Compared with this amazing edifice,
Raised by the weakest creatures in existence,
What are the works of intellectual man?
Towers, temples, palaces, and sepulchres;
Ideal images in sculptured forms,
Thoughts hewn in columns, or in domes expanded,
Fancies through every maze of beauty shown;
Pride, gratitude, affection, turn'd to marble
In honour of the living or the dead;
What are they?—fine-wrought miniatures of art,
Too exquisite to bear the weight of dew,
Which every morn lets fall in pearls upon them,
Till all their pomp sinks down in mouldering relics,
Yet in their ruin lovelier than their prime!
—Dust in the balance, atoms in the gale,
Compared with these achievements in the deep,
Were all the monuments of olden time,
In days when there were giants on the earth:
—Babel's stupendous folly, though it aim'd
To scale heaven's battlements, was but a toy,
The plaything of the world in infancy:—
The ramparts, towers, and gates of Babylon,
Built for eternity,—though, where they stood,
Ruin itself stands still for lack of work,
And Desolation keeps unbroken sabbath;—
Great Babylon, in its full moon of empire,
Even when its "head of gold" was smitten off,
And from a monarch changed into a brute;—
Great Babylon was like a wreath of sand,
Left by one tide, and cancell'd by the next:—
Egypt's dread wonders, still defying Time,
Where cities have been crumbled into sand,
Scatter'd by winds beyond the Libyan desert,
Or melted down into the mud of Nile,

And cast in tillage o'er the corn-sown fields,
Where Memphis flourish'd, and the Pharaohs reign'd;—
Egypt's gray piles of hieroglyphic grandeur,
That have survived the language which they speak,
Preserving its dead emblems to the eye,
Yet hiding from the mind what these reveal;
—Her pyramids would be mere pinnacles,
Her giant statues, wrought from rocks of granite,
But puny ornaments, for such a pile
As this stupendous mound of catacombs,
Fill'd with dry mummies of the builder-worms.

Thus far, with undiverted thought, and eye
Intensely fix'd on ocean's concave mirror,
I watch'd the process to its finishing stroke:
Then starting suddenly, as from a trance,
Once more to look upon the blessed sun,
And breathe the gladdening influence of the wind,
Darkness fell on me; giddily my brain
Whirl'd like a torch of fire that seems a circle,
And soon to me the universe was nothing.

## CANTO THIRD.

Nine times the age of man that coral reef
Had bleach'd beneath the torrid noon, and borne
The thunder of a thousand hurricanes,
Raised by the jealous ocean to repel
That strange encroachment on his old domain.
His rage was impotent; his wrath fulfill'd
The counsels of eternal Providence,
And 'stablish'd what he strove to overturn:
For every tempest threw fresh wrecks upon it.
These, with unutterable relics more,
Heap'd the rough surface, till the various mass,
By Nature's chemistry combined and purged
Had buried the bare rock in crumbling mould,
Not unproductive, but from time to time
Impregnated with seeds of plants, and rife
With embryo animals, or torpid forms
Of reptiles, shrouded in the clefts of trees
From distant lands, with branches, foliage, fruit,
Pluck'd up and wafted hither by the flood.
Death's spoils, and life's hid treasures, thus enrich'd
And colonised the soil; no particle
Of meanest substance but in course was turn'd
To solid use or noble ornament.
All seasons were propitious; every wind,
From the hot Siroc to the wet Monsoon,
Temper'd the crude materials; while heaven's dew
Fell on the sterile wilderness as sweetly
As though it were a garden of the Lord.

Such time had pass'd, such changes had transfigured
The aspect of that solitary isle,
When I again, in spirit as before,

Assumed mute watch above it. Slender blades
Of grass were shooting through the dark brown earth,
Like rays of light, transparent in the sun,
Or after showers with liquid gems illumined;
Fountains through filtering sluices sallied forth,
And led fertility where'er they turn'd;
Green herbage graced their banks, resplendent flowers
Unlock'd their treasures, and let flow their fragrance.
Then insect legions, prank'd with gaudiest hues,
Pearl, gold, and purple, swarm'd into existence;
Minute and marvellous creations these!
Infinite multitudes on every leaf,
In every drop, by me discern'd at pleasure,
Were yet too fine for unenlighten'd eye,
—Like stars, whose beams have never reach'd our world,
Though science meets them midway in the heaven
With prying optics, weighs them in her scale,
Measures their orbs, and calculates their courses:—
Some barely visible, some proudly shone,
Like living jewels; some grotesque, uncouth,
And hideous,—giants of a race of pigmies;
These burrow'd in the ground, and fed on garbage,
Those lived deliciously on honey-dews,
And dwelt in palaces of blossom'd bells;
Millions on millions, wing'd, and plumed in front,
And arm'd with stings for vengeance or assault,
Fill'd the dim atmosphere with hum and hurry;
Children of light, and air, and fire they seem'd,
Their lives all ecstasy and quick cross motion.
Thus throve this embryo universe, where all
That was to be was unbegun, or now
Beginning; every day, hour, instant, brought
Its novelty, though how or whence I knew not.

Here was the infancy of life, the age
Of gold in that green isle, itself new-born,
And all upon it in the prime of being,

Love, hope, and promise; 'twas in miniature
A world unsoil'd by sin; a Paradise
Where Death had not yet enter'd; Bliss had newly
Alighted, and shut close his rainbow wings,
To rest at ease, nor dread intruding ill.
Plants of superior growth now sprang apace,
With moon-like blossoms crown'd, or starry glories;
Light flexile shrubs among the greenwood play'd
Fantastic freaks,—they crept, they climb'd, they budded,
And hung their flowers and berries in the sun;
As the breeze taught, they danced, they sung, they twined
Their sprays in bowers, or spread the ground with network.
Through the slow lapse of undivided time,
Silently rising from their buried germs,
Trees lifted to the skies their stately heads,
Tufted with verdure, like depending plumage,
O'er stems unknotted, waving to the wind:
Of these, in graceful form and simple beauty,
The fruitful cocoa and the fragrant palm
Excell'd the wilding daughters of the wood,
That stretch'd unwieldy their enormous arms,
Clad with luxuriant foliage, from the trunk,
Like the old eagle, feather'd to the heel;
While every fibre, from the lowest root
To the last leaf upon the topmost twig,
Was held by common sympathy, diffusing
Through all the complex frame unconscious life.
Such was the locust with his hydra boughs,
A hundred heads on one stupendous trunk;
And such the mangrove, which, at full-moon flood,
Appear'd itself a wood upon the waters,—
But when the tide left bare its upright roots,
A wood on piles suspended in the air;
Such too the Indian fig, that built itself
Into a sylvan temple arch'd aloof
With airy aisles and living colonnades,
Where nations might have worshipp'd God in peace.



From year to year their fruits ungather'd fell;
Not lost, but, quickening where they lay, they struck
Root downward, and brake forth on every hand,
Till the strong saplings, rank and file, stood up,

A mighty army, which o'erran the isle,
And changed the wilderness into a forest.

All this appear'd accomplish'd in the space
Between the morning and the evening star:
So, in his third day's work, Jehovah spake,
And Earth, an infant, naked as she came
Out of the womb of chaos, straight put on
Her beautiful attire, and deck'd her robe
Of verdure with ten thousand glorious flowers,
Exhaling incense; crown'd her mountain-heads
With cedars, train'd her vines around their girdles,
And pour'd spontaneous harvests at their feet.

Nor were those woods without inhabitants
Besides the ephemera of earth and air:
—Where glid the sunbeams through the latticed boughs,
And fell like dew-drops on the spangled ground,
To light the diamond-beetle on his way;
—Where cheerful openings let the sky look down
Into the very heart of solitude,
On little garden-plots of social flowers,
That crowded from the shades to peep at daylight;
—Or where impermeable foliage made
Midnight at noon, and chill damp horror reign'd
O'er dead fall'n leaves and slimy funguses;
—Reptiles were quicken'd into various birth.
Loathsome, unsightly, swoln to obscene bulk,
Lurk'd the dark toad beneath the infected turf;
The slow-worm crawl'd, the light chameleon climb'd,
And changed his colour as his place he changed;
The nimble lizard ran from bough to bough,
Glancing through light, in shadow disappearing;
The scorpion, many-eyed, with sting of fire,
Bred there,—the legion-fiend of creeping things:
Terribly beautiful, the serpent lay,
Wreath'd like a coronet of gold and jewels,
Fit for a tyrant's brow; anon he flew

Straight as an arrow shot from his own rings,
And struck his victim, shrieking ere it went
Down his strain'd throat, that open sepulchre.

Amphibious monsters haunted the lagoon:
The hippopotamus, amidst the flood,
Flexile and active as the smallest swimmer;
But on the bank, ill-balanced and infirm,
He grazed the herbage, with huge head declined,
Or lean'd to rest against some ancient tree:
The crocodile, the dragon of the waters,
In iron panoply, fell as the plague,
And merciless as famine, cranch'd his prey,
While from his jaws, with dreadful fangs all serried,
The life-blood dyed the waves with deadly streams:
The seal and the sea-lion, from the gulf,
Came forth, and, couching with their little ones,
Slept on the shelving rocks that girt the shore,
Securing prompt retreat from sudden danger:
The pregnant turtle, stealing out at eve,
With anxious eye, and trembling heart, explored
The loneliest coves, and in the loose warm sand
Deposited her eggs, which the sun hatch'd;—
Hence the young brood, that never knew a parent,
Unburrow'd and by instinct sought the sea;
Nature herself, with her own gentle hand,
Dropping them one by one into the flood,
And laughing to behold their antic joy
When launch'd in their maternal element.

The vision of that brooding world went on:
Millions of beings, yet more admirable
Than all that went before them, now appear'd,
Flocking from every point of heaven, and filling
Eye, ear, and mind with objects, sounds, emotions
Akin to livelier sympathy and love
Than reptiles, fishes, insects, could inspire:

—Birds, the free tenants of land, air, and ocean,
Their forms all symmetry, their motions grace;
In plumage, delicate and beautiful,
Thick without burden, close as fishes' scales,
Or loose as full-blown poppies to the breeze;
With wings that might have had a soul within them,
They bore their owners by such sweet enchantment;
—Birds, small and great, of endless shapes and colours,
Here flew and perch'd, there swam and dived at pleasure;
Watchful and agile, uttering voices wild
And harsh, yet in accordance with the waves
Upon the beach, the winds in caverns moaning,
Or winds and waves abroad upon the water.
Some sought their food among the finny shoals,
Swift darting from the clouds, emerging soon
With slender captives glittering in their beaks;
These in recesses of steep crags constructed
Their eyries inaccessible, and train'd
Their hardy broods to forage in all weathers:
Others, more gorgeously apparell'd, dwelt
Among the woods, on Nature's dainties feeding,
Herbs, seeds, and roots; or, ever on the wing,
Pursuing insects through the boundless air:
In hollow trees or thickets these conceal'd
Their exquisitely woven nests; where lay
Their callow offspring, quiet as the down
On their own breasts, till from her search the dam
With laden bill return'd, and shared the meal
Among her clamorous suppliants, all agape;
Then, cowering o'er them with expanded wings,
She felt how sweet it is to be a mother.
Of these, a few, with melody untaught,
Turn'd all the air to music within hearing,
Themselves unseen; while bolder quiristers
On loftiest branches strain'd their clarion-pipes,
And made the forest echo to their screams
Discordant,—yet there was no discord there,

But temper'd harmony; all tones combining,
In the rich confluence of ten thousand tongues,
To tell of joy and to inspire it. Who
Could hear such concert, and not join in chorus?
Not I:—sometimes entranced, I seem'd to float
Upon a buoyant sea of sounds; again
With curious ear I tried to disentangle
The maze of voices, and with eye as nice
To single out each minstrel, and pursue
His little song through all its labyrinth,
Till my soul enter'd into him, and felt
Every vibration of his thrilling throat,
Pulse of his heart, and flutter of his pinions.
Often, as one among the multitude,
I sang from very fulness of delight;
Now like a winged fisher of the sea,
Now a recluse among the woods,—enjoying
The bliss of all at once, or each in turn.

In storm and calm, through every change of season,
Long flourish'd thus that era of our isle.
It could not last for ever: mark the end.
—— No breath
Was stirring, yet the billows roll'd aloof,
And the air moan'd portentously; ere long
The sky was hidden, darkness to be felt
Confounded all things; land and water vanish'd,
And there was silence through the universe,—
Silence, that made my soul as desolate
As the blind solitude around. Methought
That I had pass'd the bitterness of death
Without the agony,—had, unaware,
Enter'd the unseen world, and, in the gap
Between the life that is and that to come,
Awaited judgment. Fear and trembling seized
All that was mortal or immortal in me:
A moment, and the gates of Paradise

Might open to receive, or Hell be moved
To meet me. Strength and spirit fail'd;
Eternity enclosed me, and I knew not,
Knew not, even then, my destiny. To doubt
Was to despair;—I doubted and despair'd.
Then horrible delirium whirl'd me down
To ocean's nethermost recess; the waves,
Disparting freely, let me fall, and fall,
Lower and lower, passive as a stone,
Yet rack'd with miserable pangs, that gave
The sense of vain but violent resistance:
And still the depths grew deeper; still the ground
Receded from my feet as I approach'd it.
O how I long'd to light on rocks, that sunk
Like quicksands ere I touch'd them; or to hide
In caverns ever open to ingulf me,
But, like the horizon's limit, never nearer!

Meanwhile, the irrepressible tornado
Burst and involved the elements in chaos;
Wind, rain, and lightning, in one vast explosion,
Rush'd from the firmament upon the deep:
Heaven's adamantine arch seem'd rent asunder,
And following in a cataract of ruins
My swift descent through bottomless abysses,
Where ocean's bed had been absorb'd in nothing.
I know no farther. When again I saw
The sun, the sea, the island, all was calm,
And all was desolation: not a tree,
Of thousands flourishing erewhile so fair,
But now was split, uprooted, snapt in twain,
Or hurl'd with all its honours to the dust.
Heaps upon heaps, the forest giants lay,
Even like the slain in battle, fall'n to rise
No more, till heaven, and earth, and sea, with all
Therein, shall perish, as to me they seem'd
To perish in that ruthless hurricane.

## CANTO FOURTH.

NATURE and Time were twins. Companions still,
Their unretarded, unreturning flight
They hold together. Time, with one sole aim,
Looks ever onward, like the moon through space,
With beaming forehead, dark and bald behind,
Nor ever lost a moment in his course.
Nature looks all around her, like the sun,
And keeps her works, like his dependent worlds,
In constant motion.

I gazed in consternation on the wreck
Of that fair island, strown with prostrate trees,
The soil plough'd up with horrid inundations,
The surface black with sea-weed, not a glimpse
Of verdure peeping; stems, boughs, foliage, lay
Rent, broken, clotted, perishing in slime.
„How are the mighty fallen!" I exclaim'd;
"Surely the feller hath come up among ye,
And with a stroke invisible hewn down
The growth of centuries in one dark hour!
Is this the end of all perfection? This
The abortive issue of a new creation,
Erewhile so fruitful in abounding joys,
And hopes fulfilling more than all they promised?
Ages to come can but repair this ravage;
The past is lost for ever. Reckless Time
Stays not; astonied Nature stands aghast,
And wrings her hands in silent agony
Amidst the annihilation of her works

Thus raved I; but I wrong'd thee, glorious Nature!
With whom adversity is but transition.
Thou never didst despair, wert never foil'd,
Nor weary with exhaustion, since the day
When, at the word "Let there be light," light sprang,
And show'd thee rising from primeval darkness,
That fell back like a veil from thy young form,
And Chaos fled before the apparition.

While yet mine eye was mourning o'er the scene,
Nature and Time were working miracles:
The isle was renovated; grass and flowers
Crept quietly around the fallen trees;
A deeper soil embedded them, and o'er
The common sepulchre of all their race
Threw a rich covering of embroider'd turf,
Lovely to look on as the tranquil main,
When, in his noonward track, the unclouded sun
Tints the green waves with every hue of heaven,
More exquisitely brilliant and aërial
Than morn or evening's gaudier pageantry.
Amidst that burial of the mighty dead,
There was a resurrection from the dust
Of lowly plants, impatient for the light,
Long interrupted by o'ershadowing woods,
While in the womb of earth their embryos tarried,
Unfructifying, yet imperishable.
Huge remnants of the forest stood apart,
Like Tadmor's pillars in the wilderness,
Startling the traveller 'midst his thoughts of home;
—Bare trunks of broken trees, that gave their heads
To the wind's axe, but would not yield their roots
To the uptearing violence of the floods.
From these a slender race of scions sprang,
Which with their filial arms embraced and shelter'd
The monumental relics of their sires;
But, limited in number, scatter'd wide,

And slow of growth, they overran no more
The Sun's dominions in that open isle.

Meanwhile the sea-fowl, that survived the storm,
Whose rage had fleck'd the waves with shatter'd plumes
And weltering carcases, the prey of sharks,
Came from their fastnesses among the rocks,
And multiplied like clouds when rains are brooding,
Or flowers when clear warm sunshine follows rain.
The inland birds had perish'd, nor again,
By airy voyages from shores unknown,
Was silence broken on the unwooded plains:
Another race of wing'd inhabitants
Ere long possess'd and peopled all the soil.

The sun had sunk where sky and ocean meet,
And each might seem the other: sky below,
With richest garniture of clouds inlaid;
Ocean above, with isles and continents
Illumined from a source no longer seen.
Far in the east, through heaven's intenser blue,
Two brilliant sparks, like sudden stars, appear'd:
Not stars, indeed, but birds of mighty wing,
Retorted neck, and javelin-pointed bill,
That made the air sigh as they cut it through.
They gain'd upon the eye, and, as they came,
Enlarged, grew brighter, and display'd their forms,
Amidst the golden evening; pearly white,
But ruby-tinctured. On the loftiest cliff
They settled, hovering ere they touched the ground,
And uttering, in a language of their own,
Yet such as every ear might understand,
And every bosom answer, notes of joy
And gratulation for that resting-place.
Stately and beautiful they stood, and clapp'd
Their van-broad pinions, streak'd their ruffled plumes,
And ever and anon broke off to gaze,

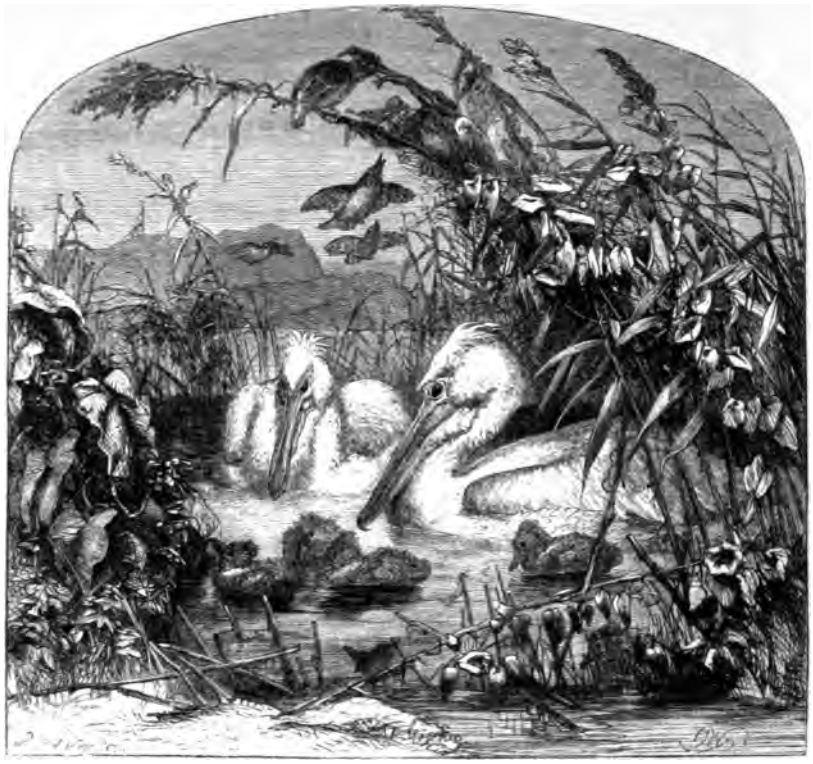
With yearning pleasure, told in gentle murmurs,
On that strange land, their destined home and country.
Night round them threw her brown transparent gloom,
Through which their lonely images yet shone
Like things unearthly, while they bow'd their heads
On their full bosoms, and reposed till morn.
I knew the Pelicans, and cried—"All hail!
Ye future dwellers in the wilderness!"

At early dawn I mark'd them in the sky,
Catching the morning colours on their plumes;
Not in voluptuous pastime revelling there,
Among the rosy clouds, while orient heaven
Flamed like the opening gates of Paradise,
Whence issued forth the Angel of the sun,
And gladden'd Nature with returning day:
—Eager for food, their searching eyes they fix'd
On ocean's unroll'd volume, from an height
That brought immensity within their scope;
Yet with such power of vision look'd they down,
As though they watch'd the shell-fish slowly gliding
O'er sunken rocks, or climbing trees of coral.
On indefatigable wing upheld,
Breath, pulse, existence, seem'd suspended in them:
They were as pictures painted on the sky;
Till suddenly, aslant, away they shot,
Like meteors, changed from stars to gleams of lightning,
And struck upon the deep, where in wild play
Their quarry flounder'd, unsuspecting harm:
With terrible voracity, they plunged
Their heads among the affrighted shoals, and beat
A tempest on the surges with their wings,
Till flashing clouds of foam and spray conceal'd them.
Nimbly they seized and secreted their prey,
Alive and wriggling in the elastic net
Which Nature hung beneath their grasping beaks;
Till, swoln with captures, the unwieldy burden



Clogg'd their slow flight, as heavily to land
These mighty hunters of the deep return'd.
There on the cragged cliffs they perch'd at ease,
Gorging their hapless victims one by one ;
Then, full and weary, side by side they slept,
Till evening roused them to the chase again.

Love found that lonely couple on their isle,
And soon surrounded them with blithe companions.
The noble birds, with skill spontaneous, framed
A nest of reeds among the giant-grass,
That waved in lights and shadows o'er the soil.
There, in sweet thraldom, yet unweening why,
The patient dam, who ne'er till now had known
Parental instinct, brooded o'er her eggs,
Long ere she found the curious secret out
That life was hatching in their brittle shells.
Then, from a wild rapacious bird of prey,
Tamed by the kindly process, she became
That gentlest of all living things—a mother;
Gentlest while yearning o'er her naked young,
Fiercest when stirr'd by anger to defend them.
Her mate himself the softening power confess'd,
Forgot his sloth, restrain'd his appetite,
And ranged the sky and fish'd the stream for her;
Or when o'erwearied nature forced her off
To shake her torpid feathers in the breeze,
And bathe her bosom in the cooling flood,
He took her place, and felt through every nerve,
While the plump nestlings throbb'd against his heart,
The tenderness that makes the vulture mild;
Yea, half unwillingly his post resign'd,
When, home-sick with the absence of an hour,
She hurried back, and drove him from her seat
With pecking bill and cry of fond distress,
Answer'd by him with murmurs of delight,
Whose gutturals harsh to her were love's own music.
Then, settling down, like foam upon the wave,
White, flickering, effervescent, soon subsiding,
Her ruffled pinions smoothly she composed;
And, while beneath the comfort of her wings,
Her crowded progeny quite fill'd the nest:
The halcyon sleeps not sounder, when the wind
Is breathless, and the sea without a curl,



—Nor dreams the halcyon of serener days,
Or nights more beautiful with silent stars,
Than, in that hour, the mother Pelican,
When the warm tumults of affection sunk
Into calm sleep, and dreams of what they were,
Dreams more delicious than reality.
—He sentinel beside her stood, and watch'd
With jealous eye the raven in the clouds,
And the rank sea-mews wheeling round the cliffs.

Erelong the thriving brood outgrew their cradle,
Ran through the grass, and dabbled in the pools;
No sooner denizens of earth, than made

Free both of air and water: day by day,
New lessons, exercises, and amusements
Employ'd the old to teach, the young to learn.
Now floating on the blue lagoon behold them;
The Sire and Dam in swan-like beauty steering,
Their Cygnets following through the foamy wake,
Picking the leaves of plants, pursuing insects,
Or catching at the bubbles as they broke:
Till on some minor fry, in reedy shallows,
With flapping pinions and unsparing beaks,
The well-taught scholars plied their double art,
To fish in troubled waters, and secure
The petty captives in their maiden pouches;
Then hurry with their banquet to the shore.

Thus perfected in all the arts of life
That simple Pelicans require,—save one,
Which mother bird did never teach her daughter
—The inimitable art to build a nest;
Love, for his own delightful school, reserving
That mystery which novice never fail'd
To learn infallibly when taught by him:
—Hence that small masterpiece of Nature's art,
Still unimpair'd, still unimproved, remains
The same in site, material, shape, and texture.
While every kind a different structure frames,
All build alike of each peculiar kind:
The nightingale, that dwelt in Adam's bower,
And pour'd her stream of music through his dreams;
The soaring lark, that led the eye of Eve
Into the clouds, her thoughts into the heaven
Of heavens, where lark nor eye can penetrate;
The dove, that perch'd upon the Tree of Life,
And made her bed among its thickest leaves;
All the wing'd habitants of Paradise,
Whose songs once mingled with the songs of Angels
Wove their first nests as curiously and well

As the wood-minstrels in our evil day,
After the labours of six thousand years,
In which their ancestors have fail'd to add,
To alter, or diminish, any thing
In that, of which Love only knows the secret,
And teaches every mother for herself,
Without the power to impart it to her offspring:
—Thus, perfected in all the arts of life
That simple Pelicans require, save this,
Those Parents drove their young away: the young
Gaily forsook their parents. Soon enthrall'd
With love-alliances among themselves,
They built their nests, as happy instinct wrought
Within their bosoms, wakening powers unknown,
Till sweet necessity was laid upon them:
They bred, and rear'd their little families,
As they were train'd and disciplined before.

Thus wings were multiplied from year to year;
And here the patriarch-twain, in good old age,
Resign'd their breath beside that ancient nest
In which themselves had nursed a hundred broods,
The isle was peopled with their progeny.

## CANTO FIFTH.

MEANWHILE, not idle, though unwatch'd by me,
The coral architects in silence rear'd
Tower after tower beneath the dark abyss.
Pyramidal in form the fabrics rose,
From ample basements narrowing to the height,
Until they pierced the surface of the flood,

And dimpling eddies sparkled round their peaks.
Then (if great things with small may be compared)
They spread like water-lilies, whose broad leaves
Make green and sunny islets on the pool,
For golden flies, on summer-days, to haunt,
Safe from the lightning-seizure of the trout.

One headland topt the waves, another follow'd;
A third, a tenth, a twentieth soon appear'd,
Till the long barren gulf in travail lay
With many an infant struggling into birth.
Larger they grew and lovelier, when they breathed
The vital air, and felt the genial sun;
As though a living spirit dwelt in each,
Which, like the inmate of a flexile shell,
Moulded the shapeless slough with its own motion,
And painted it with colours of the morn.
Amidst that group of younger sisters stood
The Isle of Pelicans, as stands the moon
At midnight, queen among the minor stars,
Differing in splendour, magnitude, and distance.
So look'd that archipelago: small isles,
By interwinding channels link'd yet sunder'd;
All flourishing in peaceful fellowship,
Like forest-oaks that love society:
—Of various growth and progress; here, a rock
On which a single palm-tree waved its banner;
There, sterile tracts unmouldered into soil;
Yonder, dark woods whose foliage swept the water,
Without a speck of turf, or line of shore,
As though their roots were anchor'd in the ocean.
But most were gardens redolent with flowers,
And orchards bending with Hesperian fruit,
That realized the dreams of olden time.

Throughout this commonwealth of sea-sprung lands,
Life kindled in ten thousand happy forms;



Earth, air, and ocean, were all full of life,
Still highest in the rank of being soar'd
The fowls amphibious, and the inland tribes
Of dainty plumage or melodious song;
In gaudy robes of many-colour'd patches,
The parrots swung like blossoms on the trees,
While their harsh voices undeceived the ear.
More delicately pencill'd, finer drawn
In shape and lineament—too exquisite
For gross delights—the Birds of Paradise
Floated aloof, as though they lived on air,
And were the orient progeny of heaven,
Or spirits made perfect veil'd in shining raiment.

From flower to flower, where wild bees flew and sung,
As countless, small, and musical as they,
Showers of bright humming-birds came down, and plied
The same ambrosial task, with slender bill
Extracting honey, hidden in those bells
Whose richest blooms grew pale beneath the blaze
Of twinkling winglets hovering o'er their petals,
Brilliant as rain-drops when the western sun
Sees his own miniature of beams in each.

High on the cliffs, down on the shelly reef,
Or gliding like a silver-shaded cloud
Through the blue heaven, the mighty albatross
Inhaled the breezes, sought his humble food,
Or, where his kindred like a flock reposed,
Without a shepherd, on the grassy downs,
Smooth'd his white fleece, and slumber'd in their midst.

Wading through marshes, where the rank sea-weed
With spongy moss and flaccid lichens strove,
Flamingos, in their crimson tunics, stalk'd
On stately legs, with far-exploring eye ;
Or fed and slept, in regimental lines,
Watch'd by their sentinels, whose clarion-screams
All in an instant woke the startled troop,
That mounted like a glorious exhalation,
And vanish'd through the welkin far away,—
Nor paused, till, on some lonely coast alighting,
Again their gorgeous cohort took the field.

The fierce sea-eagle, humble in attire,
In port terrific, from his lonely eyrie
(Itself a burden for the tallest tree)
Look'd down o'er land and sea as his dominions :
Now, from long chase, descending with his prey,
Young seal or dolphin, in his deadly clutch,
He fed his eaglets in the noonday sun.



Here ran the stormy-petrels on the waves,
As though they were the shadows of themselves
Reflected from a loftier flight through space.
The stern and gloomy raven haunted here,
A hermit of the atmosphere, on land
Among vociferating crowds a stranger.
The heavy penguin, neither fish nor fowl,
With scaly feathers and with finny wings,

Plump'd stone-like from the rock into the gulf,
Rebounding upward swift as from a sling.
Through yielding water as through limpid air,
The cormorant, Death's living arrow, flew,
Nor ever miss'd a stroke, or dealt a second,
So true the infallible destroyer's aim.

Millions of creatures such as these, and kinds
Unnamed by man, possess'd those busy isles;
Each, in its brief existence, to itself
The first, last being in the universe,
With whom the whole began, endured, and ended:
Blest ignorance of bliss not made for them!
Happy exemption from the fear of death,
And that which makes the pangs of death immortal,
The undying worm, the fire unquenchable,
—Conscience, the bosom-hell of guilty man!
The eyes of all look'd up to Him whose hand
Had made them, and supplied their daily need;
Although they knew Him not, they look'd to Him:
And He, whose mercy is o'er all his works,
Forgot not one of his large family,
But cared for each as for an only child.
They plough'd not, sow'd not, gather'd not in barns,
Thought not of yesterday, nor knew to-morrow;
Yet harvests inexhaustible they reap'd
In the prolific furrows of the main;
Or from its sunless caverns brought to light
Treasures for which contending kings might war,—
Gems for which queens would yield their hands to slaves,—
By them despised as valueless and nought:
From the rough shell they pick'd the luscious food,
And left a prince's ransom in the pearl.

Nature's prime favourites were the Pelicans;
High-fed, long-lived, and sociable and free,
They ranged in wedded pairs, or martial bands,

For play or slaughter. Oft have I beheld
A little army take the wat'ry field,
With outstretch'd pinions form a spacious ring,
Then, pressing to the centre, through the waves,
Enclose thick shoals within their narrowing toils,
Till multitudes entangled fell a prey:
Or, when the flying-fish, in sudden clouds,
Burst from the sea, and flutter'd through the air,
These giant fowlers snapp'd them like musquitos
By swallows hunted through the summer sky.

I turned again to look upon that isle,
When, lo! a spectacle of strange extremes
Awaken'd sweet and melancholy thoughts:
All that is helpless, beautiful, endearing
In infancy, in prime of youth, in love;
All that is mournful in decay, old age,
And dissolution; all that awes the eye,
And chills the bosom, in the sad remains
Of poor mortality, which last awhile,
To show that life hath been, but is no longer;
—All these in blended images appear'd,
Exulting, brooding, perishing before me.

It was a land of births.—Unnumber'd nests,
Of reeds and rushes, studded all the ground:
A few were desolate and fallen to ruin;
Many were building from those waste materials;
On some the dams were sitting.

It was a land of death.—Between those nests
The quiet earth was feather'd with the spoils
Of aged Pelicans, that hither came
To die in peace, where they had spent in love
The sweetest periods of their long existence.
Where they were wont to build, and breed their young,
There they lay down to rise no more for ever,

And close their eyes upon the dearest sight
On which their living eyes had loved to dwell,
—The nest where every joy to them was centred.
There rife corruption tainted them so lightly,
The moisture seem'd to vanish from their relics
As dew from gossamer, that leaves the net-work
Spread on the ground, and glistening in the sun :
Thus when a breeze the ruffled plumage stirr'd,
That lay like drifted snow upon the soil,
Their slender skeletons were seen beneath,
So delicately framed, and half transparent,
That I have marvell'd how a bird so noble
When in his full magnificent attire,
With pinions wider than the king of vultures',
And down elastic thicker than the swan's,
Should leave so small a cage of ribs to mark
Where vigorous life had dwelt a hundred years.

Such was that scene : the dying and the dead
Next neighbours to the living and the unborn.

## CANTO SIXTH.

"And thus," methought, "ten thousand suns may lead
The stars to glory in their annual courses ;
Moons without number thus may wax and wane,
And winds alternate blow in cross-monsoons,
While here,—through self-beginning rounds, self-ending,
Then self-renew'd, without advance or failure,—
Existence fluctuates only like the tide,

Whose everlasting changes bring no change,
But billow follows billow to the shore,
Recoils, and billow out of billow swells;
An endless whirl of ebbing, flowing foam,
Where every bubble is like every other,
And Ocean's face immutable as Heaven's.
Here is no progress to sublimer life;
Nature stands still,—stands at the very point
Whence from a vantage-ground her bolder steps
Might rise resplendent on the scale of being;
Rank over rank, awakening with her tread,
Inquisitive, intelligent; aspiring
Each above other, all above themselves,
Till every generation should transcend
The former, as the former all the past.

"Such, such alone, were meet inhabitants
For these fair isles, so wonderfully form'd
Amidst the solitude of sea and sky,
On which my wandering spirit first was cast,
And still beyond whose girdle eye nor wing
Can carry me to undiscover'd climes,
Where many a nobler race may dwell; whose waifs
And exiles, toss'd by tempests on the flood,
Hither might drift upon their native trees;
Or, like their own free birds, on fearless pinions,
Make voyages amidst the pathless heaven,
And, lighting, colonise these fertile tracts,
Recover'd from the barrenness of ocean,
Whose wealth might well repay the brave adventure.
—Hath Nature spent her strength? Why stopp'd she here?
Why stopp'd not lower, if to rise no higher?
Can she not summon from more ancient regions,
Beyond the rising or the setting sun,
Creatures as far above the mightiest here
As yonder eagle, flaming at high noon,
Outsoars the bat that flutters through the twilight?

"But changes here may happen—changes must!
What hinders that new shores should yet ascend
Out of the bosom of the deep, and spread
Till all converge, from one circumference,
Into a solid breadth of table-land,
Bound by the horizon, canopied with heaven,
And ocean in his own abyss absorb'd?"

While these imaginations cross'd the mind,
My thoughts fulfill'd themselves before mine eyes:
The islands moved like circles upon water,
Expanding till they touch'd each other, closed
The interjacent straits, and thus became
A spacious continent which fill'd the sea.
That change was total, like a birth, a death;
—Birth, that from native darkness brings to light
The young inhabitant of this gay world;
Death, that from seen to unseen things removes,
And swallows time up in eternity.
That which had been, for ever ceased to be;
And that which follow'd, was a new creation
Wrought from the disappearance of the old.
So fled that pageant universe away,
With all its isles and waters. So I found
Myself translated to that other world,
By sleight of fancy, like the unconscious act
Of waking from a pleasant dream, with sweet
Relapse into a more transporting vision.

The nursery of brooding Pelicans,
The dormitory of their dead, had vanish'd,
And all the minor spots of rock and verdure,
The abodes of happy millions, were no more;—
But in their place a shadowy landscape lay,
On whose extremest western verge a gleam
Of living silver, to the downward sun
Intensely glittering, mark'd the boundary line,



Which ocean, held by chains invisible,
Fretted and foam'd in vain to overleap.
Woods, mountains, valleys, rivers, glens, and plains
Diversified the scene :—that scene was wild,
Magnificent, deform'd, or beautiful,
As framed expressly for all kinds of life,
With all life's labours, sufferings, and enjoyments,
Untouch'd as yet by any meaner hand
Than His who made it, and pronounced it good.
And good it was ;—free as light, air, fire, water,
To every thing that breathed upon its surface,

From the small worm that crept abroad at midnight
To sip cool dews, and feed on sleeping flowers,
Then slunk into its hole, the little vampire!
Through every species which I yet had seen,
To animals of tribes and forms unknown
In the lost islands;—beasts that ranged the forests,
Grazed in the valleys, bounded o'er the hills,
Reposed in rich savannas, from gray rocks
Pick'd the thin herbage sprouting through their fissures;
Or in waste howling deserts found oases,
And fountains pouring sweeter streams than nectar,
And more melodious than the nightingale,
—So to the faint and perishing they seem'd.

I gazed on ruminating herds of kine,
And sheep for ever wandering; goats that swung
Like spiders on the crags, so slight their hold;
Deer playful as their fawns in peace, but fell
As battling bulls in wars of jealousy:
Through flowery champaigns roam'd the fleet gazelles,
Of many a colour, size, and shape,—all graceful;
In every look, step, attitude, prepared,
Even at the shadow of a cloud, to vanish,
And leave a solitude where thousands stood,
With heads declined, and nibbling eagerly,
As locusts when they light on some new soil,
And move no more till they have shorn it bare.

Here couch'd the panting tiger, on the watch;
Impatient, but unmoved, his fire-ball eyes
Made horrid twilight in the sunless jungle,
Till on the heedless buffalo he sprang,
Dragg'd the low-bellowing monster to his lair,
Crash'd through the ribs at once into its heart.

There to the solitary lion's roar
So many echoes answer'd, that there seem'd

Ten in the field for one ;—where'er they turn'd,
The flying animals from cave to cave
Heard his voice issuing, and recoil'd, aghast,
Only to meet it nearer than before,
Or, ere they saw his shadow or his face,
Fall dead beneath his thunder-striking paw.

Calm amidst scenes of havoc, in his own
Huge strength impregnable, the elephant
Offended none, but led his quiet life
Among his old contemporary trees,
Till Nature laid him gently down to rest
Beneath the palm which he was wont to make
His prop in slumber ; there his relics lay
Longer than life itself had dwelt within them.
There little burrowing animals threw up
Hillocks beneath the overarching ribs ;
While birds, within the spinal labyrinth,
Contrived their nests :—so wandering Arabs pitch
Their tents amidst Palmyra's palaces ;
So Greek and Roman peasants build their huts
Beneath the shadow of the Parthenon
Or on the ruins of the Capitol.

But unintelligent creation soon
Fail'd to delight ; the novelty departed,
And all look'd desolate ; my eye grew weary
Of seeing that which it might see for ever,
Without a new idea or emotion ;
The mind within me panted after mind,
The spirit sigh'd to meet a kindred spirit,
And in my human heart there was a void,
Which nothing but humanity could fill.
At length, as though a prison-door were open'd,
Chains had fall'n off, and, by an angel-guide
Conducted, I escaped that desert-bourne ;
And instantaneously I travell'd on,

Yet knew not how, for wings nor feet I plied,
But, with a motion like the lapse of thought,
O'er many a vale and mountain I was carried,
Till in the east, above the ocean's brim,
I saw the morning sun, and stay'd my course,
Where vestiges of rude but social life
Arrested and detain'd attention long.

Amidst the crowd of grovelling animals,
A being more majestic stood before me:
I met an eye that look'd into my soul,
And seem'd to penetrate mine inmost thoughts:
Instinctively I turn'd away to hide them,
For shame and quick compunction came upon me,
As though detected on forbidden ground,
Gazing on things unlawful;—but my heart
Relented quickly, and my bosom throbb'd
With such unutterable tenderness,
That every sympathy of human nature
Was by the beating of a pulse enkindled,
And flash'd at once throughout the mind's recesses,
As in a darken'd chamber objects start
All round the walls the moment light breaks in.
The sudden tumult of surprise awoke
My spirit from that trance of vague abstraction,
Wherein I lived through ages, and beheld
Their generations pass so swiftly by me,
That years were moments in their flight, and hours
The scenes of crowded centuries reveal'd;
I sole spectator of the wondrous changes,
Spell-bound as in a dream, and acquiescing
In all that happen'd, though perplex'd with strange
Conceit of something wanting through the whole.
That spell was broken, like the vanish'd film
From eyes born blind, miraculously open'd;—
'Twas gone, and I became myself again,
Restored to memory of all I knew

From books or schools, the world or sage experience ;
With all that folly or misfortune taught me,—
Each hath her lessons,—wise are they that learn.
Still the mysterious reverie went on,
And I was still sole witness of its issues,—
But with clear mind and disenchanted sight,
Beholding, judging, comprehending all ;
Not passive and bewilder'd as before.

What was the being which I then beheld ?
—Man going forth amidst inferior creatures :
Not as he rose in Eden out of dust,
Fresh from the moulding hand of Deity ;
Immortal breath upon his lips ; the light
Of uncreated glory in his soul ;
Lord of the nether universe, and heir
Of all above him,—all above the sky,
The sapphire pavement of his future palace :
Not so ;—but rather like that morning-star
Which from the highest empyrean fell
Into the bottomless abyss of darkness :
—Thus, though in dim eclipse, before me stood,
As from a world invisible call'd up,
Man, in the image of his Maker form'd,—
Man, to the image of his tempter fall'n ;
Yet still as far above infernal fiends,
As once a little lower than the angels.
I knew him, own'd him, loved him, and exclaim'd,
" Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, my Brother ! "

I saw him sunk in loathsome degradation,
A naked, fierce, ungovernable savage,
Companion to the brutes, himself more brutal ;
Superior only in the craft that made
The serpent subtlest beast of all the field,
Whose guile unparadised the world, and brought
A curse upon the earth which God had bless'd.

That curse was here, without the mitigation
Of healthful toil, that half redeems the ground
Whence man was taken, whither he returns,
And which repays him bread for patient labour,
—Labour, the symbol of his punishment,
—Labour, the secret of his happiness.
The curse was here; for thorns and briars o'erran
The tangled labyrinths,—yet briars bare roses,
And thorns threw out their annual snow of blossoms:
The curse was here; and yet the soil untill'd
Pour'd forth spontaneous and abundant harvests,
Pulse and small berries, maize in strong luxuriance,
And slender rice that grew by many waters;
The forests cast their fruits, in husk or rind,
Yielding sweet kernels or delicious pulp,
Smooth oil, cool milk, and unfermented wine,
In rich and exquisite variety.
On these the indolent inhabitants
Fed without care or forethought, like the swine
That grubb'd the turf, and taught them where to look
For dainty earth-nuts and nutritious roots;
Or the small monkeys, capering on the boughs,
And rioting on nectar and ambrosia,
The produce of that Paradise run wild:—
No,—these were merry, if they were not wise;
While man's untutor'd hordes were sour and sullen,
Like those abhorr'd baboons, whose gluttonous taste
They follow'd safely in their choice of food;
And whose brute semblance of humanity
Made them more hideous than their prototypes,
That bore the genuine image and inscription,
Defaced indeed, but yet indelible.
—From ravening beasts, and fowls that fish'd the ocean,
Men learned to prey on meaner animals,
But found a secret out which birds or beasts,
Most cruel, cunning, treacherous, never knew,
—The luxury of devouring one another.

Such were my kindred in their lost estate;
Large was their stature, and their frames athletic;
Their skins were dark, their locks like eagles' feathers;
Their features terrible;—when roused to wrath,
All evil passions lighten'd through their eyes.

They dwelt in dens and caverns of the earth;
—On open plains they framed low narrow huts
Of boughs, the wreck of windfalls or of Time,
Wattled with canes, and thatch'd with reeds and leaves;
There from afflictive noon sought twilight shadow,
Or slumber'd in the smoke of greenwood fires,
To drive away the pestilent musquitos.
—Some built unwieldy nests among the trees,
In which to doze by night, or watch by day
The joyful moment from that ambuscade
To slay the passing antelope, or wound
The jackal chasing it, with sudden arrows
From bows that task'd a giant's strength to bend.
They knew not shame nor honour, yet knew pride:
—The pride of strength, skill, speed, and subtilty;
The pride of tyranny and violence.

On ocean, too, they exercised dominion:—
Of hollow trees composing slight canoes,
They paddled o'er the reefs, cut through the breakers,
And rode the untamed billows far from shore.

Woman was here the powerless slave of man:
Yet, midst the gall and wormwood of her lot,
She tasted joys which none but woman knows,
—The hopes, fears, feelings, raptures of a mother,
Well-nigh compensating for his unkindness,
Whom yet with all her fervent soul she loved.
Dearer to her than all the universe,
The looks, the cries, the embraces of her babes;
In each of whom she lived a separate life,

And felt the fountain, whence their veins were fill'd,
Flow in perpetual union with the streams
That swell'd their pulses, and throbb'd back through hers.
Oh! 'twas benign relief when my vex'd eye
Could turn from man, the sordid, selfish savage,
And gaze on woman in her self-denial,
To him and to their offspring all alive,
Dead only to herself,—save when she won
His unexpected smile; then, then she look'd
A thousand times more beautiful, to meet
A glance of aught like tenderness from him;
And sent the sunshine of her happy heart
So warm into the charnel-house of his,
That Nature's genuine sympathies awoke,
And he almost forgot himself in her.
O man! lost man! amidst the desolation
Of goodness in thy soul there yet remains
One spark of Deity,—that spark is love.

## CANTO SEVENTH.

Ages again, with silent revolution,
Brought morn and even, noon and night, with all
The old vicissitudes of Nature's aspect:
Rains in their season fertilised the ground,
Winds sow'd the seeds of every kind of plant
On its peculiar soil; while suns matured
What winds had sown, and rains in season water'd,
Providing nourishment for all that lived:
Man's generations came and went like these,



—The grass and flowers that wither where they spring;
—The brutes that perish wholly where they fall.

Thus while I mused on these in long succession,
And all remain'd as all had been before,
I cried, as I was wont, though none did listen,
—'Tis sweet sometimes to speak and be the hearer;
For he is twice himself who can converse
With his own thoughts, as with a living throng
Of fellow-travellers in solitude;
And mine too long had been my sole companions:
—"What is this mystery of human life?
In rude or civilized society,
Alike, a pilgrim's progress through this world
To that which is to come, by the same stages;
With infinite diversity of fortune
To each distinct adventurer by the way!

"The Sage of threescore years and ten looks back,—
With many a pang of lingering tenderness,
And many a shuddering conscience-fit,—on what
He hath been, is not, cannot be again;
Nor trembles less with fear and hope, to think



What he is now, but cannot long continue,
And what he must be through uncounted ages.
—The Child ;—we know no more of happy childhood
Than happy childhood knows of wretched eld :
We but begin to live from that fine point
Which memory dwells on, with the morning-star,
The earliest note we heard the cuckoo sing,
Or the first daisy that we ever pluck'd,
When thoughts themselves were stars, and birds, and flowers,
Pure brilliance, simplest music, wild perfume.
Thenceforward mark the metamorphoses !
—The Boy, the Girl :—when all was joy, hope, promise ;
Yet who would be a Boy, a Girl, again,
To bear the yoke, to long for liberty,
And dream of what will never come to pass ?
—The Youth, the Maiden :—living but for love,
Yet learning soon that life hath other cares,
And joys less rapturous, but more enduring :
—The Woman :—in her offspring multiplied ;
A tree of life, whose glory is her branches,
Beneath whose shadow, she (both root and stem)
Delights to dwell in meek obscurity,
That they may be the pleasure of beholders :



—The Man ;—as father of a progeny,
Whose birth requires his death to make them room,
Yet in whose lives he feels his resurrection,
And grows immortal in his children's children :
—Then the gray Elder ;—leaning on his staff,
And bow'd beneath a weight of years, that steal
Upon him with the secrecy of sleep,
Till he forgets sensation, and lies down
Dead in the lap of his primeval mother ;
She throws a shroud of turf and flowers around him,
Then calls the worms, and bids them do their office :
—Man giveth up the ghost,—and where is he ?"

That startling question broke my lucubration :
I saw those changes realised before me ;
Saw them recurring in perpetual line,
The line unbroken, while the thread ran on,
Failing at this extreme, at that renew'd,
—Like buds, leaves, blossoms, fruits on herbs and trees ;
Like mites, flies, reptiles ; birds, and beasts, and fishes,
Of every length of period here,—all mortal,
And all resolved into those elements
Whence they had emanated, whence they drew



Their sustenance, and which their wrecks recruited,
To generate and foster other forms
As like themselves as were the lights of heaven,
For ever moving in serene succession,
—Not like those lights unquenchable by time,
But ever changing, like the clouds that come,
Who can tell whence? and go, who can tell whither?
Thus the swift series of man's race elapsed,
As for no higher destiny created
Than aught beneath them,—from the elephant
Down to the worm, thence to the zoophyte,
That link which binds Prometheus to his rock,
The living fibre to insensate matter.
They were not, then they were; the unborn, the living!
They were, then were not; they had lived and died;
No trace, no record, of their date remaining,
Save in the memory of kindred beings,
Themselves as surely hastening to oblivion;
Till, where the soil had been renew'd by relics,
And earth, air, water, were one sepulchre,
Earth, air, and water might be search'd in vain,
Atom by atom scrutinised with eyes
Of microscopic power, that could discern

The population of a dew-drop, yet
No particle betray the buried secret
Of what they had been, or of what they were:
Life thus was swallow'd by mortality,
Mortality thus swallow'd up of life,
And man remain'd the world's unmoved possessor,
Though every moment men appear'd and vanish'd.

Oh! 'twas heart-sickness to behold them thus
Perishing without knowledge;—perishing
As though they were but things of dust and ashes.
They lived unconscious of their noblest powers,
As were the rocks and mountains which they trod
Of gold and jewels hidden in their bowels;
They lived unconscious of what lived within them,
The deathless spirit, as were the stars that shone
Above their heads of their own emanations.
And did it live within them? did there dwell
Fire brought from heaven in forms of miry clay,
Untemper'd as the slime of Babel's builders,
And left unfinish'd like their monstrous work?
To me, alas! they seem'd but living bodies,
With still-born souls which never could be quicken'd,
Till death brought immortality to light,
And from the darkness of their earthly prison
Placed them at once before the bar of God;
Then first to learn, at their eternal peril,
The fact of His existence and their own.
Imagination durst not follow them,
Nor stand one moment at that dread tribunal.
"Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"
I trembled while I spake. I could not bear
The doubt, fear, horror, that o'erhung the fate
Of millions, millions, millions,—living, dying,
Without a hope to hang a hope upon,
That of the whole it might not be affirm'd,
—"'Twere better that they never had been born."



I turn'd away, and look'd for consolation,
Where Nature else had shrunk with loathing back,
Or imprecated curses, in her wrath,
Even on the fallen creatures of my race,
O'er whose mysterious doom my heart was breaking.

I saw an idiot with long haggard visage,
And eye of vacancy, trolling his tongue
From cheek to cheek ; then muttering syllables
Which all the learn'd on earth could not interpret ;
Yet were they sounds of gladness, tones of pleasure,
Ineffable tranquillity expressing,

Or pure and buoyant animal delight:
For bright the sun shone round him; cool the breeze
Play'd in the floating shadow of the palm,
Where he lay rolling in voluptuous sloth:
He knew no bliss beside, save sleep when weary,
Or reveries like this, when, broad awake,
Glimpses of thought seem'd flashing through his brain.
Gently he raised his head, and peep'd around,
As if he hoped to see some pleasant object,
—The wingless squirrel jet from tree to tree,
—The monkey pilfering a parrot's nest;
But, ere he bore the precious spoil away,
Surprised behind by beaks, and wings, and claws,
That made him scamper gibbering away;
—The sly opossum dangle by her tail,
To snap the silly birds that perch'd too near;
—These with the transport of a child he view'd,
Then laugh'd aloud, and crack'd his fingers, smote
His palms, and clasp'd his knees, convulsed with glee;
A sad, sad spectacle of merriment!
Yet he was happy; happy in this life;
And could I doubt that death to him would bring
Intelligence, which he had ne'er abused,—
A soul, which he had never lost by sin?

---

## CANTO EIGHTH.

'Twas but the vision of an eye-glance, gone
Ere thought could fix upon it,—gone like lightning
At midnight, when the expansive flash reveals
Alps, Apennines, and Pyrenees in one
Glorious horizon, suddenly lit up,—

Rocks, rivers, forests,—quench'd as suddenly:
A glimpse that fill'd the mind with images
Which years cannot obliterate, but stamp'd
With instantaneous everlasting force
On memory's more than adamantine tablet;—
A glimpse of that which eye hath never seen,
Ear heard, nor heart of man conceived.—It pass'd—
But what it show'd can never pass.—It pass'd,
And left me wandering through that land of exile,
Cut off from intercourse with happier lands;
Abandon'd, as it seem'd, by its Creator;
Unvisited by Him who came from heaven
To seek and save the loss of every clime;
And where God, looking down in wrath, had said,
"My Spirit shall no longer strive with man:"
—So ignorance or unbelief might deem.

Was it thus outlaw'd? No; God left himself
Not without witness of his presence there;
He gave them rain from heaven and fruitful seasons,
Filling unthankful hearts with food and gladness.
He gave them kind affections, which they strangled,
Turning his grace into lasciviousness.
He gave them powers of intellect, to scale
Heaven's height; to name and number all the stars;
To penetrate earth's depths for hidden riches,
Or clothe its surface with fertility;
Amidst the haunts of dragons, dens of satyrs,
To call up hamlets, villages, and towns,
The abode of peace and industry; to build
Cities and palaces amid waste places;
To sound the ocean, combat with the winds,
Travel the waves, and compass every shore,
On voyages of commerce or adventure;
To shine in civil and refining arts;
With tranquil science elevate the soul;
To explore the universe of mind; to trace

The Nile of thinking to its secret source,
And thence pursue its infinite meanders,
Not lost amidst the labyrinths of Time,
But o'er the cataract of death down rolling,
To flow for ever, and for ever, and for ever,
Where time nor space can limit its expansion.

He gave the ideal, too, of truth and beauty;—
To look on Nature with a poet's eye,
And live, amidst the daylight of this world,
In regions of enchantment;—with the force
Of song, as with a spirit, to possess
The souls of those that hearken, till they feel
But what the minstrel feels, and do but that
Which his strange inspiration makes them do:
Thus with his breath to kindle war, and bring
The array of battle to electric issue;
Or, while opposing legions, front to front,
Wait the dread signal for the work of havoc,
Step in between, and with the healing voice
Of harmony and concord win them so,
That, hurling down their weapons of destruction,
They rush into each other's arms, with shouts
And tears of transport; till inveterate foes
Are friends and brethren, feasting on the field
Where vultures else had feasted, and gorged wolves
Howl'd in convulsive slumber o'er their corses.

Such powers to these were given, but given in vain;
They knew them not, or, as they learn'd to know,
Perverted them to more pernicious evil
Than ignorance had skill to perpetrate.
Yet the great Father gave a richer portion
To these, the most impoverish'd of his children;
He sent the light that lighteth every man
That comes into the world,—the light of truth:
But Satan turn'd that light to darkness; turn'd

God's truth into a lie, and they believed
*His* lie, who led them captive at his will,
Usurp'd the throne of Deity on earth,
And claim'd allegiance in all hideous forms,
—The abominable emblems of himself,
The legion-fiend, who takes whatever shape
Man's crazed imagination can devise
To body forth his notion of a god,
And prove how low immortal minds can fall
When from the living God they fall to serve
Dumb idols. Thus they worshipp'd stocks and stones
Which hands unapt for sculpture executed,
In their egregious folly, like themselves,
Though not more like, even in barbarian eyes,
Than antic clouds resemble animals.
To these they offer'd flowers and fruits; to those,
Reptiles; to others, birds, and beasts, and fishes:
To some they sacrificed their enemies,
To more their children, and themselves to all.

So had the god of this apostate world
Blinded their eyes. But the true God had placed
Yet further witness of his grace among them,
When all remembrance of himself was lost:
—Knowledge of good and evil, right and wrong;
But knowledge was confounded, till they call'd
Good evil, evil good; refused the right,
And chose and loved the wrong for its own sake.
One witness more, his own ambassador
On earth, the Almighty left to be their prophet,
Whom Satan could not utterly beguile,
Nor always hold with his ten thousand fetters,
Lock'd in the dungeon of the obdurate breast,
And trampled down by all its atheist inmates;
—Conscience, tremendous conscience, in his fits
Of inspiration,—whencesoe'er it came,—
Rose like a ghost, inflicting fear of death

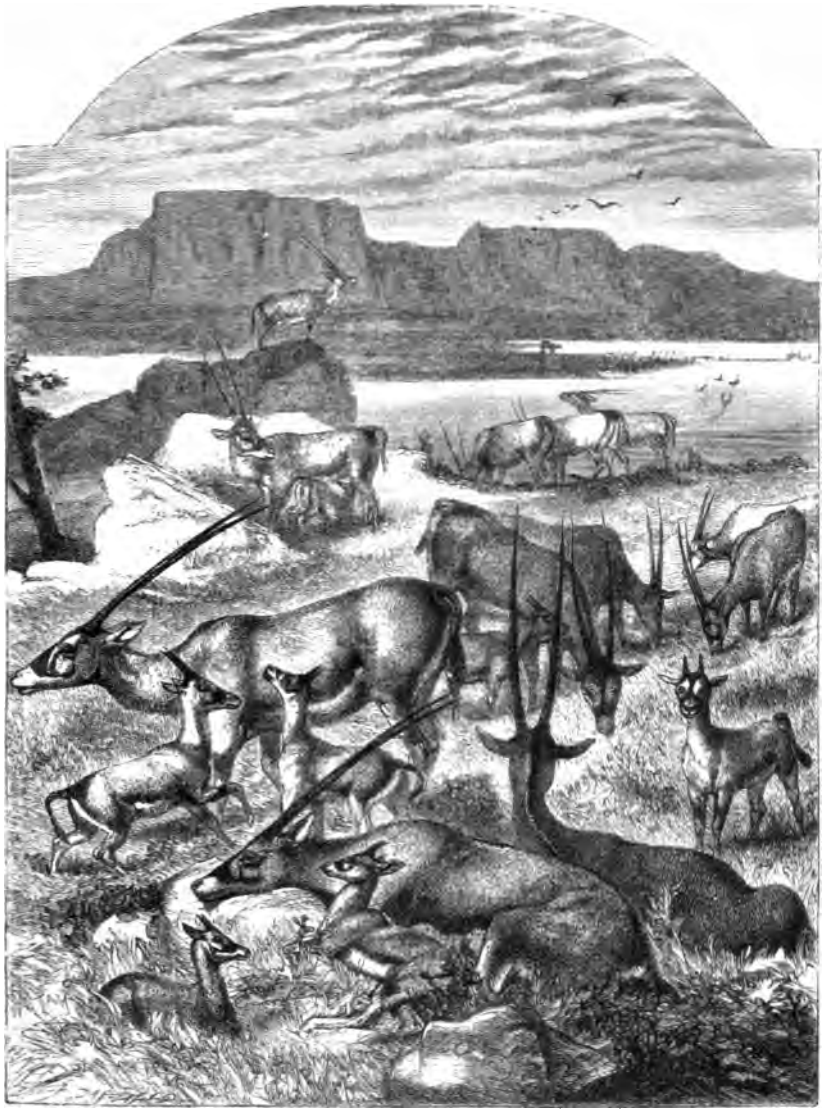
On those who fear'd not death in fiercest battle,
And mock'd him in their martyrdoms of torments:
That secret, swift, and silent messenger
Broke on them in their lonely hours,—in sleep,
In sickness; haunting them with dire suspicions
Of something in themselves that would not die,
Of an existence elsewhere, and hereafter,
Of which tradition was not wholly silent,
Yet spake not out; its dreary oracles
Confounded superstition to conceive,
And baffled scepticism to reject:
—What fear of death is like the fear beyond it?

But pangs like these were lucid intervals
In the delirium of the life they led,
And all unwelcome as returning reason
Which through the chaos of a maniac's brain
Shoots gleams of light more terrible than darkness.
These sad misgivings of the smitten heart,
Wounded unseen by conscience from its ambush;
These voices from eternity, that spake
To an eternity of soul within,—
Were quickly lull'd by riotous enjoyment,
Or lost in hurricanes of headlong passion.
They knew no higher, sought no happier, state;
Had no fine instinct of superior joys
Than those of sense; no taste for sense refined
Above the gross necessities of nature,
Or outraged Nature's most unnatural cravings.
Why should they toil to make the earth bring forth,
When without toil she gave them all they wanted?
The bread-fruit ripen'd, while they lay beneath
Its shadow in luxurious indolence;
The cocoa fill'd its nuts with milk and kernels,
While they were sauntering on the shores and mountains;
And while they slumber'd, from their heavy meals,
In dead forgetfulness of life itself,

The fish were spawning in unsounded depths,
The birds were breeding in adjacent trees,
The game was fattening in delicious pastures,
Unplanted roots were thriving under ground,
To spread the tables of their future banquets!

Thus what the sires had been, the sons became;
And generations rose, continued, went,
Without memorial,—like the Pelicans
On that lone island, where they built their nests,
Nourish'd their young, and then lay down to die:
Hence, through a thousand and a thousand years,
Man's history in that region of oblivion
Might be recorded in a page as small
As the brief legend of those Pelicans,—
With one appalling, one sublime distinction,
—That Pelicans were not transgressors;—Man,
Apostate from the womb, by blood a traitor.

The thought was agony beyond endurance:
"O thou, my brother Man!" again I cried,
"Would God that I might live, might die, for thee!
O could I take a form to meet thine eyes,
Invent a voice with words to reach thine ears;
Or if my spirit might converse with thine,
And pour my thoughts, fears, feelings, through thy breast,
Unknown to thee whence came the strange intrusion!
How would my soul rejoice, rejoice with trembling,
To tell thee who thou art, and bring thee home,
—Poor prodigal, here watching swine, and fain
To glut thy hunger with the husks they feed on,—
Home to our Father's house, our Father's heart!
Both, both are open to receive thee,—come;
O come!—He hears not, heeds not: O my brother!
That I might prophesy to thee,—to all
The millions of dry bones that fill this valley
Of darkness and despair!—Alas! alas!



Can these bones live? Lord God, Thou knowest.—Come
From the four winds of heaven, almighty breath!
Blow on these slain and they shall live."

I spake ;
And, turning from the mournful contemplation,
To seek refreshment for my weary spirit,
Amidst that peopled continent, the abode
Of misery which reach'd beyond this world,
I lighted on a solitary glen
(A peaceful refuge in a land of discord)
Crown'd with steep rocks, whose hoary summits shone,
Amid the blue unclouded element,
O'er the green woods, that, stretching down the hills,
Border'd the narrow champaign glade between,
Through which a clear and pebbly rill meander'd.
The song-birds caroll'd in the leafy shades,
Those of resplendent plumage flaunted round ;
High o'er the cliffs the sea-fowl soar'd or perch'd ;
The Pelican and Albatross were seen
In groups reposing on the northern ridge :
There was entire serenity above ;
Beauty, tranquillity, delight, below ;
And every motion, sound, and sight, were pleasing.
Rhinoceros nor wild bull pastured here ;
Lion nor tiger here shed innocent blood ;
The antelopes were grazing void of fear,
Their young in antic gambols ramping by ;
While goats from precipice to precipice
Clamber'd, or hung, or vaulted through the air,
As if a thought convey'd them to and fro.
Harmony reign'd, as once ere man's creation,
When brutes were yet earth's sole inhabitants.
There were no human tracks nor dwellings there,
For 'twas a sanctuary from hurtful creatures,
And in the precincts of that happy dell
The absence of my species was a mercy :
Thence the declining sun withdrew his beams,
But left it lighted by a hundred peaks,
Glittering and golden, round the span of sky,
That seem'd the sapphire roof of one great temple,

Whose floor was emerald, and whose walls the hills
Where those that worshipp'd God might worship Him
In spirit and in truth, without distraction.

Man's absence pleased me; yet on man alone,
Man fallen, helpless, miserable man,
My thoughts, prayers, wishes, tears, and sorrows turn'd,
Howe'er I strove to drive away remembrance:
Then I refrain'd no longer, but brake out,
—"Lord God! why hast Thou made all men in vain?"

## CANTO NINTH.

The countenance of one advanced in years,
The shape of one created to command,
The step of one accustom'd to be seen,
And follow'd with the reverence of all eyes,
Yet conscious here of utter solitude,
Came on me like an apparition,—whence
I knew not:—halfway down the vale already
Had he proceeded ere I caught his eye,
And, in that mirror of intelligence,
By the sure divination of mine art,
Read the mute history of his former life,
And all the untold secrets of his bosom.

He was a chieftain of renown; from youth
To green old age, the glory of his tribe,
The terror of their enemies: in war
An Alexander, and in peace an Alfred,
From morn till night he wont to wield the spear
With indefatigable arm, or watch
From eve till dawn in ambush for his quarry,

Human or brute ; not less in chase than fight,
For strength, skill, prowess, enterprise, unrivall'd.
Fearless he grappled with the fell hyæna,
And held him strangling in the grasp of fate ;
He seized the she-bear's whelps ; and when the dam,
With miserable cries and insane rage,
Pursued to rescue them, would turn and strike
One blow, but one, to break her heart for ever :
From sling and bow he sent upon death-errands
The stone or arrow through the trackless air,
To overtake the fleetest foot, or lay
The loftiest pinion fluttering in the dust.
On the rough waves he eagerly embark'd,
Assail'd the stranded whale among the breakers,
Dart after dart with such sure aim implanting
In the huge carcass of the helpless victim,
That soon in blood and foam the monster breathed
His last, and lay a hulk upon the reef ;
Thence floated by the rising tide, and tow'd
By a whole navy of canoes ashore.

But 'twas the hero's mind that made him great :
His eye, his lip, his hand, were clothed with thunder ;
Thrones, crowns, and sceptres give not more ascendence,
Back'd with arm'd legions, fortified with towers,
Than this imperial savage, all alone,
From Nature's pure beneficence derived.
Yet, when the hey-day of hot youth was over,
His soul grew gentle as the halcyon breeze
Sent from the evening-sea to bless the shore
After the fervours of a tropic noon ;
Nor less benign his influence than fresh showers
Upon the fainting wilderness, where bands
Of pilgrims bound for Mecca, with their camels,
Lie down to die together in despair,
When the deceitful *mirage*, that appear'd
A pool of water trembling in the sun,



Hath vanish'd from the bloodshot eye of thirst.
Firm in defence as valiant in the battle,
Assailing none, but all assaults repelling
With such determined chastisement, that foes
No longer dared to forage on his borders,
War shrunk from his dominions; simple laws,
Yet wise and equitable, he ordain'd
To rule a willing and obedient people.
Blood ceased to flow in sacrifice,—no more
The parents' hands were raised against their children, —
Children no longer slew their aged parents,—
Man prey'd not on his fellow-man,—within

The hallow'd circle of his patriarch-sway,
That seem'd, amidst barbarian clans around,
A garden in a waste of briar and hemlock.

Ere life's meridian, thus that chief had reach'd
The utmost pinnacle of savage grandeur,
And stood the envy of ignoble eyes.
The awe of humbler mortals, the example
Of youth's sublime ambition: but to him
It was not given to rest at any height;
The thoughts that travel to eternity
Already had begun their pilgrimage,
Which time, nor change, nor life, nor death, could stop.
All that he saw, heard, felt, or could conceive,
Open'd new scenes of mental enterprise,
Imposed new tasks for arduous contemplation.
On the steep eminence which he had scaled,
To rise or fall were sole alternatives;
He might not stand, and he disdain'd to fall:
Innate magnificence of mind upheld,
And buoyancy of genius bore him on.
Heaven, earth, and ocean, were to him familiar
In all their motions, aspects, changes; each
To him paid tribute of the knowledge hid
From uninquiring ignorance; to him
Their gradual secrets, though with slow reserve,
Yet sure accumulation, all reveal'd.

But whence they came, even more than what they were,
Awaken'd wonder, and defied conjecture:
Blank wonder could not satisfy his soul,
And resolute conjecture would not yield,
Though foil'd a thousand times, in speculation
On themes that open'd immortality.
The gods whom his deluded countrymen
Acknowledged, were no gods to him; he scorn'd
The impotence of skill that carved such figures,



And pitied the fatuity of those
Who saw not in the abortions of their hands
The abortions of their minds.—'Twas the Creator
He sought through every volume open to him,

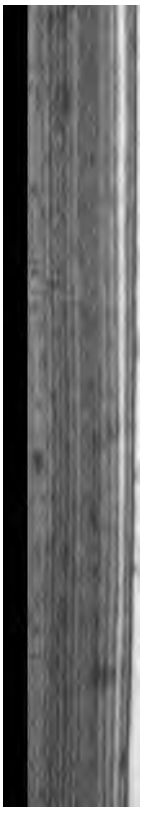
From the small leaf that holds an insect's web,
From which ere long a colony shall issue
With wings and limbs as perfect as the eagle's,
To the stupendous ocean, that gives birth
And nourishment to everlasting millions
Of creatures, great and small, beyond the power
Of man to comprehend how they exist.
One thought amidst the multitude within him
Press'd with perpetual, with increasing, weight;
And yet the elastic soul beneath its burden
Wax'd strong and stronger, was enlarged, exalted,
With the necessity of bearing up
Against annihilation,—for that seem'd
The only refuge were this hope foregone.
It was as though he wrestled with an angel,
And would not let him go without a blessing,
If not extort the secret of his name.
This was that thought, that hope:—dumb idols,
And the vain homage of their worshippers,
Were proofs to him, not less than sun and stars,
That there were beings mightier far than man,
Or man had never dream'd of aught above him.
'Twas clear to him as was his own existence,
In which he felt the fact personified,
That man himself was for this world too mighty,
Possessing powers which could not ripen here,
But ask'd infinity to bring them forth,
And find employ for their unbounded scope.

Tradition told him that, in ancient time,
Sky, sun, and sea, were all the universe:
The sun grew tired of gazing on the sea
Day after day; then, with descending beams,
Day after day he pierced the dark abyss
Till he had reach'd its diamantine floor,—
Whence he drew up an island; as a tree
Grows in the desert from some random seed

Dropt by a wild bird. Grain by grain it rose,
And touch'd at length the surface; there expanding
Beneath the fostering influence of his eye,
Prolific seasons, light, and showers, and dew,
Aided by earthquakes, hurricanes, volcanos,
(All agents of the universal sun,)
Conspired to form, advance, enrich, and break
The level reef, till hills and dales appear'd,
And the small isle became a continent,
Whose bounds his ancestors had never traced.
Thither in time, by means inscrutable,
Plants, animals, and man himself, were brought;
And with the idolaters the gods they served.
These tales tradition told him: he believed,
Though all were fables, yet they shadow'd truth;
That truth, with heart, soul, mind, and strength, he sought.

Such was the being whom I here descried,
And fix'd my earnest expectation on him;
For now or never might my hope be proved,
How near, by searching, man might find out God.

Thus, while he walk'd along that peaceful valley,
Though rapt in meditation far above
The world which met his senses, but in vain
Would charm his spirit within its magic circle,
—Still with benign and meek simplicity
He hearken'd to the prattle of a babe,
Which he was leading by the hand; but scarce
Could he restrain its eagerness to break
Loose, and run wild with joy among the bushes.
It was his grandson, now the only stay
Of his bereaved affections; all his kin
Had fall'n before him, and his youngest daughter
Bequeath'd this infant with her dying lips:
"O take this child, my father! take this child,
And bring it up for me; so may it live



One thought amidst the multitude within him
Press'd with perpetual, with increasing, weight;
And yet the elastic soul beneath its burden
Wax'd strong and stronger, was enlarged, exalted,
With the necessity of bearing up
Against annihilation,—for that seem'd
The only refuge were this hope foregone.
It was as though he wrestled with an angel,
And would not let him go without a blessing,
If not extort the secret of his name.
This was that thought, that hope:—dumb idols,
And the vain homage of their worshippers,
Were proofs to him, not less than sun and stars,
That there were beings mightier far than man,
Or man had never dream'd of aught above him.
'Twas clear to him as was his own existence,
In which he felt the fact personified,
That man himself was for this world too mighty,
Possessing powers which could not ripen here,
But ask'd infinity to bring them forth,
And find employ for their unbounded scope.

Tradition told him that, in ancient time,
Sky, sun, and sea, were all the universe:
The sun grew tired of gazing on the sea

Dropt by a wild bird. Grain by grain it rose,
And touch'd at length the surface; there expanding
Beneath the fostering influence of his eye,
Prolific seasons, light, and showers, and dew,
Aided by earthquakes, hurricanes, volcanos,
(All agents of the universal sun,)
Conspired to form, advance, enrich, and break
The level reef, till hills and dales appear'd,
And the small isle became a continent,
Whose bounds his ancestors had never traced.
Thither in time, by means inscrutable,
Plants, animals, and man himself, were brought;
And with the idolaters the gods they served.
These tales tradition told him: he believed,
Though all were fables, yet they shadow'd truth;
That truth, with heart, soul, mind, and strength, he sought.

Such was the being whom I here descried,
And fix'd my earnest expectation on him;
For now or never might my hope be proved,
How near, by searching, man might find out God.

Thus, while he walk'd along that peaceful valley,
Though rapt in meditation far above
The world which met his senses, but in vain
Would charm his spirit within its magic circle,
—Still with benign and meek simplicity
He hearken'd to the prattle of a babe,
Which he was leading by the hand; but scarce
Could he restrain its eagerness to break
Loose, and run wild with joy among the bushes.
It was his grandson, now the only stay
Of his bereaved affections; all his kin
Had fall'n before him, and his youngest daughter
Bequeath'd this infant with her dying lips:
"O take this child, my father! take this child,
And bring it up for me; so may it live

To be the latest blessing of thy life."
He took the child; he brought it up for her:
It was the latest blessing of his life;
And while his soul explored immensity,
In search of something undefinedly great,
This infant was the link which bound that soul
To this poor world, where he had not a wish
Or hope, beyond the moment, for himself.

The little one was dancing at his side,
And dragging him with petty violence
Hither and thither from the onward path,
To find a bird's nest or to hunt a fly:
His feign'd resistance and unfeign'd reluctance
But made the boy more resolute to rule
The grandsire with his fond caprice. The sage,
Though dallying with the minion's wayward will,
His own premeditated course pursued,
And while, in tones of sportive tenderness,
He answer'd all his questions, and ask'd others
As simple as its own, yet wisely framed
To wake and prove an infant's faculties,—
As though its mind were some sweet instrument,
And he, with breath and touch, were finding out
What stops or keys would yield the richest music,—
All this was by-play to the scene within
The busy theatre of his own breast:
Keen and absorbing thoughts were working there,
And his heart travail'd with unutter'd pangs;
Sigh after sigh, escaping to his lips,
Was check'd or turn'd into some lively word,
To hide the bitter conflict from his child.

At length they struck into the woods, and thence
Climb'd the grey rocks aloof. There from his crag,
At their abrupt approach, the startled eagle
Took wing above their heads; the boy, alarm'd,—



Nor less delighted when no peril came,—
Follow'd its flight with eyes and hands upraised,
And, bounding forward on the verdant slope,
Watch'd it diminish, till a gnat, that cross'd
His sight, eclipsed it: when he look'd again
'Twas gone, and for an instant he felt sad,
Till some new object won his gay attention.
His grandsire stepp'd to take the eagle's stand,
And gaze at freedom on the boundless prospect,
But started back, and held his breath with awe,
So suddenly, so gloriously, it broke

From heaven, earth, sea, and air, at once upon him.
The tranquil ocean roll'd beneath his feet;
The shores on each hand lessen'd from the view;
The landscape glow'd with tropical luxuriance;
The sky was fleck'd with gold and crimson clouds,
That seem'd to emanate from nothing there,
Born in the blue and infinite expanse,
Where just before the eye might seek in vain
An evening shadow as a daylight star.

There stood the Patriarch amidst a scene
Of splendour and beatitude, himself
A diadem of glory o'er the whole;
For none but he could comprehend the beauty,
The bliss, diffused throughout the universe:
Yet holier beauty, higher bliss, he sought,
Of which that universe was but the veil,
Wrought with inexplicable hieroglyphics.
Here then he stood, alone, but not forsaken
Of Him without whose leave a sparrow falls not.
Wide open lay the Book of Deity;
The page was Providence: but none, alas!
Had taught him letters; when he look'd, he wept
To feel himself forbidden to peruse it.
—"O for a messenger of mercy now,
Like Philip when he join'd the Eunuch's chariot!
O for the privilege to burst upon him,
And show the blind, the dead, the light of life!"

I hush'd the exclamation, for he seem'd
To hear it; turn'd his head, and look'd all round,
As if an eye invisible beheld him,
A voice had spoken out of solitude:
—Yea, such an eye beheld him, such a voice
Had spoken; but they were not mine: his life
He would have yielded on the spot to see
That eye, to hear that voice, and understand it:

It was the eye of God, the voice of Nature.
All in a moment on his knees he fell;
And, with imploring arms outstretch'd to heaven,
And eyes no longer wet with hopeless tears,
But beaming forth sublime intelligence,
In words through which his heart's pulsation throbb'd,
And made mine tremble to their accents, pray'd:
—"Oh! if there be a Power above all power,
A Light above all light, a Name above
All other names, in heaven and earth; that Power,
That Light, that Name, I call upon!"—He paused,
Bow'd his hoar head with reverence, closed his eyes,
And, with clasp'd hands upon his breast, began
In under tones, that rose in fervency,
Like incense kindled on a holy altar,
Till his whole soul became one tongue of fire,
Of which these words were faint and poor expressions:
—"Oh! if Thou art, Thou knowest that I am:
Behold me, hear me, pity me, despise not
The prayer which—if Thou art—Thou hast inspired,
Or wherefore seek I now a God unknown?
And feel for Thee, if haply I may find
In whom I live and move and have my being?
Reveal Thyself to me; reveal thy power,
Thy light, thy name,—that I may fear, adore,
Obey,—and, oh! that I might love Thee too!
For, if Thou art—it must be—Thou art good;
And I would be the creature of thy goodness:
Oh! hear and answer:—let me know Thou hearest!
—Know that, as surely as Thou art, so surely
My prayer and supplication are accepted!"

He waited silently; there came no answer:
The roaring of the tide beneath, the gale
Rustling the forest-leaves, the notes of birds,
And hum of insects,—these were all the sounds
That met familiarly around his ear.

He look'd abroad: there shone no light from heaven
But that of sunset; and no shapes appear'd
But glistening clouds, which melted through the sky
As imperceptibly as they had come;
While all terrestrial objects seem'd the same
As he had ever known them;—still he look'd
And listen'd, till a cold sick feeling sunk
Into his heart, and blighted every hope.

Anon faint accents, from the sloping lawn
Beneath the crag where he was kneeling, rose
Like supernatural echoes of his prayer:
—"A Name above all names—I call upon.—
Thou art—Thou knowest that I am:—Reveal
Thyself to me;—but, oh! that I may love Thee!
For if Thou art, Thou must be good:—Oh! hear,
And let me know Thou hearest!"—Memory fail'd
The child; for 'twas his grandchild, though he knew not,—
In the deep transport of his mind, he knew not
That voice, to him the sweetest of ten thousand,
And known the best because the best beloved.
Again it cried:—"Thou art—Thou must be good:—Oh! hear,
And let me know Thou hearest."—Memory fail'd
The child; but feeling fail'd not: tears of light
Slid down his cheek; he too was on his knees,
Clasping his little hands upon his heart,
Unconscious why, yet doing what he saw
His grandsire do, and saying what he said.
For while he gather'd buds and flowers to twine
A garland for the old gray hairs, whose locks
Were lovelier in his sight than all the blooms
On which the bees and butterflies were feasting,
The Patriarch's agony of spirit caught
His eye, his ear, his heart; he dropp'd the flowers,
And, kneeling down among them, wept and pray'd
Like him, with whom he felt such strange emotions
As rapt his infant-soul to heavenly heights;



Though whence they sprang, and what they meant, he knew not:
But they were good, and that was all to him,
Who wonder'd why it was so sweet to weep;
Nor would he quit his humble attitude,
Nor cease repeating fragments of that lesson,
Thus learnt spontaneously from lips whose words
Were almost dearer to him than their kisses,
When on his lap the old man dandled him,
And told him simple stories of his mother.

Recovering thought, the venerable sire
Beheld, and recognised, his darling boy,

Thus beautiful and innocent, engaged
In the same worship with himself. His heart
Leap'd at the sight: he flung away despondence,
While joy unspeakable and full of glory
Broke through the pagan darkness of his soul.
He ran and snatch'd the infant in his arms,
Embraced him passionately, wept aloud,
And cried, scarce knowing what he said,—"My son!
My son! there is a God! there is a God!"—
"And, oh! that I may love Thee too!" rejoin'd
The child, whose tongue could find no other words
Than prayer;—"for if Thou art, Thou must be good."—
"He is! He is! and we will love him too!
Yea, and be like Him,—good, for He is good!"
Replied the ancient father in amazement.

Then wept they o'er each other, till the child
Exceeded, and the old man's heart reproved him
For lack of reverence in the excess of joy:
The ground itself seem'd holy! heaven and earth
Full of the presence—felt, not seen—of Him,
The Power above all power, the Light above
All light, the Name above all other names;
Whom he had call'd upon, whom he had found,
Yet worshipp'd only as "the Unknown God,"—
That nearest step which uninstructed man
Can take from Nature up to Deity.
To Him again, standing erect, he pray'd;
And, while he pray'd, high in his arms he held
That dearest treasure of his heart, the child
Of his last dying daughter,—now the sole
Hope of his life, and orphan of his house.
He held him as an offering up to heaven,
A living sacrifice unto the God
Whom he invoked:—"Oh! Thou who art!" he cried,
"And hast reveal'd that mystery to me,
Hid from all generations of my fathers,

Or, if once known, forgotten and perverted ;
I may not live to learn Thee better here ;
But, oh ! let this my son, mine only son,
Whom thus I dedicate to Thee ;—let him,
Let him be taught thy will, and choose
Obedience to it ;—may he fear thy power,
Walk in thy light, now dawning out of darkness ;
And, oh !—my last, last prayer,—to him reveal
The unutterable secret of thy Name !"
He paused ; then, with the transport of a seer,
Went on :—"That Name may all my nation know ;
And all that hear it worship at the sound,
When thou shalt with a voice from heaven proclaim it !
And so it surely shall be."—
"For Thou art ;
And if Thou art, Thou must be good !" exclaim'd
The child, yet panting with the breath of prayer.

They ceased ; then went rejoicing down the mountains,
Through the cool glen, where not a sound was heard,
Amidst the dark solemnity of eve,
But the loud purling of the little brook,
And the low murmur of the distant ocean.
Thence to their home beyond the hills in peace
They walk'd ; and, when they reach'd their humble threshold,
The glittering firmament was full of stars.
—He died that night ; his grandchild lived to see
The Patriarch's prayer and prophecy fulfill'd.

Here ends my song ; here ended not the vision :
I heard seven thunders uttering their voices,
And wrote what they did utter ; but 'tis seal'd
Within the volume of my heart, where thoughts,
Unbodied yet in vocal words, await
The quickening warmth of poesy to bring
Their forms to light,—like secret characters,
Invisible till open'd to the fire ;

Or like the potter's paintings, colourless
Till they have pass'd to glory through the flames.
Changes more wonderful than those gone by,
More beautiful, transporting, and sublime,
To all the frail affections of our nature,
To all the immortal faculties of man :
Such changes did I witness ; not alone
In one poor Pelican Island, nor on one
Barbarian continent, where man himself
Could scarcely soar above the Pelican :
—The world as it hath been in ages past,
The world as now it is, the world to come,
Far as the eye of prophecy can pierce ;—
These I beheld, and still in memory's rolls
They have their pages and their pictures : these,
Another day, a nobler song may show.

Vain boast ! another day may not be given ;
This song may be my last ; for I have reach'd
That slippery descent, whence man looks back
With melancholy joy on all he cherish'd,
Around with love unfeign'd on all he's losing,
Forward with hope that trembles while it turns
To the dim point where all our knowledge ends.
I am but one among the living ; one
Among the dead I soon shall be, and one
Among unnumber'd millions yet unborn ;
The sum of Adam's mortal progeny,
From Nature's birthday to her dissolution :
—Lost in infinitude, my atom-life
Seems but a sparkle of the smallest star
Amidst the scintillations of ten thousand,
Twinkling incessantly ; no ray returning
To shine a second moment where it shone
Once, and no more for ever :—so I pass.
The world grows darker, lonelier, and more silent,
As I go down into the vale of years ;

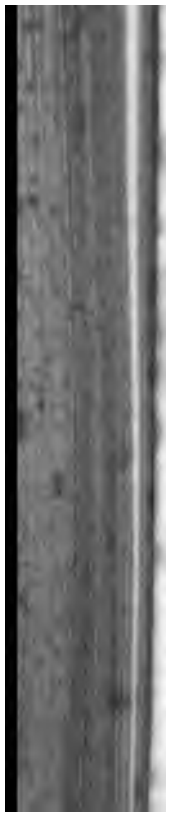
For the grave's shadows lengthen in advance,
And the grave's loneliness appals my spirit,
And the grave's silence sinks into my heart,
Till I forget existence in the thought
Of non-existence, buried for a while
In the still sepulchre of my own mind,
Itself imperishable :—ah ! that word,
Like the archangel's trumpet, wakes me up
To deathless resurrection. Heaven and earth
Shall pass away,—but that which thinks within me
Must think for ever; that which feels must feel :
—I am, and I can never cease to be.

O thou that readest ! take this parable
Home to thy bosom ; think as I have thought,
And feel as I have felt, through all the changes
Which Time, Life, Death, the world's great actors, wrought,
While centuries swept like morning dreams before me,
And thou shalt find this moral to my song :
—Thou art, and thou canst never cease to be :
What then are time, life, death, the world to thee ?
I may not answer ;—ask Eternity.

---

## THE MEMORY OF THE JUST.

STRIKE a louder, loftier lyre ;
Bolder, sweeter strains employ ;
Wake, Remembrance !—and inspire
Sorrow with the song of joy.



One, who wore with meekest grace,
On his forehead, Heaven's broad seal.

Kindness all his looks express'd,
Charity was every word;
Him the eye beheld, and bless'd;
And the ear rejoiced that heard.

Like a patriarchal sage,
Holy, humble, courteous, mild,
He could blend the awe of age
With the sweetness of a child.

As a cedar of the Lord,
On the height of Lebanon,
Shade and shelter doth afford
From the tempest and the sun:—

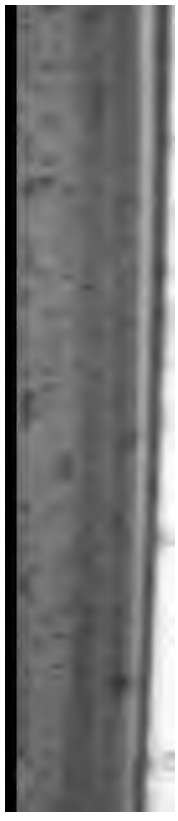
While in green luxuriant prime,
Fragrant airs its boughs diffuse,
From its locks it shakes sublime,
O'er the hills, the morning dews:—

Thus he flourish'd, tall and strong,
Glorious in perennial health;
Thus he scatter'd, late and long,
All his plenitude of wealth!—



In the world's great harvest-day,
  Every grain on every ground,
Stony, thorny, by the way,
  Shall an hundred-fold be found.

As the sun, retired from sight,
  Through the purple evening gleams,
Or, unrisen, clothes the night
  In the morning's golden beams;—



[illegible] summons bear,
In the hour of final alarm.

Then the widow's heart would sing,
As she wiped her wheel for joy;
Then the hope of hope would spring
In the poorest orphan-boy.

For the blind, the lame, the lame,
For the prisoner and wife,
Something, ever, there, he came
With a welcome and a smile.

Holy as all he his bequests,
Gold, memorials, moment, fond,
Like the gifts of Providence,
For the evil and the good.

Deeds of mercy, deeds unknown,
Shall eternity reveal,
Which he knew not call his own,
For he did them to the Lord.

Full of faith at length he died,
And victorious in the race,
Won the crown for which he vied—
[illegible]



## NIGHT.

NIGHT is the time for rest;—
How sweet, when labours close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose,
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Down on our own delightful bed!

Night is the time for dreams;—
The gay romance of life,
When truth that is, and truth that seems,
Mix in fantastic strife;
Ah! visions less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by daylight are!

## NIGHT.

Night is the time for toil; —
To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield;
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sang, and heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep;—
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory, where sleep
The joys of other years;
Hopes, that were angels at their birth,
But died when young like things of earth.

Night is the time to watch;—
O'er ocean's dark expanse,
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
The full moon's earliest glance,
That brings into the home-sick mind
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care;—
Brooding on hours misspent,
To see the spectre of Despair
Come to our lonely tent;
Like Brutus, 'midst his slumbering host,
Summon'd to die by Cæsar's ghost.

Night is the time to think;—
When, from the eye, the soul
Takes flight, and, on the utmost brink
Of yonder starry pole,
Discerns beyond the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray;—
Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away;



So will his followers do,
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And commune there alone with God.

Night is the time for Death ;—
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease,
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends ;—such death be mine !

## THE WILD PINK

### ON THE WALL OF MALMESBURY ABBEY.

On seeing a solitary specimen near the Great Archway, and being told that the plant was not to be found elsewhere in the neighbourhood.

THE hand that gives the angels wings,
And plants the forest by its power,
O'er mountain, vale, and champaign flings
The seed of every herb and flower;
Nor forests stand, nor angels fly,
More at God's will, more in his eye,
Than the green blade strikes down its root,
Expands its bloom, and yields its fruit.

Beautiful daughter of a line
Of unrecorded ancestry!
What herald's scroll could vie with thine,
Where monarchs trace their pedigree?
Thy first progenitor had birth
While man was yet unquicken'd earth,
And thy last progeny may wave
Its flag o'er man's last-open'd grave.

How camest thou hither? from what soil,
Where those that went before thee grew,
Exempt from suffering, care, and toil,
Clad by the sun-beams, fed with dew?
Tell me on what strange spot of ground
Thy rock-born kindred yet are found,
And I the carrier-dove will be
To bring them wondrous news of thee.



How, here, by wren or red-breast dropt,
  Thy parent germ was left behind,
Or, in its trackless voyage stopt,
  While sailing on the' autumnal wind,
Not rudely wreck'd, but safely thrown
On yonder ledge of quarried stone,
Where the blythe swallow builds and sings,
And the pert sparrow pecks his wings.

Then, by some glimpse of moonshine sped,
  Queen Mab, methinks, alighting there,
A span-long hand-breadth terrace spread,
  A fairy-garden hung in air,
Of lichens, moss, and earthy mould,
To rival Babylons of old,
In which that single seed she nurst
Till forth its embryo-wilding burst.

Now, like that solitary star,
  Last in the morn's resplendent crown,
Or first emerging, faint and far,
  When evening-glooms the sky embrown,
Thy beauty shines without defence,
Yet safe from gentle violence,
While infant-hands and maiden-eyes
Covet in vain the tempting prize.

Yon arch, beneath whose giant-span
  Thousands of passing feet have trod
Upon the dust that once was man,
  Gather'd around the house of God,
—That arch which seems to mock decay,
Fix'd as the firmament to-day,
Is fading like the rainbow's form,
Through the slow stress of Time's long storm.

But thou may'st boast perennial prime;
  —The blade, the stem, the bud, the flower,
Not ruin'd, but renew'd, by Time,
  Beyond the great destroyer's power,
Like day and night, like spring and fall,
Alternate, on the abbey-wall,
May come and go, from year to year,
And vanish but to re-appear.

Nay, when in utter wreck are strown
  Arch, buttress, all this mighty mass,
Crumbled, and crush'd, and overgrown,
  With thorns and thistles, reeds and grass,
While Nature *thus* the waste repairs,
Thine offspring, Nature's endless heirs,
Earth's ravaged fields may re-possess,
And plant once more the wilderness.

So be it:—but the sun is set,
  My song must end, and I depart;
Yet thee I never will forget,
  But bear thee in my inmost heart,
Where this shall thy memorial be,
—If God so cares for thine and thee,
How can I doubt that love divine
Which watches over me and mine!

## A SEA PIECE.

*Scene.*—Bridlington Quay, 1824.

I.

At nightfall, walking on the cliff-crown'd shore,
Where sea and sky were in each other lost;
Dark ships were scudding through the wild uproar
Whose wrecks ere morn must strew the dreary coast;
I mark'd one well-moor'd vessel tempest-toss'd,
Sails reef'd, helm lash'd, a dreadful siege she bore,
Her deck by billow after billow cross'd,
While every moment she might be no more:
Yet firmly anchor'd on the nether sand,
Like a chain'd Lion ramping at his foes,

Forward and rearward still she plunged and rose,
Till broke her cable ;—then she fled to land,
With all the waves in chase : throes following throes ;
She 'scaped,—she struck,—she stood upon the strand.

II.

The morn was beautiful, the storm gone by ;
Three days had pass'd ; I saw the peaceful main,
One molten mirror, one illumined plane,
Clear as the blue, sublime, o'erarching sky ;
On shore that lonely vessel caught mine eye,
Her bow was seaward, all equipt her train,
Yet to the sun she spread her wings in vain,
Like a caged Eagle, impotent to fly ;
There fix'd as if for ever to abide ;
Far down the beach had roll'd the low neap-tide,
Whose mingling murmur faintly lull'd the ear :
" Is this," methought, " is this the doom of pride,
Check'd in the onset of thy brave career,
Ingloriously to rot by piecemeal here ? "

III.

Spring-tides return'd, and Fortune smiled ; the bay
Received the rushing ocean to its breast ;
While waves on waves innumerably prest,
Seem'd, with the prancing of their proud array,
Sea-horses, flash'd with foam, and snorting spray ;
Their power and thunder broke that vessel's rest ;
Slowly, with new expanding life possest,
To her own element she glid away ;
Buoyant and bounding like the polar Whale,
That takes his pastime ; every joyful sail
Was to the freedom of the wind unfurl'd,
While right and left the parted surges curl'd :
—Go, gallant Bark ! with such a tide and gale,
I'll pledge thee to a voyage round the world.

## THE BATTLE OF ALEXANDRIA.

Harp of Memnon! sweetly strung
To the music of the spheres;
While the Hero's dirge is sung,
Breathe enchantment to our ears.

As the Sun's descending beams,
Glancing o'er thy feeling wire,
Kindle every chord that gleams,
Like a ray of heavenly fire;

Let thy numbers, soft and slow,
O'er the plain with carnage spread,
Soothe the dying while they flow
To the memory of the dead.

Bright as Beauty, newly born,
Blushing at her maiden charms;
Fresh from Ocean rose the Morn,
When the trumpet blew to arms.

Terrible soon grew the light
On the Egyptian battle-plain,
As the darkness of that night
When the eldest born was slain.

Lash'd to madness by the wind,
As the Red Sea surges roar,
Leave a gloomy gulf behind,
And devour the shrinking shore

Thus, with overwhelming pride,
Gallia's brightest, boldest boast,
In a deep and dreadful tide,
Roll'd upon the British host.

Dauntless these their station held,
  Though with unextinguish'd ire
Gallia's legions thrice repell'd,
  Thrice return'd through blood and fire.

Thus, above the storms of Time,
  Towering to the sacred spheres,
Stand the Pyramids sublime,—
  Rocks amid the flood of years.

Now the veteran Chief drew nigh,
  Conquest towering on his crest,
Valour beaming from his eye,
  Pity bleeding in his breast.

Britain saw him thus advance
  In her Guardian-Angel's form;
But he lower'd on hostile France,
  Like the Demon of the Storm.

On the whirlwind of the war
  High he rode in vengeance dire;
To his friends a leading star,
  To his foes consuming fire.

Then the mighty pour'd their breath.
  Slaughter feasted on the brave!
'Twas the Carnival of Death;
  'Twas the vintage of the Grave.

Charged with ABERCROMBIE'S doom,
  Lightning wing'd a cruel ball:
'Twas the Herald of the Tomb,
  And the Hero felt the call—

Felt—and raised his arm on high;
  Victory well the signal knew,
Darted from his awful eye,
  And the force of France o'erthrew.



But the horrors of that fight
  Were the weeping Muse to tell,
O 'twould cleave the womb of night,
  And awake the dead that fell!

Gash'd with honourable scars,
  Low in Glory's lap they lie;
Though they fell, they fell like stars,
  Streaming splendour through the sky.

Yet shall Memory mourn that day,
When, with expectation pale,
Of her soldier far away
The poor widow hears the tale.

In imagination wild
She shall wander o'er this plain,
Rave,—and bid her orphan-child
Seek his sire among the slain.

Gently, from the western deep,
O ye evening breezes, rise!
O'er the Lyre of Memnon sweep,
Wake its spirit with your sighs.

Harp of Memnon! sweetly strung
To the music of the spheres;
While the Hero's dirge is sung,
Breathe enchantment to our ears.

Let thy numbers, soft and slow,
O'er the plain with carnage spread,
Soothe the dying while they flow
To the memory of the dead.

None but solemn, tender tones
Tremble from thy plaintive wires:
Hark! the wounded Warrior groans:
Hush thy warbling;—he expires.

Hush!—while Sorrow wakes and weeps:
O'er his relics cold and pale,
Night her silent vigil keeps,
In a mournful moonlight veil.

Harp of Memnon! from afar,
Ere the lark salute the sky,
Watch the rising of the star
That proclaims the morning nigh.

## THE BATTLE OF ALEXANDRIA.

Soon the Sun's ascending rays,
  In a flood of hallow'd fire,
O'er thy kindling chords shall blaze,
  And thy magic soul inspire.

Then thy tones triumphant pour,
  Let them pierce the Hero's grave;
Life's tumultuous battle o'er,
  O how sweetly sleep the brave!

From the dust their laurels bloom,
  High they shoot and flourish free;
Glory's Temple is the tomb;
  Death is immortality.



# NOTES.

[1] P. 3. *On St. Gothard's hoary top.*]—St. Gothard is the name of the highest mountain in the canton of Uri, the birthplace of Swiss independence.

[2] P. 8. *Brunnen's plain.*]—Brunnen, at the foot of the mountains, on the borders of the lake of Uri, where the first Swiss patriots, Walter Furst of Uri, Werner Stauffacher of Schwitz, and Arnold of Melchtal in Underwalden, conspired against the tyranny of Austria in 1307, again, in 1798, became the seat of the Diet of these three forest cantons.

[3] P. 8. *Treason made the victors slaves!*]—By the resistance of these small cantons, the French General, Schawenbourg, was compelled to respect their independence, and gave them a solemn pledge to that purport; but no sooner had they disarmed, on the faith of this engagement, than the enemy came suddenly upon them with an immense force; and with threats of extermination compelled them to take the civic oath to the new constitution, imposed upon all Switzerland.

[4] P. 8. *Underwalden was the heart.*]—The inhabitants of the Lower Valley of Underwalden alone resisted the French message, which required submission to the new constitution, and the immediate surrender, *alive* or *dead*, of nine of their leaders. When the demand, accompanied by a menace of destruction, was read in the Assembly of the District, all the men of the Valley, fifteen hundred in number, took up arms, and devoted themselves to perish in the ruins of their country.

[5] P. 10. *And through Sempach's iron field.*]—At the battle of Sempach, the Austrians presented so impenetrable a front with their projected spears, that the Swiss were repeatedly compelled to retire from the attack, till a native of Underwalden, named Arnold de Winkelried, commending his family to his countrymen, sprang upon the enemy, and, burying as many of their spears as he could grasp in his body, made a breach in their line; the Swiss rushed in, and routed the Austrians with a terrible slaughter.

[6] P. 10. *These who loved us,—these beloved.*]—Many of the Underwalders, on the approach of the French army, removed their families and cattle among the Higher Alps; and themselves returned to join their brethren, who had encamped in their native Valley, on the borders of the Lake, and awaited the attack of the enemy.

[7] P. 12. *Stantz.*]—The capital of Underwalden.

[8] P. 14. *As they sank beneath the flood.*]—The French made their first attack on the Valley of Underwalden from the Lake: but, after a desperate conflict, they were victoriously repelled, and two of their vessels, containing five hundred men, perished in the engagement.

[9] P. 14. *Inspiration to my tongue!*]—In the last and decisive battle, the Underwalders were overpowered by two French armies, which rushed upon them from the opposite mountains, and surrounded their camp, while an assault, at the same time, was made upon them from the Lake.

[10] P. 16. *Married at thine altar, Death.*]—In this miserable conflict, many of the women and children of the Underwalders fought in the ranks by their husbands, and fathers, and friends, and fell gloriously for their country.

[11] P. 16. *Lo! a band of Switzers came.*]—Two hundred self-devoted heroes from the canton of Switz arrived, at the close of the battle, to the aid of their brethren of Underwalden,—and perished to a man, after having slain thrice their number.

[12] P. 16. *Devastating all below.*]—The Lavanges are tremendous torrents of melting snow, hat tumble from the top of the Alps, and deluge all the country before them.

[13] P. 52. *Before me in Agrippa's glass.*]—Henry Cornelius Agrippa, of Nettesheim, counsellor to Charles V. Emperor of Germany,—the author of "Occult Philosophy," and other profound works,—is said to have shown to the Earl of Surrey the image of his mistress Geraldine in a magical mirror.

[14] P. 67. *An eastern plant, ingrafted on the soil.*]—The cane is said to have been first transplanted from Madeira to the Brazils, by the Portuguese, and afterwards introduced by the Spaniards into the Charibbee Islands.

[15] P. 77. *His meek forerunners waned, and pass'd away.*]—The context preceding and following this line alludes to the old Bohemian and Moravian Brethren, who flourished long before the Reformation, but afterwards were almost lost among the Protestants, till the beginning of the eighteenth century, when their ancient episcopal church was revived in Lusatia, by some refugees from Moravia.—See Crantz's "Ancient and Modern History of the Brethren." Histories of the missions of the Brethren in Greenland, North America, and the West Indies have been published in Germany: those of the two former have been translated into English.—See Crantz's "History of Greenland," and Loskiel's "History of the Brethren among the Indians in North America." It is only justice here to observe, that Christians of other denominations have exerted themselves with great success in the conversion of the Negroes. No invidious preference is intended to be given to the Moravians; but, knowing them best, the Author particularised this society.

[16] P. 143. *Faithful alone amidst the faithless found.*]—

> "So spake the Seraph Abdiel, faithful found
> Among the faithless, faithful only he."—*Par. Lost*, Book v.

[17] P. 152. *Our banish'd feet from Eden's happy grove.*]—Paradise Lost, Book xi. ver. 288.

[18] P. 159. *And future times were present while he spoke.*]—Numbers xxiv. 4.

[19] P. 159. *What mighty Chief, what Conqueror appears.*]—Isaiah lxiii. 1—6.

[20] P. 159. *And on his thigh the unutterable name?*]—Revelations xix. 12.

[21] P. 162. *The Word of God his everlasting name.*]—Revelations xix. 13.

[22] P. 162. *But terrible in vengeance; Sinners! bow.*]—Jude 14—16.

[23] P. 181. *They fear'd their God, and knew no other fear.*]—"Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre crainte."—RACINE.

[24] P. 188. *When the hand wrote his judgment on the wall.*]—Daniel v. 1—31.

[25] P. 188. *Shook, like Eliphaz, with dissolving fright.*]—Job iv. 12—21.

[26] P. 189. *Hades is moved to meet thee from below.*]—This passage, the reader will perceive, is an imitation of some verses in the fourteenth chapter of the Prophecy of Isaiah, which are applied to the fall of the King of Babylon.

[27] P. 191. "*Where is the God of Enoch now?*" *he cried.*]—"And he (*Elisha*) took the mantle of Elijah that fell from him, and smote the waters (*of Jordan*), and said,—Where is the Lord God of Elijah? And when he had smitten the waters, they parted hither and thither, and Elisha went over."—2 Kings ii. 14.

[28] P. 193. *When all the mountain round the prophet blazed.*]—2 Kings vi. 17.

## NOTES.

[29] P. 209. *Such emanating splendours fill the air.*] The Geysers, or boiling fountains of Iceland, have been so frequently and so happily described, that their phenomena are sufficiently familiar to general readers not to require any particular illustration here. The Great Geyser, according to Dr. Henderson (the latest traveller who has published an account of Iceland), is seventy-eight feet in perpendicular depth, and from eight to ten feet in diameter: the mouth is a considerable basin, from which the column of boiling water is ejaculated to various heights; sometimes exceeding one hundred feet.

[30] P. 210. *Those cliffs, these waters, shall be sought in vain.*]—This imaginary prophecy (1783) was fulfilled just fifty years afterwards, in 1783. The *Schapta, Schaptka*, or *Skaftar Yokul*, and its adjacencies, were the subjects of the most tremendous volcanic devastation on record.

[31] P. 215. *Were here breath'd in everlasting space.*]—The incidents described in this canto are founded upon the real events of the voyage of the Missionaries, as given in Crantz's History.

[32] P. 223. *The Ice-Blink rears its undulated head.*]—The term Ice-Blink is generally applied by our mariners to the nocturnal illumination in the heavens, which denotes to them the proximity of ice mountains. In this place a description is attempted of the most stupendous accumulation of ice in the known world, which has been long distinguished under this peculiar name by the Danish navigators.

[33] P. 242. *That crisis comes: the wafted fuel fails.*]—Greenland has been supplied with fuel, from time immemorial, brought by the tide from the northern shores of Asia, and other regions, probably even from California, and the coast of America towards Behring's Straits. This annual provision, however, has gradually been decreasing for some years past (being partly intercepted by the accumulation of ice) on the shores of *modern* Greenland, towards Davis's Straits. Should it fail altogether, that country (like the east) must become uninhabitable; as the natives themselves employ wood in the construction of their houses, their boats, and their implements of fishing, hunting, and shooting, and could not find any adequate substitute for it at home.

[34] P. 246. *Till the Black Death through all the region reigns.*]—The depopulation of Old Greenland is supposed to have been greatly accelerated by the introduction of the plague, which, under the name of the *Black Death*, made dreadful havoc throughout Europe towards the close of the fourteenth century.

[35] P. 253. "*Thus Love which soothes this heaven, all kindly fits*
*The torch to take his flame!*"]
Beatrice addresses this remark to Dante.

[36] P. 254. *The sun that lights mine eyes.*]—Beatrice.

*London:—Printed by Richard Clay, Bread Street Hill.*




JAMES
MONTGOMERY